



PUTNAM'S & THE READER

THE AUGUST NUMBER

Cardinal Gibbons Forty Years Ago
With New Portrait

The Kalsomining of Dakota Sam


Skyland in the Andes

All Cats Look Black at Night
By Anne Warner

Mayor McClellan on Saint-Gaudens

Less than Kin: A Serial
By Alice Duer Miller

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
NEW ROCHELLE & NEW YORK
INDIANAPOLIS: THE BOBBS-MERRILL CO
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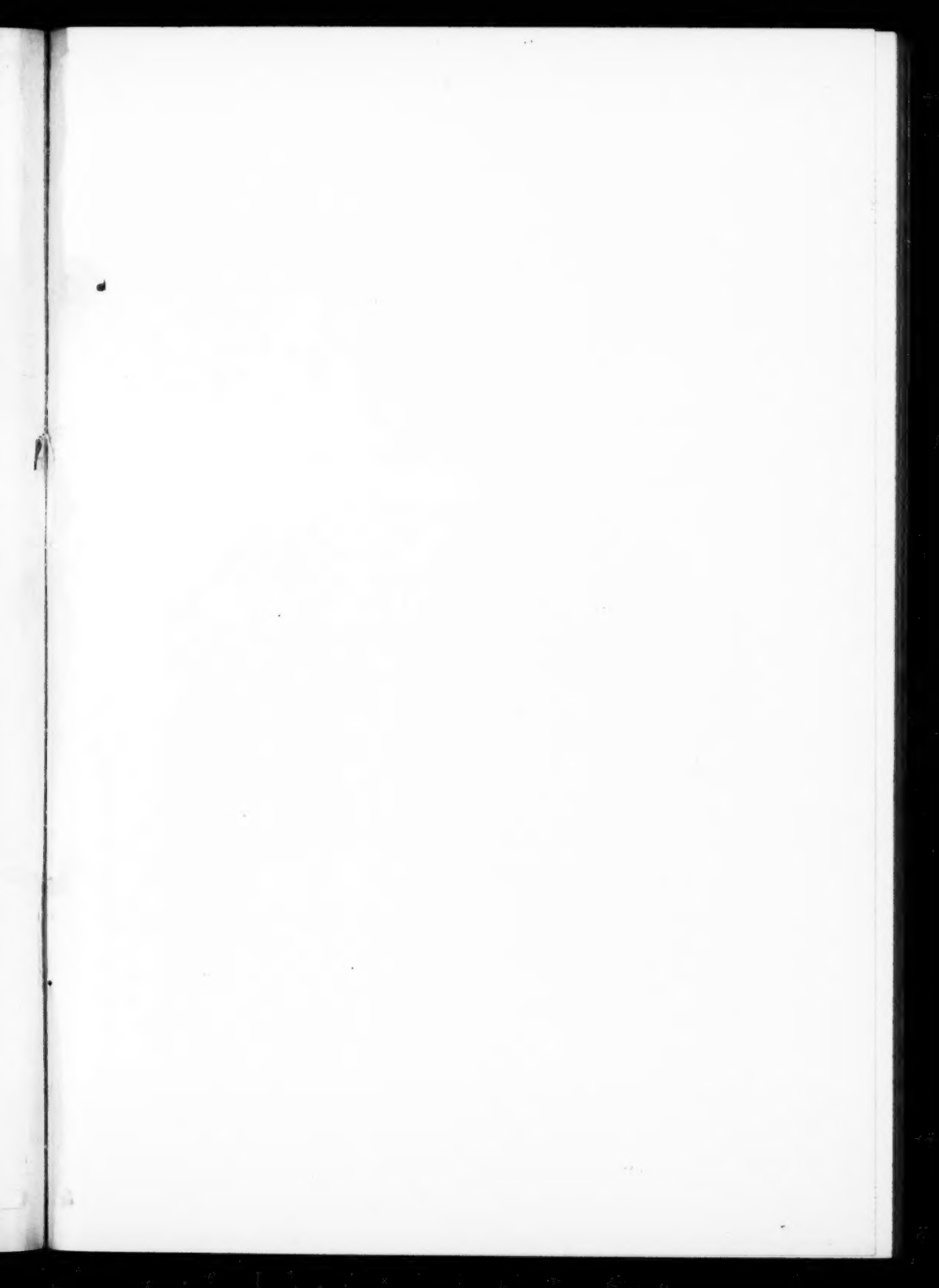
And Its Associated
Bell Companies



One Policy—One System
Universal Service

UNITING OVER 4,000,000 TELEPHONES

Printed at The Knickerbocker Press





From a drawing from the life made for PUTNAM'S AND THE READER by W. D. Paddock, Baltimore, March, 1908

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NO. 5



CARDINAL GIBBONS FORTY YEARS AGO

THE WORK OF A ZEALOUS YOUNG BISHOP
IN NORTH CAROLINA

By DAY ALLEN WILLEY

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE WRITER

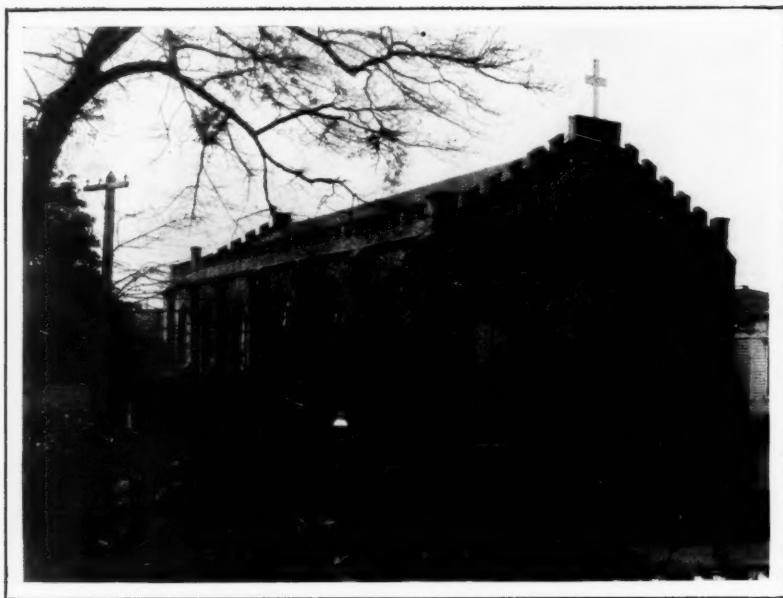


TANDING on the shore of the Potomac is a stately mansion that half a century ago was preserved by the American people as a memorial to the one they call the Father of his Country. The Cape Fear River flows to the sea, through North Carolina, past another building that might also be preserved as a memorial to a noted American, for it is indeed a reminder of the merits of a man who has been honored as the Cardinal Archbishop of the United States.

In the city of Wilmington—that quaint “Salem of the South,” peopled far before Revolutionary times—were spent years that were destined to be momentous in the career of

James, Cardinal Gibbons. The period when he called it home formed a chapter in his life-history fraught with events which fall within the experience of few. Even a short time makes great changes in our country. He gave up his home in Wilmington not forty years ago, yet his words and deeds while Bishop of North Carolina are known to few outside of the little old city, and those who lived in this part of the South during the stirring times immediately after the Civil War are mostly remembered by their headstones. About these years of his life his lips have thus far been sealed. Why? Because the innate modesty of the man prevents him from telling a tale he might tell that would perhaps show the manliness, courage and patriotism of this prelate far

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ST. THOMAS'S CHURCH, WILMINGTON, N. C.

Front and side views of the church where Bishop Gibbons officiated

more clearly than any acts of his public career.

Only by going to Carolina, seeing the evidence of his labor, hearing from the lips of those who know of his devotion and endurance can the curtain be partially rolled away from this part of the panorama of the Cardinal's life; and thus it is revealed to the readers of this magazine. We have to go back a little way to the days just after the war. Carolina had its share of the poverty and suffering. Throughout the State, which stretches from the Atlantic to the Western mountains, five hundred miles away, were only a million people—Methodists, Baptists, Episcopalians, Presbyterians, and members of sundry other Protestant denominations; but the Catholic Church was represented by a mere handful of humanity—so few that a Catholic was looked upon as a curiosity; more than this—as one uncanny, to be suspected, shunned. The rites of the Church were regarded as a sort of sorcery. In Wilmington, where the only church of this belief

existed between Charleston and far away Petersburg in Virginia, the feeling towards those who worshipped in it was anything but kindly. Little girls whose parents attended it had their aprons torn off in the street and suffered other abuses. Catholic children were forced to leave the one school in the place, because the Protestant fathers and mothers threatened to close its doors if they were not excluded. Perhaps it was well that old St. Thomas's, where were intoned the mass and vespers, was built of brick, with stout plank doors; otherwise it might not now be standing as a silent memorial of those once gathered within it.

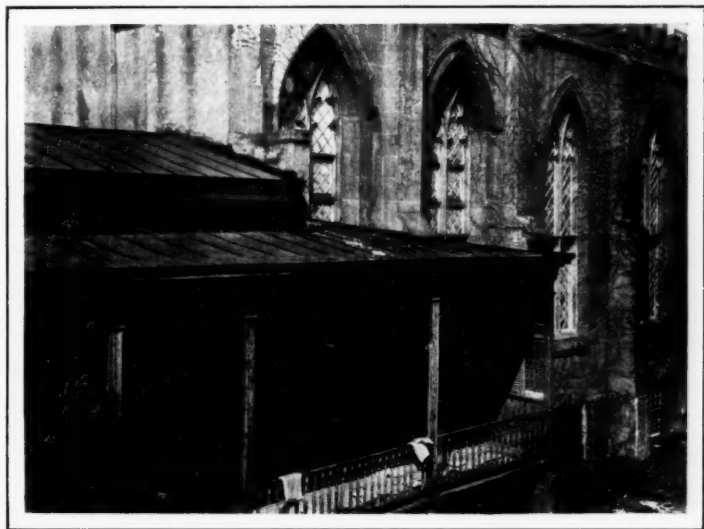
As the curtain of history is rolled back, the man whose tragic death in part led to the coming of Bishop Gibbons to Carolina should not be forgotten. The name of Father Murphy is never mentioned here without remembrance of the dreaded plague which for months held the town in its grasp. Among the few who did not flee but remained to nurse the

sick and to administer the last rites to the dying of all beliefs, was the brave Irish priest who at last was stricken down among the victims of yellow fever. With the death of Father Murphy the Catholics of Wilmington were left without a counselor to guide them. The church was indeed demoralized, and on Archbishop Spalding devolved the task of restoring order out of chaos. The situation needed a man not merely of energy but of executive ability and tact. He must be versatile to meet the emergencies. There were many willing priests, but the question was one of fitness. Finally the Archbishop decided upon a young man who had been his secretary and his chancellor, one with whom he had been so closely associated that he knew every trait of his character.

But more than priestly power was needed, and by the authority of the Pope, Father Gibbons became Bishop Gibbons. This was a part of his mission—to build up the church not only in town but in country, to make peace if possible between Catholic and Protestant, to restore to those of

his belief their rights as citizens, of which they had been in part deprived. Outside of Wilmington the entire State of North Carolina contained but an occasional group of these believers; for, as I have said, there was not an organized church between the city and Petersburg, two hundred miles away. Such was the diocese of which Bishop Gibbons was placed in charge—a diocese of the wild, where he might make a journey of fifty miles before reaching a single family of his church, a country so sparsely settled that to travel in it often meant following a mere trail impossible for any vehicle, and sleeping at night perhaps without even a tent to shelter one from the elements. The average number of human beings of any belief to the square mile of territory was only twenty, and the railway connected only a half-dozen towns.

Such was the field to which the young priest was assigned after he had been vested with the episcopal robes. Those who gathered in old St. Thomas's at the first service he conducted, saw a youth with figure



ST. THOMAS'S CHURCH, WILMINGTON, N. C.

Showing the little annex occupied as a residence by Bishop Gibbons and Father Gross

spare to frailness, but there was in his face the evidence of character and determination. He knew he was in charge of a people who for the time

Thomas's, to remain there, until 1890, continuing the work laid out by his superior. Father Gross entered into his labors with such heartiness that



CONVENT OF MERCY, WILMINGTON, N. C.

An institution established by Bishop Gibbons over forty years ago

were outside of the town society as much as if they were outcasts. Most of them were in poverty. Some had lost their all in the war. None could be called wealthy. To them the future was one of hopelessness, for such was the crisis in the affairs of the church that the question had arisen if it should not be disbanded and the cities of North Carolina left without a congregation of the Catholic faith.

Then began the greatest struggle yet to be recorded in the life of James Gibbons—a fight to save his church. First, he must have a priest to assist him and to serve the people when he was journeying over field and through valley to reach the few scattered folk in the country. Fortunately was it that a man after his own heart became associated with him—a man willing to make sacrifices and endure hardship and discomfort in his zeal for his life-work. Mark Gross was also young in years when with his friend and Bishop he entered upon his duties in Carolina as rector of St.

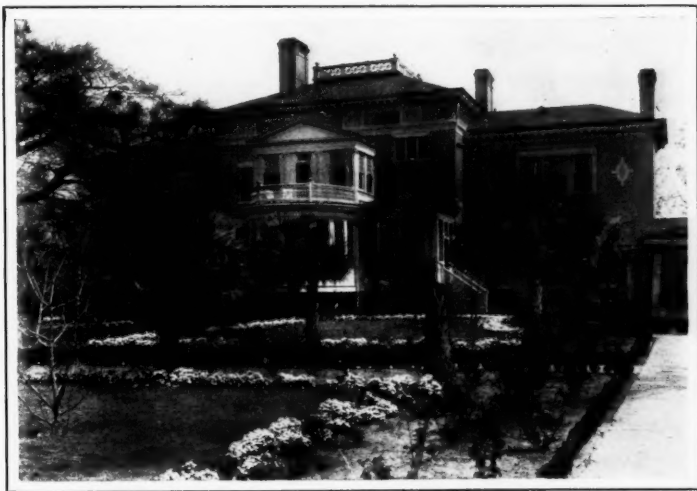
he soon won the esteem of the people, holding a place in their affection second only to that of the Bishop. The two lived together like brothers. Their home is still standing—a little brick "lean-to," scarce two stories high, built in part from their scanty income. They could not afford a better place. The money must go to the maintenance of the church, as the Bishop expressed it. And this hovel was erected behind the church itself. The rear wall of the church formed the back of the house, the building being lighted on only three sides.

Here these men lived, year after year, bishop and priest eating on a table of rough boards, and sometimes preparing their own food, if they had no funds to get assistance. They slept on cots that stood on floors bare of rug or carpet. The home of many a laborer in the town was much more pretentious and comfortable. But the shelter cost so little to build and maintain that its builders could devote a part of their allowance from

the church authorities to aiding the poorer members of their flock. How many families were thus relieved from time to time by their charity, is known only to themselves. Of Father Gross the story is told that if he had more than one hat, or an extra pair of trousers, he was sure to give them to some needy parishioner. On one occasion he came into the store of a friend with a laced shoe on one foot and a buttoned gaiter on the other. Asked why they were not alike, he replied that he had intended to give a pair to a poor man, but had made a mistake and given one of each kind. His habit of giving away everything he could spare became so well known that several ladies of the church made it their business to call at the Bishop's house frequently to see if the occupants had enough food and clothing. More than once they found it destitute of actual necessities, and supplied them.

The great benefit of education impressed itself on Gibbons, the young Bishop, as it has continued to impress him in later life. He realized that the children of all classes must be instructed for the good of the state,

and if the church was to be preserved. At that time there was no free school in the neighborhood, and many families were too poor to give their little ones even the rudiments of mental training. He knew the value of woman in this necessary work and secured three members of the order of the Sisters of Mercy to establish a convent in Wilmington. They must have a home, and the community was surprised to learn that in some mysterious way the Bishop had obtained enough money to buy one of the notable Southern houses, still known as the Peden Mansion. It cost \$20,000—a small fortune for Wilmington,—and the wonder was where the money had come from. Only a small part could have been given by the church folk, but the Bishop had made several trips into the Northern States. He had stood up in the chancel of church and cathedral, and had pictured the plight of Carolina so graphically as to open purse-strings and pocket-books, and to secure over \$5000 in the city of Albany alone. Thus the school was established; and it was only one of his purchases for the church. Other property bought for



REAR VIEW OF THE DUDLEY MANSION, WILMINGTON, N. C.
When Bishop Gibbons became Archbishop he was entertained in this house



THE SCHOOL WHERE BISHOP GIBBONS LECTURED
AND TAUGHT

Showing the desk and chair which he used, and a
painting which he presented to the school

the cause cost thousands more, although not a dollar was asked from the Wilmington people. And with the gifts of his Northern friends was placed a part of the Bishop's personal income—all he could spare from other appropriations for the church.

Within a year after the two men began their labors, the clouds had broken. The broadmindedness and especially the Americanism of the Bishop gradually changed the feeling towards him and his followers. From being distrusted at first, he became esteemed. Through his influence the spirit of the town towards the people was transformed from hostility

to goodwill. The example set by their head was emulated by his parishioners, until finally the gap between Catholic and Protestant was closed apparently forever, as no sect is more respected to-day in Wilmington than the adherents of the Church of Rome.

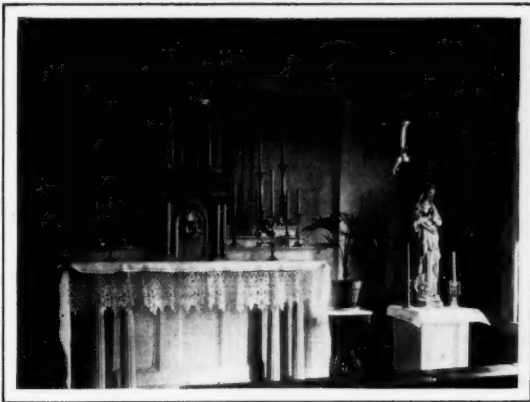
Only a very few remain of the group of the faithful who, Sunday after 'Sunday, knelt before the altar at St. Thomas's in the sixties. Clearly do they recall the life of the present Cardinal, and the tales they tell depict not only his work among them, but his journeyings here and there in Carolina, when for the time he laid aside his official duties to assume the rôle of a Christian messenger to the country folk. As conditions at St. Thomas's improved, he felt he could give more time to the greater field, and leaving Father Gross in charge he would be absent for a fortnight or more at a time. Where possible he travelled by railway, but so many households of the church were off the few miles of iron highway, that much of his journeying was done on horseback, or muleback, or by wagon. "It was indeed a dilapidated affair," says Mrs. O'Connor, one of his early friends. "It

was of the kind known as a 'democrat,' and drawn by two horses. The Bishop sometimes had a young priest with him who drove, or a colored man who assisted. The space they did not occupy was filled with packages of clothing and such things as sugar and flour and medicines. Most of it was for the poorer families with whom they might stop; but they also carried their clerical robes for ceremonies and food for themselves, for many a time did that old wagon stop in the forest where they must eat their noon meal. We often asked the Bishop to give up the old wagon and get another, for it finally became so rickety that I thought it

dangerous. To break down twenty miles from any human habitation is not a trifling matter. But he always replied that he thought the wagon might last a while longer, and when some of the church members offered to buy him another, he answered: 'Friends, you can give me the money, if you will, for the church needs it, but not for any vehicle for my use.'

Long ago, probably, the old "democrat" was turned into kindling-wood, or stored away to be forgotten; but it had rolled over thousands of miles of Carolina on its mission of mercy. It went into places where its owner risked life and health in succoring families ill of contagious diseases. It entered settlements where every stranger was looked upon as an enemy by the clannish mountaineers. It travelled in the "Feud Belt," where men with loaded guns were accustomed to take by stealth the lives of their enemies. To venture into the rural districts of Carolina was to incur hardship and to risk danger as well. But the man who later wrote "The Ambassador of Christ" could well describe him, for in truth he himself was such, never hesitating to seek out the people of the church, no matter what dangers and hardships might have to be overcome.

Truly St. Thomas's is a picturesque old church. In the other days it stood on a spacious lot which revealed the dignity of its proportions, but a part of this lot has since been sold and the edifice is now squeezed in between the house adjoining and an ugly square wooden structure which serves as a rectory. Constructed of red brick, it is covered with a stucco or plaster of a brown hue which produces an effect of brown stone. The massive walls, the high-hipped roof ornamented by the pinnacles with



THE ALTAR WHICH BISHOP GIBBONS GAVE TO THE CONVENT OF MERCY, SHOWING SOME OF THE STATUARY, ALSO HIS GIFT

which the front wall is finished, make the exterior of the church dignified and impressive in spite of the obvious neglect in repairing and maintaining it. The interior walls have been redecorated and the paintings representing the Stations of the Cross are of later date than Bishop Gibbons's time; but the altar in front of which he so often intoned the mass and pronounced the benediction is still intact, as well as the paintings in oil which adorn the front walls on either side of the altar. One of these, representing the Madonna, was a gift from him to the church; while standing below it is a statue of the Virgin—another evidence of his generosity.

As one enters the little old church, he is duly impressed by its association with the past. Not only the American Catholic, but the American of any creed who knows the estimation in which Cardinal Gibbons is held, must feel reverence and admiration as he recalls the scenes that have been enacted here. But not until one sees the ugly, dilapidated annex, nearly hidden behind the church, can he realize how this man existed, what he must have endured in his devotion to his work. The lower floor, on a level with the ground, where it is not even lower, is not as good as the cellar

of some city tenements. The rooms have low ceilings and have always been dimly lighted because of the shrubbery outside. The first floor is divided into two rooms, which when occupied by bishop and priest, formed the kitchen and a supply or storage shed. In the three rooms above they slept and ate their meals. The annex is connected with the church by a stairway, which in the old days led to an apartment in the rear of the church used by the Bishop as a study. Here he received visitors as well as composed many of his sermons.

The Convent of Mercy at Wilmington seems insignificant beside some of the ornate structures occupied by wealthy orders of the Catholic church, but none has a more honorable history than this rambling wooden building, whose character is indicated only by a little cross upon its roof. As the visitor is ushered into the reception room, he may chance to see through an open doorway in the hall a beautiful little chapel. The good Sister Mary Frances may relate how Sunday after Sunday the young Bishop ministered at the altar—another of his gifts to the Sisterhood. And a very artistic altar it is in design. The miniature chapel was made out of the drawing-room of the old planter who built the house. It is only large enough to seat about fifty people, but many of the most eloquent discourses uttered by the founder of this institution have been

delivered in it. In the reception room is a large oil painting of the Madonna and Child—another of his loving gifts.

Entering the schoolroom, the visitor sees the little desk which stood on the rostrum in the old days, when the children who had completed their "book learning" received their certificates from the hands of Bishop Gibbons. They have gone into many parts of the country to take their places in the real world, but each can say that he has been sent on his life career with the advice of the man who is now the head of his church in America.

Time spares nothing. For three-fourths of a century has St. Thomas's been the centre of the Roman Catholic worship in Wilmington, but its days are numbered. The present priest has sold the church, and a newer and larger one is to take its place on a site secured elsewhere. If it is not torn down it will be converted into a factory or warehouse, and what should remain a cherished historical structure will be debased from a temple of religion into a nameless pile of brick and mortar. Here, indeed, is an opportunity for the Catholics of America to perpetuate the memory of their head, by uniting to secure it and dedicate it forever as a monument to him. The day might well come when Protestant and Catholic alike would unite in paying homage here not only to a distinguished priest and prelate, but to a statesman and true patriot.



FIGURE OF A CHILD

One of Bishop Gibbons's gifts to the Convent of Mercy, at Wilmington, N. C.

A FOREIGN TOUR AT HOME

By HENRY HOLT

VI

SAN FRANCISCO TO THE YOSEMITE



E started for the Yosemite by way of Merced.

On the boat from Oakland, I fell to talking with the first man I had seen in a beaver

hat and frock coat. Both were very dusty. He told me that he had happened to be in San Francisco during the earthquake, and, having some experience, had volunteered and served some weeks as nurse. I asked him his impression of the loss of life. He said that it had been officially reported as from three to four hundred, but that his impressions would not place it at less than ten thousand! They are a gay and hopeful people!

That evening, going along the San Joaquin Valley, after the Colorado Mountains, Southern California, the coast, the glorious bay and Mount Tamalpais, we saw the most beautiful and soul-filling thing (always excepting the Grand Canyon) that we had seen since we started—a red sunset reflected in the puddles that a rise in the river had left among the trees—most of them scrubby trees; and after three or four thousand miles of seeking and finding the beautiful, we *might* have seen this best of it at home anywhere!

We reached Merced, late as usual, at bedtime, and found ourselves in tropical heat. Our room seemed unbearable. The landlord—may his days be long, and his progeny as the sands of the seashore—took the

electric fan out of his office to our room, and got his electrician out of bed to overcome its reluctance to start up again after being moved.

The name Yosemite, which means nothing more than grown-up grizzly bear, is applied to the upper seven miles of the canyon of the Merced. From the town of the name, near where the river flows into the San Joaquin, it is some ninety miles to the end of the valley. The railway ride up was our first taste of a California canyon, and it tasted amazingly good. It reminded us a little of the Winooski Canyon, as I suppose it will do to call the latter, in the light of our new learning; but it does not widen out into as many pleasant meadow spaces, and none of the few it has contain New England villages. The nearest approaches to them are three or four mining settlements, and some traces of abandoned ones. In the early days much mining was done here. The Merced Canyon is bordered by more high mountains than the Winooski; has a steeper grade, a much greater rush of narrowed water, and, greatest contrast of all, of course has a richer-colored, more abundant and probably more varied foliage; though the statistically inclined in Vermont claim for her a more varied if less spectacular, flora, at least in trees, than any other tract of equal size will be permitted to boast.

Some seventy or eighty miles of the Merced valley is traversed by the railroad to the canvas town christened El Portal, and some dozen miles of staging from there end at the Sentinel Hotel in the Yosemite.

THE YOSEMITE

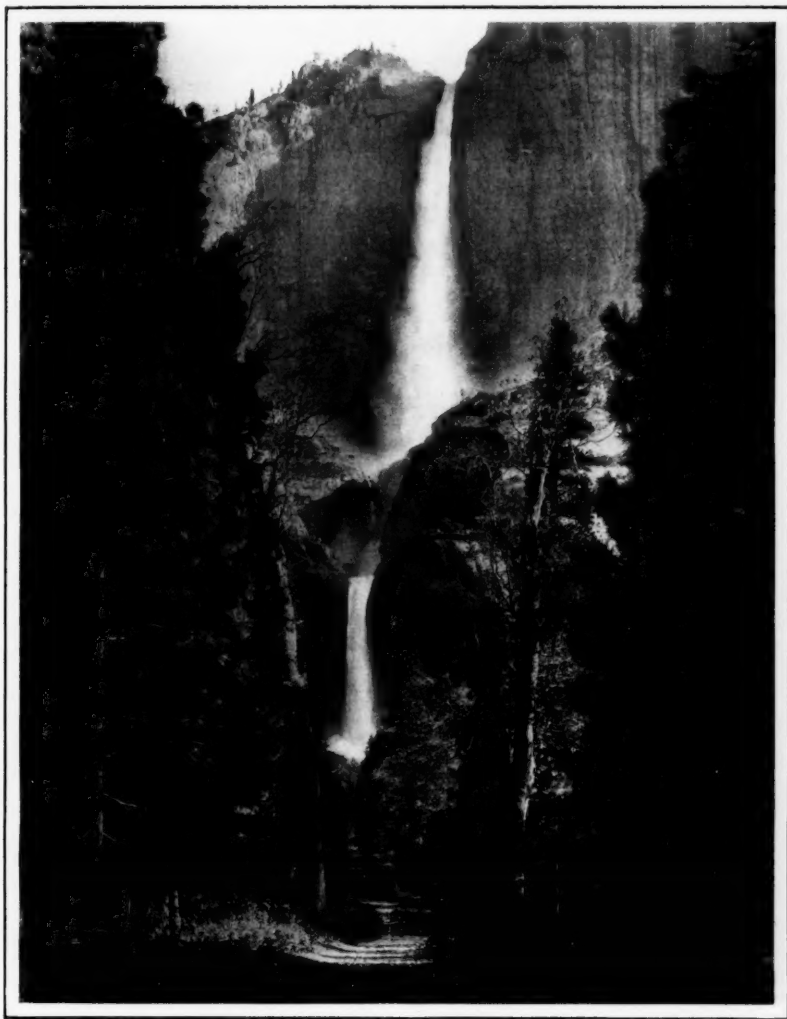
The valley is all a growing prelude to its final glories in the Yosemite—latterly so fine a prelude that the appetite is satisfied before the *pièce de résistance* appears: all visitors should be blindfolded at Merced, and not permitted to see anything until they reach the upper part of the valley. There, for the last seven miles—the stretch called the Yosemite—the walls become mainly perpendicular, though varied very much as to nearness and outline. The wedge-like sections of the canyon become nearly rectangular, averaging about a mile and a half on the valley floor, and a vertical mile on each side, and are vivified by some dozen cataracts thought worth naming, and a dozen more of minor degree.

Recalling, through contrast, the arid walls and (but for the comparatively tiny-appearing river) the arid floors of the Grand Canyon, I had not been in the Yosemite long before I was visited by the absurd yet perfectly natural interrogation: "Where in the world did God Almighty get enough water to make all these cataracts?" Water is the dominant feature of the Yosemite. In proportion to the width of the valley, the Merced is a surprisingly full and impressive stream. The dozen principal cataracts which feed it are good, broad creeks, which in many places would pass for rivers. They come tumbling thousands of feet from more than ten-fold, perhaps sometimes twenty-fold, the height of Niagara, though with not a fiftieth its width, over gray walls with green trees on their summits and many in their clefts, but with little slope of tree-covered debris at their feet. The falls of course come through gaps or valleys in the summit. Every one of these valleys has its waterfall—sometimes little more than a slope of rapids, but often in vertical stages many times the height of Niagara; and of course with an amount of noise, mist and rainbows proportional to the height, which compensates for the

lack of volume. They are always beautiful, and when the spectator is near, often impressive.

Some half a mile behind the hotel, thunders down the greatest of the cataracts, which, *par excellence*, bears the name of the valley itself. Its first leap is more than a sheer fourteen hundred feet, nearly ten times that of Niagara; next, it takes another leap of over six hundred feet, and finishes with one of four hundred. It is much the highest fall of anywhere near its volume in the world. Many of the others in the valley do not suffer materially in comparison. Two or three of them are in sight almost everywhere in the valley, each with its individual setting and green valley notched into the top of the cliff, where the brook makes its great plunge.

Between the waterfalls, the great walls of rock rise to a height thirty times as great as that of the Niagara Gorge. The wall-face occasionally runs up—and sometimes back—into a peak; in short there is nearly every possible variation of sky-line, and the valley ends at "Cloud's Rest," a veritable snow peak. In no other place that I have seen, do so many mountain profiles present a side not of slope but of sheer precipice. These walls are in a variety of domes and peaks and pinnacles, but run very little into the merely grotesque. The nearest approach to it is in the twin spires of the "Cathedral Rocks," which of course have to show themselves here, as they do at nearly every favorite centre of mountain scenery. Happily, these do not lack dignity; moreover, the verisimilitude that suggested their name is greater than usual. The "domes," which are more characteristic of the Yosemite, are more impressive—one with a colossal arch, perhaps a quarter of a mile wide, indicated in its side, very impressive indeed—more impressive, to my mind, than the famous El Capitan at the opening of the valley. On another of these great rock faces, the stains and ridges (I'm told: I don't usually look



From a photograph by the Pillsbury Picture Co.

THE YOSEMITE FALLS

The Upper Fall is 1436 feet, vertical; Middle Fall, 626 feet; Lower Fall, 400 feet

into such things) make a very good effigy of the Wandering Jew. Certainly, if this was a bit of the mighty cosmic photography some allege possible, the old fellow's pilgrimage to this spot, in his despairing search for rest, showed good judgment.

By contrast with the colossal but arid gorgeousness of the Grand Canyon, the Yosemite is a cheerful and

"homey" place. Nobody to speak of lives down in the whole hundred and eighty odd miles of the Grand Canyon, while the Yosemite contains a big hotel which is the nucleus of a little village, two big proprietary camps and a number of private ones.

In the Grand Canyon and the Colorado country leading up to it,

Nature has done something strange. In the Yosemite she has only done, on a grander scale and with greater concentration, her dear old familiar beautiful things. The precipices and towering rock forms we are used to, are here greater than we are used to; so are the mountain cataracts, and familiar valley streams; so (not contrasting the monstrous *sequoia* near by) are the trees. But while similar objects are dotted, in their smaller scale, at intervals of scores or hundreds of miles through our ordinary world, in the Yosemite a profusion of them is concentrated in a few miles and on a gigantic scale.

The hotel consists of half a dozen large plain wooden buildings on both sides of the road. Just beyond it the road turns and crosses the Merced on a bridge, while the river—broad, green, smooth and swift—flows down almost touching the back of the hotel, and strengthens the impression of "water, water everywhere."

Somehow, we talked very little with anybody in the Yosemite. To judge by one of the old drivers, the big scenery tends to produce big thoughts—of various kinds. This old chap was discussing with one of his fellows their respective claims to precedence. "Why, man," said he, "I've been driving here ever since El Capitan was a pebble!"

We regretted to leave the Yosemite more than any place we visited. Not only is it so beautiful, but Mother Nature seems there to have used every art to keep her children near her. As already intimated, one feels so much at home—so much more at home than in most strange places, because there are so many of the sort of things one has always loved, though each of them so far surpasses all others of its kind.

If our ordinary relations with Nature are human, perhaps those in the Yosemite are superhuman, but not, like those in the Grand Canyon, almost inhuman.

Moreover, we feel sure that the Yosemite is there, and that we could find it again, while we are by no

means sure that we could find the Grand Canyon, or that it is there, or ever was there; or was, after all, anything more than a stained-glass dream.

But here I am reminded of what I had to say about Nature's jealousy as indicated at San Francisco Bay—or is it the jealousy of some less lovely personage? The evening before we left the Yosemite, while Altera was alone for a moment contemplating the great fall (as I had preferred to go to the bridge over the full, swift, green Merced, and look at the sunset clouds over Cloud's Rest), she was sure she heard a rattlesnake "hissing and rattling." I did not know that they possessed both accomplishments, but a sympathetic bugler from the garrison, who happened along, made her feel very important indeed by assuring her that she had actually been both hissed at and rattled at by a real snake. The surgeon of the garrison, however, who ought to be an authority on snakes, and who, as one of the most genial souls in the world, had very little sympathy with either hissing or rattling, and still less with both at once, took Altera down a whole gamut of pegs by assuring her that rattlesnakes were not yet wide-awake enough to do either, or even to come from the rocks out into the valley.

Perhaps, then, it was because they were so sleepy that one was killed the next day by people whom we knew and that that next evening, at El Portal, Mrs. Other Professor showed us that the tin box she carried more carefully than Altera carries her few jewels contained the nicely salted skin of a rattler she and her Professor had just killed at Glacier Point, which overlooks the benign valley.

And now, though Altera's sense of her importance is restored, she does not talk as much as she did of bringing her still more potent aids to importance—her six-foot-two boy, and the one she expects to be seven-foot-two,—to camp in the Yosemite.

YOSEMITE TO MT. SHASTA

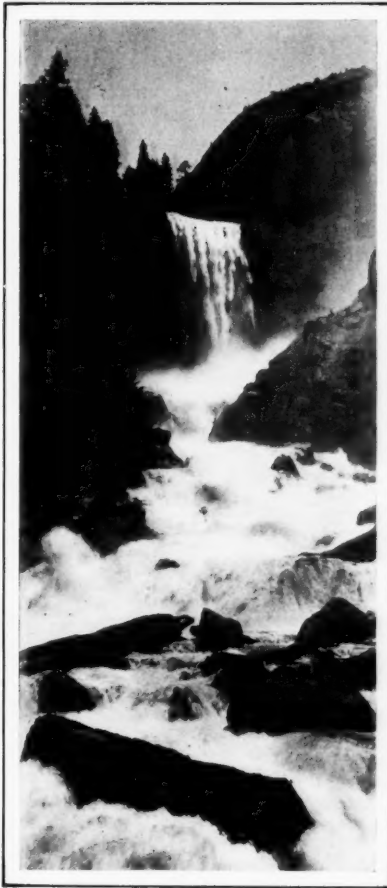
The camping plan was not restored to its vigor even by the night we spent under canvas at the hotel city of tents at El Portal. To find a person who really enjoys that sort of thing, seek one who must always telegraph ahead to secure a bathroom at an ordinary hotel, and whose husband got himself laughed at by doing that same to the simple caravansary in the Yosemite—may peace continue to abide in it!—especially in the "great-tree room," which the builder—because he was too original to miss the chance, or because he was too stubborn to let a little thing like an arbor-vitæ tree eighteen feet through stand in his way, and too reverent to cut it down—simply built around it.

When we got back to Merced, that up-to-date saint of the electric fan was at the station, and, although we were not to go to his hotel, insisted on carrying my (and Altera's) hand-baggage to the other train. I mention this not only as an additional evidence of the sainthood for which I wish to secure his canonization, but because it included the extra merit of a devotion to literature and anything, no matter how humble, that may be

ancillary to it. When we were there before, he recognized the identity of my name with one in the imprint of some of the text-books he had studied at St. Agnes's College. From

that moment we were fellow literary men, and he *would* carry my hand-baggage—not only the most genuine and touching practical tribute to my literary eminence I have ever received, but very nearly the only one.

From Merced, with two truly Californian delays at junctions—a not altogether unpleasant one at Stockton, with breezes and palm-trees and a genial, instructive, big policeman and promenading girls and soda-water and oranges and peanuts,—we attained Sacramento. The place was built low, for earthquakes; and never having had an effective one, has never been rebuilt high. During the evening hours that we spent there—stretched out by the usual railroad delays into mid-



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VERNAL FALL, YOSEMITE VALLEY

night hours—it was cheerful with many electric signs, most of them advertising billiards and beer. This reminds me of the out-of-door shops that we found all the way from Los Angeles to Seattle—chiefly cigar shops—often recessed into corner buildings, and not seldom into others. I don't remember anything like them in the



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MOUNT SHASTA, AS SEEN FROM SISSONS

Eastern, mild-climated cities, Baltimore and Washington, which are the only ones I am familiar with. But would n't they be worth while during the warm months in all cities?

There did n't seem to be very much else in Sacramento (except the State Capitol building, which we took on faith), or in any other place we saw before the next afternoon. About noon, as we were going very pleasantly towards Portland, through the upper canyon of the Sacramento—much like other canyons, and we were becoming pleasantly *blasé* in them,—something happened.

SHASTA

Not long after seeing some very good "castle rocks" somewhere, Altera, suddenly pressing both hands over her heart, exclaimed—"Oh! See that!" I looked up between the rich evergreens outlining the top of the valley, and there was the whole sky filled with a great white gleam too sparkling for clouds. We soon distinguished its outlines, and knew it must be Shasta. This really was a "peak," with a point and edges and sharp buttresses, not a mould of ice-cream rounded off with a spoon.

It showed itself several times, at the turns and gaps of the canyon, and since we have got over the divide and into the head valley, it has been with us almost constantly for hours.

A single artist can keep an audience absorbed during the whole of an ordinary entertainment only if he is an artist of the very highest class: to do it, proves greatness. Well, that is what Shasta has been doing for us until, after an extraordinary time, interest has become fatigued, as it does in an art gallery, and I have turned to write about the mountain. Yet I hope that it will respond to occasional glances for an hour or two longer, and show yet new effects.

And I had come to scoff! Yesterday I said: "From the rest of the trip I am not expecting much to compare with what we have had. There will be nothing but mountains. Now,

mountains are good things, perhaps the best things, but the world is full of them—we have our own at home as beautiful as any, though of course not as large as some. But size makes very little difference: the question is one mainly of shape and atmospheric effect. But at home we have no Grand Canyon and no Yosemite; they are unique; the rest of the trip can have nothing to compare with them."

Well, Shasta has kept with us, and thereby has shown how size does make a difference. Not having been, for nearly thirty years, much among really great mountains, I had forgotten, if I ever knew, how they act with reference to lesser heights. After we reached the top of the divide, and seemed to turn aside from Shasta, at first, each time we got behind an eminence which shut the mountain out, I thought, "This is perhaps the last glimpse," but the great glittering white wonder soon appeared again, and before long the minor obstructing heights were lying about its feet, too small to notice; and though there were many respectable hills elsewhere in the horizon—for instance, the Scott Mountains near it, some five thousand feet above the plain,—there was no real range, like that of Mont Blanc or the Jungfrau, to share the honors; and Shasta stood alone. It was a very human thing to do: for, among men oftener than among mountains, the really great are apt to stand alone.

Then became plain another respect in which mere size in a mountain "makes a difference." The most fascinating quality in a mountain is not its power, or its beauty, or its variety, but its mystery; and its mystery is greatest when it becomes a thing that you do not know whether to attribute to earth or sky. A little mountain can become such a thing sometimes—our own beloved mountains at home sometimes do it wonderfully; but a real big all-the-year-round-snow-mountain can do it oftener and in more ways. Shasta and the sun did it this afternoon in a way new among the myriad ways I have seen. The sun half hid himself

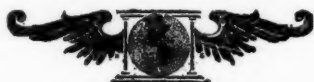
so as to make the sky dull, and the green mountain below the snow-line dull like the sky and at one with it—so that in the distance, the masses of the snow showed in great patches way up in the sky, as if without any connection with earth. To an unstudying glance they were part of the clouds—but strange clouds, brighter than the others, and of shapes to startle, and make one wonder whether there had come a new heaven, and feel glad to find that it was but a glorified new earth.

The fortunate lay of the land, or perhaps partly of the mind of the engineer who laid out the road, led to our nearly half circumnavigating the mountain, and so seeing it in all profiles. At first, its two peaks rather competed with each other, and gave a restless feeling; in time, the lower peak came into line under the upper, and the mountain was almost as symmetrical as Fujiyama; and last—the great artist having provided a

climax to the solitary entertainment—the lower peak lengthened the slope on one side with a slightly broken and reinforced line, leaving the grade on the other side much steeper. This is the most impressive form for a mountain, and carries with it more sense of power, more sense of something whereon all the soul's burdens can be laid and made to seem light, than anything else on earth.

It was in this aspect that we saw our last of Shasta—but not as a thing of earth; its connection with earth was not to be noticed: it was part of heaven. But even its height, greater than any that most human eyes have rested upon, could not overtop all things that our swift passing has interposed. As I write this in the car, I can see it no longer: perhaps its snows back there have an afterglow now, but I have no right to complain that it is not for my eyes: for they have just seen more than falls to man's ordinary lot.

(To be continued)



THE HEART OF A GEISHA

By MRS. HUGH FRASER

PART II



LONG note sounded from the bronze gong that hung in the porch of the little house. Shinayé beckoned silently to O Miné; the latter rose from her sewing and peeped out through an unseen aperture in the screen window.

"That man of Tonosuke's," she whispered back across the room.

Shinayé moved some cushions and

a low writing-table till they covered the third mat from the inner door. It was the spot where Tonosuke had sat for a couple of hours the evening before. Then she called clearly, "O Mitsu, the honorable door!" There was a shuffling of footsteps through the house, a sound of opening screens and then the "*thud! thud!*" of clogs dropped at the threshold. A murmured colloquy followed, and the two girls listened intently, their eyes communicating swift impressions to each other across the quiet room.

Then O Mitsu appeared and carefully closed the screen behind her. "Tonosuke Sama sends to request that Shinayé San will come to his house to-day, an hour after sunset. He entertains friends, and Shinayé San will please bring O Miné San and the musicians."

The message was given with toneless indifference, but O Mitsu accompanied it with violent signs of negation. Evidently in her judgment it would be wise to stay at home. Shinayé took the mute advice so far as to try to gain time to think.

"That is unfortunate indeed," she said, for the benefit of the messenger beyond the thin partition; "have I not just promised to dance for a party at the River Tea House this evening? If only Tonosuke Sama had mentioned this last night, I would gladly have gone to him, for nothing gives me so much pleasure as to obey his commands. Alas, what shall I do?—Could not my lord put off his entertainment until to-morrow?"

"I will ask the messenger," replied O Mitsu submissively; but ere she rose to leave the room she leaned forward and formed these words with her lips: "They want to search the house in our absence."

Shinayé nodded comprehendingly and O Mitsu went out. Then Shinayé moved to another mat, lifted the end of the one on which she had been sitting and whispered into a dark cavity below: "My lord—you have heard the message. Quick—what shall be done? We must decide." "Accept," came out of the darkness.

Shinayé fitted the mat frame into place, sank back on her blue cushions and yawned audibly. O Mitsu was still talking outside.

"After all, O Miné," said the geisha, in her clear high voice, "it grieves me to disappoint the Lord Inspector. I would rather offend the whole town! Condescend to go and tell the messenger that I will put off the other engagement and that we will be at his lordship's house an hour after sunset. I hope it will not be a very cold evening!"

She laughed, and stretched out her hands over the charcoal in the brazier.

O Miné gave the message and returned. They heard O Mitsu go back to the kitchen and begin to make a clatter with her cooking pots. The two girls sat and stared at each other across the brazier, with pale dismayed faces. Little O Miné suddenly clasped her hands with a gesture of despair. "This is the end," she moaned. "O Mitsu is right: Tonosuke knows! My lord Morinaga is a dead man."

"Dead?" hissed Shinayé springing to her feet like a tigress, "not till I am, O Miné! And they will not kill me till I have got him safe out of Kyoto—out of this nest of spies and tyrants! I will find a way. Go—I must think."

"For heaven's sake," whispered O Miné as she rose to obey, "do not let my lord come up into the room now. You know what it is in the morning: there is no peace, no privacy! There is the fish-seller calling at the gate this minute!"

Shinayé looked up into the round childish face, shadowed and matured already by sympathy and love. "Little one," she said, tenderly drawing one small hand down against her shoulder, "you have a heart as brave as a man's—as true as a woman's. May the gods forget Shinayé when she forgets your faithfulness."

O Miné sank down and flung herself into her idol's arms.

"My love for you is greater than a mountain," she sobbed. "And since you love my lord Morinaga, I would die to save him for you."

"There is really no peace to-day," grumbled O Mitsu, as she paused for the twentieth time in her work to go to the front door. "No sooner is one gone than another comes, and that good-for-nothing Tsuge has not come to do his work and save me these journeys to the door. First the rice merchant, then the flower man—then the hair-dresser! And my poor Shinayé San sitting in that room of

dread, listening to the creature's gossip for two mortal hours—with a sword at her heart, I know—while the woman combed every hair separately to spin out the time. Misfortune! here is another! They seem to have conspired not to leave us a moment alone—and heaven knows we need it!"

At the door she was encountered by Tonosuke's messenger again. He had come to say that my lord had sent a little present to the ladies—would she kindly take it in and return the wrapper (a huge green square with Tonosuke's crest printed on it in white), and say how pleased the Lord Inspector was to hear that they could dance for his friends that evening. The man's eyes were sharply searching all they could see of the premises while he spoke, and O Mitsu realized that her suspicion was well founded. The house was to be unofficially watched all day.

Towards twilight Shinayé, her hair gorgeously dressed, but still wearing her morning robe, slipped into the kitchen and laid her hand on the older woman's arm.

"Will you do two things for me, dear O Mitsu?" she said,—"two rather hard things?"

O Mitsu nodded emphatically.

"I want you," continued Shinayé, whispering, "to pretend to be taken very ill, at once. I shall give you medicines, and shall go away taking another person with me to play the samisen, and of course I shall be most anxious about you. The moment we are gone, you must take my lord's things all out of that hiding-place under the floor—all, O Mitsu, every least scrap he may leave behind, and destroy them somehow. I trust that to you. The space must be filled with our own things—as if we used it for safe keeping, you understand? You will have to be quick, for the police will surely be here soon after they see us leave. If they come before all is right—set fire to the front room. They will help you put it out, and the confusion may save us!"

"Set fire to the house, indeed?"

cried O Mitsu angrily, "no, I certainly will not do that, Shinayé San, with all your beautiful things here! Let us empty the secret room now—Tsuge has not come, and I can burn clothes and papers at once. We ought to have done it before."

"It was impossible," replied Shinayé; "people have been coming and going all day till this moment, and now I must prepare my lord for this venture. Listen, I take him with me, in your place. Give me one of your dresses—and the big samisen. He can play it well enough for those ignorant ones whom Tonosuke will collect." Her lip curled with fine scorn, but she went on hurriedly: "It is but a pretext to get us away from the house, and while those cut-throats are hurrying here to seize him, my lord will be safe, in the dress of an old woman, in Tonosuke's own abode! Take care that no harm come to you, dear kind cousin—that would be terrible—but you will not fail me, will you?"

"Never, Shinayé San," said O Mitsu. "Now let me find the dress for him. Have you all you need? Oh, my child, what danger!"

"I have everything," returned Shinayé; "that is one advantage of my poor calling—wigs and paint are the geisha's furniture! Give me your best robe and *obi* quickly—and if any one comes, make an excuse for me—say I am dressing to go to the Lord Inspector's house. Where is Tsuge? I must take him with me."

"He has not come to-day," replied the other. "Perhaps he is sick—or they needed him at the shop." Tsuge was the son of a poor sandal-maker who was glad to have the boy earn something by working for Shinayé. "I wish you could do without him," she went on. "He has sharp eyes and I mistrust his faithfulness—ah, there he comes!"

Tsuge crossed the little back yard and looked in at the window. His face was flushed and he seemed surly and frightened. "I don't know what was the matter to-day," he explained, his head having apologetically knocked

the ground, "but I met some of the Lord Inspector's people and they asked me to take saké with them, and they talked a great deal—and asked so many questions about the lady and everything here—and at last my head ached and I fell asleep—and—here I am. I pray the lady to overlook my negligence."

"It was most unfortunate," said the mistress severely. "O Mitsu San has been feeling unwell all day, and I have had to bring another musician here to go with me this evening. Now make haste to get ready, for you must accompany me to the Lord Inspector's house in an hour."

The boy was joyfully amazed at being let off so easily. Shinayé had no time to waste on details to-night. The next few hours must put Morinaga beyond the reach of his enemies. When that was done, her life's task would be completed and the skies might fall.

"Who is the new musician?" Tsuge asked of O Mitsu, when the mistress had shut herself up with O Miné in the front room, ostensibly to complete her toilet and incidentally to change a very positive young man into a humble old woman.

"How should I know, Inquisitiveness?" grumbled O Mitsu. "I have such a pain in my head that I can see nothing. Oh me—I feel horribly ill!"

Indeed, she looked it. The task which Shinayé had laid upon her was a strenuous one and the poor faithful creature doubted her strength to carry it out. But Shinayé was unwavering. She turned back before leaving the house to impress her commands once more on the apparently sick woman who lay on the *futon* over the little secret chamber where Morinaga had found refuge for so many days. "Do not hesitate," whispered Shinayé, smiling encouragingly down on the patient; "they will watch us depart, those demons, and you will have not a moment to lose."

"Have no fears," replied O Mitsu. "Go in peace. Yours is the harder part. May good luck attend you!"

A few minutes afterwards, three female figures, closely wrapped in sombre cloaks and veiled up to the eyes in the black crape hoods of winter wear, stepped out and followed Tsuge's swinging lantern up the darkened street. The little house showed no light through the wooden shutters, and a man who had been watching it from a side alley said to his companion, "There they all go—one, two, three—four!"

"It is cold, waiting," was the reply, "shall we get the job over at once?"

"No," answered the other, "they may come back. These painted scatterbrains always forget something—a hair-pin, or an amulet, or a head, perhaps—and small loss too! In half an hour we will go in, not before. If we make any mistakes over this business we shall find the Lord Inspector's office to-morrow morning much colder than the street to-night!"

And he laughed grimly at his own joke as he sat down on his heels to light a pipe.

When O Mitsu had heard the outer gate close on Shinayé and her attendants she pushed the coverings from her, rose to her knees and raised the frame of the mat on which she had been lying. A dark cavity appeared and she lowered the lantern into it and peered down. The light showed a chamber containing a quilt and a man's pillow,* a low writing-desk, littered with torn papers, and a few articles of clothing. There had been no moment in the day when it would have been safe to take these things out and burn them; but as O Mitsu swung her lantern round, she felt convinced that she had time to remove the traces of habitation without wrecking the precious dwelling. In an instant she had let herself down and was hastily gathering the things together and passing them up into the upper room. It needed but few moments for the sunken chamber to

*A round bolster. The women use a raised wooden block with a roll of cloth on the top, to support the neck without touching the elaborately dressed hair.

be cleared; then she scrambled back, and replaced the mat. One breath she gave to listening for any approaching footsteps, then the effects were distributed; the quilt rolled in with her own, the writing-desk lined up against the wall, and the clothes and papers crushed together in her apron to bury under the dust-heap in the back yard. As she was moving thither her ear caught the sound of a step on the gravel, and terror came over her. But she did not hesitate. Leaving the lantern burning in the room, she slipped out, and with desperate haste thrust the bundle into the very heart of a pile of ashes that had been waiting for a refractory dust-man for the last two days. The impulse to fly and leave the place to its fate was almost irresistible—the police were awesome people for a lonely woman to face; but she suddenly remembered that that wretched pillow had been left behind; she must go back and get it out of the way. The steps were coming very close now—some one was opening the gate. With a rush, O Mitsu had snatched up the pillow, rolled it in her own coverlet, and was lying with it under her head, where Shinayé had left her, moaning audibly.

"There is some one here!" said the head man to his companion as they stepped inside the hall. As he spoke, a fretful voice cried from beyond the partition: "The lady is out, noble visitor, and I am too sick to have the honor of attending upon you. Condescend to return to-morrow when Shinayé San will be here." Then came moans and mutterings, as if human nature had really no more politeness to expend on inopportune visitors.

There was a pause, then a whispered conversation between the men. Here indeed was a dilemma! Tonosuke had charged them to observe the greatest secrecy, to leave no trace of their search should they fail to find the object of it. To do so would be to rouse the suspicion of the whole Bohemian clan, and thus to lose all chance of making its members useful in future.

O Mitsu saw the screen pushed back a few inches; then a head came apologetically through the aperture. "I beg humble pardon," said the intruder, "but as we were patrolling the street, we saw a man climb over the back wall into the yard of this honorable house. Such are the manners of thieves. Permit us to look for him."

"With all my heart!" replied the invalid, "how glad I am that your Condescensions were at hand! It is terrible for a sick old woman to be left alone like this!"

She had an anxious moment when she heard the officers move stealthily through the kitchen and go out into the little yard. There was some rummaging about, but they soon returned to the house and began to search the inner room, where she heard them lifting mats and opening cupboards. There was nothing for them to lay hold of there, and they came back to the larger apartment, apparently chagrined, but still polite and apologetic. "The lady will kindly let us glance round here," murmured the leader, and in a moment Shinayé's closets were emptied, and the floor covered with artificial flowers, gilt drums, beribboned fans, and gay robes, the entire paraphernalia of the dancer's profession. The whole made a weird picture under the flickering beams of the tall red lantern. At last it came to raising the mats. The officers were so interested that they had ceased to explain or apologize. Unwillingly O Mitsu had to roll aside when they reached her, and she turned away, grumbling audibly, while they lifted the incriminating mat and peered excitedly into the dark chamber beneath. Then one of them touched her shoulder, and, pointing down, asked sternly what the cavity meant.

O Mitsu, shaking off the hand, replied with much irritation, "It is the place where all those beautiful things of my lady's should have been, of course, had I not been too sick to put them away when she went out; a fine harvest your thief would have made,

if he had been anything but some fox or badger demon hunting for mischief! I'll wager he is having a good laugh now at all the trouble he has given the honorable gentlemen!"

As chance would have it, a curdling screech came at that moment from some prowling cat on the roof, and the officers of the law started up with blanched faces. Who could tell what would happen next? The sick old woman might turn into a lovely creature who would wriggle suddenly into a monstrous snake and swallow up honest policemen at one gulp! With amazing celerity their farewells were said, their humble apologies tendered, and the two stern officials were out in the street, mopping their brows and congratulating themselves on their timely escape. The moon had risen behind that dwelling of witches, and a huge cat, cast up in black against the silver disc, gave out a long murderous yell.

III

"Lord of my heart," whispered Shinayé to her tall companion as the little party drew near the Inspector's house, "I entreat you to take shorter steps and not to lift your feet from the ground in that manly fashion! Slide, creep—be a woman just for a few hours! And if you should be obliged to speak—oh, as you wish to live, use our woman language. I am icy with fear lest some man's word betray you!"

"They will not even look at me, beloved," said Morinaga, glancing down into her face, whence she had withdrawn the masking hood. She was unconscious of herself. The countenance that was usually as calm and smooth as painted ivory was all alight with love, and the crimsoned lips quivered passionately. In the kind darkness she leaned closer to her lover, and from her soft black draperies came strange sweet perfume as her hand crept out and touched his arm. He laid his own hot, hard, nervous one over it, and she felt the stored strength that was pulsing through his veins.

"Have no fears, my beautiful one," he whispered. "You draw all eyes and hold them so that they see naught else. You will dance to-night like the Moon of a Thousand Ripples at Suma*—like the cherry blossom in the morning wind! Remember, you will be dancing for me. It may be years before I see you with my eyes again, but the memory of this night will live with me till then."

"The moon is dark when the sun has left her, the cherry blossom dances but to die," murmured the girl; "so be it, my Life—I am content."

In Tonosuke's long low room there were but few guests, dark-faced, indifferent men leaning back against the plain black and white screens. A chill came over Shinayé as she moved slowly out into the light of the undecorated stage. These guests were so evidently colleagues and subordinates of the Inspector, hastily collected to afford a pretext for bringing her away from her home. They hardly turned their heads as she stepped forward and the samisen and flute struck their strident chords. Yet they all knew why she was there; a false movement on the part of the samisen player might attract their attention, and those sharp eyes would soon penetrate Morinaga's disguise. Then slowly the power of the artist rose to consciousness in her. The chill room, the bored faces, the cold, acrid odors of the half-finished feast, all touched her like a defiance. She must fill the space with sparkle and warmth, she must see those dull eyes glow with excitement, with admiration, with passion if need be—till all but herself should be forgotten in the tumult of feeling she knew well how to raise. What, even Tonosuke had but a cold nod for her? Was his mind so fixed on that promised capture in the Street of the Dancers that

*Suma, a spot on the sea-shore near Kobe, where the water breaks in myriads of small ripples on the beach, ripples which at the time of a full moon reflect each one her perfect orb. A great festival takes place at Suma when the August moon is at the full. There are many roads leading to the spot, all worn deep by the feet of generations of beauty-loving pilgrims.

he cared nothing for her presence? Hot resentment burnt in her heart, but she kept it down and moved languidly and precisely through the first paces, feeling more than seeing the slowly awakening interest which spread tepidly down the hall. Her dark rich dress seemed to gather and diffuse the light; then it was eclipsed as she turned sharply and the gold was lost in the folds of the brocade. That was a trick she had invented for dull audiences. They would watch for the next gleam, in spite of themselves. As she moved more rapidly, the gold shot in long flashes from the swirling folds of her robe, ran down to her feet, and then up to her throat, like yellow swords trying to reach her flower-pale cheeks, her dark wings of hair, her inscrutable level eyes.

She held them at last, those cold, well-fed gentlemen; the artist knew to a second the first heart-beat she roused; now she would dance indeed, for they must think of her alone; already the samisen-player had struck false notes, had looked up and fixed burning eyes on the beauty that was his, his rightly, his only, and that his enemies, for this one humiliating hour, could gloat over and appraise. O Miné glided out, a gray and silver wraith, to float round Shinayé and waft veils of gauze across her radiance, impersonating a cloud attempting to veil the moon. As they passed each other, circling slowly, both facing the audience, Shinayé's hand flew out behind her, pointing towards Morinaga. Then the wise cloudlet floated back to where he crouched, and flung one angry little foot against his knee, while such a glance of wrath and reproof flashed down on him that he could have laughed through all his chagrin and pain.

Some one did laugh, heartily, below in the hall. "Did you see that?" said a man to his next neighbor. "That old woman was going to sleep over her samisen, and the little minx there kicked her awake!"

"Oh, pray do not ask me to look at any one but the Shinayé," murmured

the other, a younger man with a heavy face and hot gleaming eyes. "You cannot see her every day—and—oh, the moon has broken out of the cloud!"

Shinayé, well to the front of the stage, had turned and swayed till she seemed one whirl of light and shadow, shadow and light, blending, parting, now dark, now bright; she poised for an instant, and O Miné with an unseen touch loosened her trailing sash behind; then Shinayé's sunset brocade slipped from her shoulders and she sprang up, one shaft of silver from head to feet—a thing of pure unshadowed light, ethereal, dazzling, divine.

A gasp of admiration came from the spectators. Ah, she knew she held them now, held them in every fold of that breaking silver drapery, with every alluring movement of bare slender arms and supple limbs. But how long, how long could she keep them enthralled? They must see, hear, feel nothing but her, until the temple bell rang out the fourth hour of the night, when the watch at the South Gate would be changed and that rake of a captain come on guard. There was still—how much time to fill up? She had missed the stroke of the last half-hour in the noise of the instruments, and she listened in anguished fear for the next, dancing on, wildly, wickedly, now—always with the calm illumined face and bright level eyes. Would Tonosuke insist on having her escorted home, as sometimes happened? If so, could she and Morinaga give his people the slip at that last turn before the South Gate, where the alley ran down to the bastion by the water?

She was bending backwards nearly double as she questioned with herself, her mind working rapidly over every detail of the task before her, trying to provide for every eventuality, every risk. The guests clapped their hands as she rose upright, and cried for a repetition of the last movement. Shinayé prepared to obey; then the temple bell rang out slowly. She counted the strokes as she gathered

her silver draperies in place. There was only half an hour before the watch would be changed. She turned to smile submissively at Tonosuke. He was not looking at her. His eyes were fixed on the samisen-player and his whole face had altered and stiffened. Had he detected some detail of the make-up—or was Morinaga betraying himself? She dared not turn to look at him. Tonosuke must be swept off his feet—snatched from thought or reflection by some new light, new wonder, that Shinayé could fling out to dazzle his too keen eyes. Was there anything she had not already tried? Yes, there was one dance left, the Dance of the Dawn, a dance which she had been taught in the hard days of her apprenticeship. She had never practised it since, for it was what degraded creatures danced to send bad men mad. Every movement was a suggestion, promise, denial—a sharp whip of desire laid across the ungoverned nerves of degenerate man. Only a Japanese could understand it; costume meant little, glance and movement all. Ah, must she—and before Morinaga? Tonosuke's eyes were still fixed on him—they must come to her: all else must be forgotten in some new tumult of excitement and longing. Tonosuke stirred, as if to rise from his place. Death was in the air.

Shinayé brought her little heel down sharply on the floor and gave one hoarse word of command to her musicians. The high clanging chords died away, and a slow questioning harmony stirred the pulses with doubt, hope, amazement. The guests knew that prelude well, but had not thought to hear it to-night. There was a little stir of expectation; Tonosuke's eyes were fixed on the dancer now. He had never hoped to see her do this, had never dared to suggest it; but since it came of her own mad will, why, other things might well be put aside. After all, that was only a fancy about the samisen-player's appearance—the creature was just a specimen of her class, hard-faced as a

man—dark and plain. There was Shinayé the beautiful, floating out into the light, soft, cloud-black draperies, that shimmered with some under radiance, sweeping round her. She raised her arms above her head and moved uncertainly, as if feeling her way through darkness. Then slowly the shrouding veils began to sink down; the music changed to the twittering of early birds, and led up to a joyous outburst of song; Shinayé crouched for an instant and then sprang up shedding her trammels as the dawn sheds the dark, and stood, a goddess, veiled in the soft crape of a white under robe that clung to every line of her delicate limbs. Her cheeks were touched with the dawn's crimson now, and her eyes shone with fire and terror and desire. Flesh and blood saw its dream incarnate as she danced, and Tonosuke had but one thought in his hard, middle-aged, sensual heart—to possess her for his own.

Out on the open road, where the leafless maple twigs made lace in the moonlight, Shinayé and Morinaga paused and looked into each other's eyes. Both were pale with past danger and present pain. Shinayé's face was drawn and haggard: the last few hours seemed to have counted as ten years. Morinaga gazed down into it.

"Faithful and blessed one," he said gently, "you have done this night what the gods themselves would scarcely have tried to do. If ever I forget—may my soul return to this earth for a million lives of wretchedness! Oh, my beloved, would that I could take you with me to that fortunate country where I go—the country where all are free, all are safe, where men are ready to help others to strength, to right laws, to the power they have themselves, because they know! There, I shall learn what I have starved to learn, the language that makes men brothers, the laws our people need, the wisdom and the strength to build up the ancient throne and serve the Glorious One who waits for us in that ruined palace yonder!"

He raised his head and gazed triumphantly upwards as if to cast defiance to the stars that had watched serenely while the country groaned under tyranny and wrong. The hunted, proscribed boy whom Shinayé had hidden and fed in love and terror for weeks past, was transformed by the first breath of liberty into a conqueror and a seer. But his heart came back to her, the faithful girl who might yet suffer for all she had done for him.

"You are sure all will be well with you, my beloved?" he asked earnestly, looking down into the pale face that lay against his shoulder. "You will have no trouble with Tonosuke—and that man at the gate? You had to promise I know not what ere he would let you pass."

Shinayé lifted her eyes and laughed her own cold, soft, little laugh.

"Promise?" she repeated, "I have had to promise Tonosuke what none but you will ever have! 'To-morrow, to-morrow, all you wish,' I whispered in his ear, and his eyes blazed and he let go us. That poor fool at the gate? He is sending for saké now, because I am to go back and keep him amused till dawn. Dawn?" she shivered and hid her face against her lover's arm, as the memory of the evening came back to her. "You know—you understand—my life's lord, it was the only way—they had to go mad or I could not save you."

"Shinayé," said Morinaga, "look at me," and he turned her face up to his in the moonlight. "For all you have done my heart is grateful beyond words to say, but for that deed—it worships you. You did it not only for me, but for my Lord the Emperor. Your name should rank with that of the noble lady who sold herself into shame to buy steed and arms that her husband might go to fight for his chief. Farewell, purest, bravest of women. Let our hearts be one till I come back. For I shall come back to you, Shinayé, across a thousand worlds! Till then, believe, hope, be at peace!"

When the moon had set and the dawn was flushing up the sky, a girl

in close-drawn hood and cloak, with a basket on her arm, slipped through the eastern gate into the town, with the early fishmongers and bean-curd sellers, and made her way to the little house in the Street of the Dancers. There it stood intact, with O Mitsu's kind, anxious face peering out over the garden gate. She drew the shivering girl in without a word and led her into the house. The little kettle was singing on the brazier, the silk quilts were spread on the mats for the weary limbs. "All well?" asked the old woman anxiously. "O Miné San came home hours ago, but she knew nothing of the end."

Shinayé looked up at her friend with dull, tired eyes. "All well," she said. Then she hid her face on Morinaga's pillow and cried quietly. O Mitsu drew the coverings over her, closed the doors and left her to sleep. Word went forth that the famous geisha was too ill to receive visitors for many days to come.

Twenty-five years later two European women were gossiping in undertones at a smart official party in Tokyo.

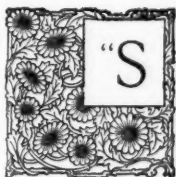
"So that is the great Morinaga," said one, as a tall elderly man entered the room, wearing plain evening clothes and having the insignia of a great order round his neck. "What a gaunt, drawn face he has," continued the lady; "I wonder if he ever smiles?"

Her companion replied behind her fan: "He forgot how, they say, when the rebels put him in irons and hung him up to starve in a cage. Some woman used to come and feed him at night through the bars. His wrists are hideously scarred. He was one of those wild patriots of the old days, you know, and ran away to Europe to learn English and political economy, and all the other things that are so cheap now! Only the poor fellow came back too soon, and they caught him. That is his wife—the pale woman in Japanese dress. She was a geisha, my dear—and he married her! The things men will do!"

THE KALSOMINING OF DAKOTA SAM

By ARTHUR STRINGER

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR G. DOVE



HE was the purtiest little thing in pink and white you ever clapped eyes on," began Cheyenne Brisco, musingly. He whetted the deep-worn blade of his jack-knife on his high Mexican boot-heel, meditatively, for a moment or two, before he went on again. "And she had china-blue eyes, and a soft and trustin' manner, and I rather guess she made the Knee-Hill Gap people sit up and take notice that day she climbed down off the Saskawit stage and looked around for the new school-house. You see she was strikin' that foot-hill country half a year before the sheep-men and a whole year before the railroad, so the school we'd put up for the homesteaders' kids was n't any hand-carved sandstone edifice with Grecian water-gods holdin' up the cornices. It was just a good plain eighteen by twenty pine buildin', with a galvanized roof, and a door in one end, and four windows down each side,—just a good, every-day-in-the-week, sun-bleached pine box of an educational plant, same as you'd see anywhere in the Northwest. So when this here little pink-and-white school-teacher sizes up that new school-house all the Gap had felt so unreasonin' proud about, we were expectin' some commendation for givin' her the finest knoll of land west of Griscoe's Trail. But she just poked at the pine boards with her

parasol, and said, 'Not even painted!' And then she touched the inside walls with kind of disdainful finger-tips and said, 'They've neglected to paper them!' And then she cast those china-blue eyes of hers up toward the ceiling and murmured so we could all hear her, 'And the kalsominin' has been overlooked!'

"And while she was gazin' round inside to see if the sills were wide enough for window-boxes, which she laid out to have bloomin' with prairie-lilies before the blackboard was put up, we held a little emergency meetin' outside, and talked over ways and means of overcomin' this house-decoratin' problem. The young school-teacher had said she was anxious to oversee that work, and every man-jack of our Committee was so scart some one else would get the job of workin' alongside this aforementioned female that we made about as much headway as a rattler on a hair-rope trail. We'd just about decided to settle all bad feelin' by throwin' the dice for it, when Miss Frisbie—her name was Pauline Augusta Frisbie—came out and joined us.

"'Now,' said she, kind of anxious and worried, 'we must choose some one to assist me in doin' the inside decoratin', for I would n't have my children's ideal of beauty and color perverted, for the world. Is there any gentleman here who has had any experience at paintin' and kalsominin'?' says she. She was a good deal astonished, I guess, when she found



"NOT EVEN PAINTED!"

that every man in the Committee had spent most of his life in that particular vocation of paintin' and kalsominin'. 'But one is all I want—one is all I could work with!' says she. 'Then you'll have to pick your own man!' says Timber-Line Ike, who'd been elected chairman; 'you'll have to pick your own man, ma'am!' says he, firm and decisive. 'But how am I to know who would be the most willin' and artistic?' says she. 'We're *all* willin'!' says Ike. 'Or how can I tell,' says she, 'just who has really had the most experience paintin' things?' 'Would you want it done in red, ma'am?' piped in Sunset Stevens. 'The elementary colors,' says she, 'when rich in tone, are always pleasin' to the childish mind.' 'Then if red is what you want,' says Sunset, as unbetrayin' and solemn as a judge, 'I'd advise you to pick on Dakota Sam, for there's about thirty towns between here and the Rockies that Sam has done up in that particular tint, and done up most thorough!'

'And where could I find him, please?' says Miss Frisbie, sweepin' Sunset with those china-blue eyes till he seemed kind of hypnotized, and just crossed over the road to the El Dorada, as unthinkin' and automatic as a jumpin'-jack, leadin' her right over to where Dakota Sam was sittin' alone at a table hummin' hymn-tunes and playin' solitaire. 'He seems a nice quiet man, does n't he!' says Miss Frisbie, lookin' in and listenin' to them hymn-tunes Sam was a-hummin'. We all looked at one another, when she says that, and I guess if we'd been south of the Line Sunset Stevens would have been lynched on the spot, for bein' facetious and unseemly with strangers. For I may as well let you in on the fact, right now, that Dakota Sam was a Bad Man. He'd enough notches in his gun-stock to make it look like a wood-saw, and he'd migrated up into the Dominion after perforatin' a deputy sheriff and eludin' a posse that chased him over three hundred

miles of prairie. But the queer thing about Sam was that he was the quietest-actin' man you'd run into anywhere west of the Dirt Hills. He looked kind of thin and delicate and pensive-eyed, too, and was troubled with a cough—which same he got from carryin' a forty-two calibre bullet all the way from New Mexico in his right lung.

"But this had nothin' much to do with what was facin' us just at that time. That pink-and-white school-teacher said she'd like some one to take her in and introduce her to Sam, so take her in we had to, with Sam's hand swingin' back to his hip-pocket when he first looked up and saw that posse chargin' down on him. Then he caught sight of Miss Frisbie, holdin' out her hand to him, and he went red, and then he seemed to go gray, and then blue, as he looked from the school-teacher to us and then back at the school-teacher again. Then Timber-Line Ike explains to him just how the land lay, and Miss Frisbie said something about how she knew she was goin' to take to him from the first, and Sam is so all-fired rattled and gun-shy that he first takes off his hat, and then puts it on, and then puts down the Carolina Perfecto he was goin' to bite the end off and light up, and was on the point of askin' the lady what her poison would be, when Ike gets him into a chair, and Miss Frisbie smiles over at him kind of soothin' and says she could tell he was artistic by the archin' of his eyebrows. And while Sam is perspirin' and wonderin' what is goin' to come next, Sunset purchases a Pokeweed Bouquet—for sellin' which same over the counter Turk McGuigan was shot up no less than three times, those Bouquets bein' the meanest-smellin' breed of vegetable polecat ever put into a box! And while Miss Frisbie is explainin' that she is the new school-teacher, and how she wants some one to help her paint and kalsomine the new school-house, Sunset slips his Pokeweed Bouquet down on the table and takes up the Carolina Perfecto, havin' changed the life-

bands on the same. Sam, bein' so upset and nervous, picks up his cigar, thinkin' thereby to steady himself and cool down. So he lights up, bein' especial fond of his smoke. When he takes his first pull at that Pokeweed Bouquet he kind of starts, and gets his eyes off the school-teacher long enough to study the band. Then he puffs it up again, then he studies the cigar, slow and cautious. Then his hand goes back to his hip-pocket, and it's only when Ike nods significant towards the lady that Sam remembers himself. But while he sits there studyin' that cigar his eye travels from one of us boys on to the other. Then he shakes his head slow and quiet, and we don't say anything, and he does n't say anything. But we all understand. He just meant that he'd have a little conversation with the man who was a-tryin' to poison him with that Canadian-made cigar, later on, when ladies were n't around. But when it seeps through Sam that this here pink-and-white piece of loveliness has picked on him to help her do the paperin' and kalsominin' of that school-house, and he apprehends how the rest of us boys were standin' there eatin' our hearts out with silent envy—why, Sam kind of rises to the occasion. He allows to her that he was a kalsominer for ten years down in Arizona, and that nothin' would put him more in mind of the good old days than gettin' a brush in his hand again. And as for paper-hangin', why, he'd hung about all the paper that had got onto house-walls west of the Mississippi, and his fingers'd been itchin', for over a year, just to handle a roll or two of ingrain once more. And when Miss Frisbie shakes hands with him again, and says that he's a dear, and a rough diamond, and a lot of other female small-talk, and tells him to be sure to be at the school-house at nine o'clock next mornin', he's transported so sky-high he does n't even remember to even up with the gang for palmin' off that Pokeweed Bouquet on him. And that night, after he'd corralled two



"SAM HELD THE BARBER UP FOR A PAIR OF SCISSORS"

barrels of quicklime and a homesteader's white-washin' brush, he was offered five hundred dollars cash down for his kalsominin' claim. But he turned them down, hard. 'And what's more,' says he, 'if any son of misery gets enlargin' on any reputation that may have trailed into this here camp after me,—I say if any offspring of calamity gets to chewin' with a certain lady about my artistic past on the other side of the Line—I just ventilates him so full of holes you can take him and nail him up for a fly-screen when I gets through with him! I've got the rail, in this heat,' says he, 'and I intend to hold it!' And with that he looks over his Colt, and braces up for the next day on a dozen or two rounds of Turk McGuigan's soothin'-syrup, and starts readin' up 'Every Man His Own House-Painter' in Timber-Line Ike's 'Home Cook Book.'

"I guess that next mornin' seemed about the happiest in all Sam's some checkered career. Leastaways the first half of that mornin', for Miss Frisbie was there at nine to help him

in with the step-ladder and the flour-barrel he was goin' to do his paperin' and kalsominin' on. And every man-jack of us within ridin' distance of the Gap was hangin' round outside, just lyin' low and linin' up for a peek through the back window, every man in his turn, and no crowdin' allowed. It was a sure touchin' sight, too, to witness that soft-spoken, sad-smilin', store-rigged hypocrite of a fire-eatin' road-agent skippin' up and down that step-ladder, nailin' up a picture-mouldin', with Miss Frisbie standin' at the foot of the ladder, a-holdin' it, and all the time a-sayin' for him to be careful not to fall, and how fine and tall he was for reachin', and how smart he was at drivin' nails. When they'd got the mouldin' up they sat down on one of the benches and discussed whether they'd do the paperin' or the kalsominin' first. Sam looked at the ceilin' kind of apprehensive, and rubbed his chin, and allowed that down in Arizona it was the firm-fixed rule of procedure to always do the paperin' first. So Sam skipped over

to the barber-shop and held the barber up for a pair of scissors, not even givin' him time to finish cuttin' the Indian Reserve missionary's hair. Then after a heap of hemmin' and hawin' and cooin' and side-steppin', Sam scissors the wall-paper into lengths, and starts applyin' the paste with his whitewash brush. And when Miss Frisbie, who 's holdin' down the end of the paper so it won't curl up, says that she can't see why he does that kind of work in such good clothes, and Sam, who 'd borrowed more 'n one half of that outfit from a radius of five miles round the Knee-Hill, tells her they 're the poorest and meanest clothes he 's got,—why, we just had to grab Sunset Stevens and gouge his face down in the sand, to keep him from snortin' so Sam could n't help overhear it!

"Then Sam discovers that swattin' that paper on with his paste-brush is a-goin' to run all the color out of it, and Miss Frisbie says she 'll have to hurry over and get her flesh-brush, and see if that won't do. Before she gets back, Sam, who 'd been gettin' kind of fidgety and furtive durin' that last half-hour, bites off enough chewin' tobacco to choke a pinto, and sits back on a bench and rolls up his eyes and works his jaws like the drivin'-rod of a donkey-engine. When Miss Frisbie comes in with the brush he 's all cleared for action again. And when she says that she has ordered over something good to drink, why, Sam's face lights up that keen and soulful that he loses his balance between the step-ladder and the flour-barrel. He jumps for the barrel, with the wet paper in his hand, and the head of that barrel gives way, quite natural, and he goes down. And while he 's wedged there he just asks Miss Frisbie to step outside for a minute or two—which Miss Frisbie does some prompt, thinkin' he 's tore his pants on a nail. When Sam sees the coast is clear, he pulls himself out, and stands there cussin', relievin' himself of a line of the most finished and comprehensive swearin' that ever scorched buckskin. Then he rubs his

sore shin, and feels some better. When Miss Frisbie comes back he says that fall has left him so nervous he 's afraid he 'll have to have something, just to set him up again. And she says 'Of course,' and that she 'll get it herself. So Sam sits down and waits, takin' another lady-bite off 'n his plug. And Sam sees her comin' back with the jug, and wets his lips accordin'. Then when he casts down his eye and sees that it 's lemonade—why, he just looks so kind of petrified and locoed that Sunset Stevens, bein' more demonstrative than the other boys, just rolls round in the dust holdin' himself in, at the sheer thought of Sam even amblin' up so near to the brink of a soft drink!

"Well, things go on quiet and steady again, with Sam handlin' that dinky little flesh-brush of the school-teacher's so soft and sentimental that he aint' got gumption enough to rub the creases out of the wall-paper. When



"HE ASKS MISS FRISBIE TO STEP OUTSIDE"

it comes to puttin' up the border, and his lady friend advises him to do that job on the instalment plan, he lays out to her that when he was wall-paperin' down in Phoenix he always put his borders up in the whole piece. So he slaps his paste onto that seventy feet of border, and starts for the ladder with one end of it, Miss Frisbie holdin' up the other. It was Timber-Line Ike's turn at the back window, but just how Sam got so twisted and hog-tied up in that seventy feet of wet border Ike was never able to tell. The more he tried to lift and peel it from around his neck and legs the more it pythoned round him, until he got fightin' it, like you'd fight a hornet—nest broke loose. When he got through clawin' and tearin' he asked Miss Frisbie just to step outside again for a couple of minutes; and he let out with another relievin' volley of cussin', and washed the paste off his hair and face with that jug of lemonade.

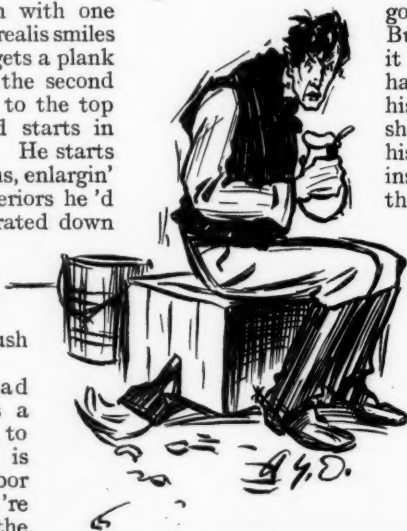
"When Miss Frisbie came in again she decided they could do without a border, by just kalsominin' all the way down to the picture-mouldin'. 'And when the ceilin' is done we'll be all finished,' she says, as sweet as sugar, ravishin' poor Sam with one of those Aurora-Borealis smiles of hers. So Sam gets a plank and puts it from the second step of the ladder to the top of the barrel, and starts in on his kalsominin'. He starts in slow and cautious, enlargin' on the church interiors he'd frescoed and decorated down in the Southwest, and tellin' her that he was never happier than when he had a brush in his hand.

"Now, overhead kalsominin' is a mighty easy thing to talk about, and is maybe facile labor enough when you're startin' at it with the right equipment. But did you ever try to

keep your balance on an eight-inch plank, and at the same time wield a fourteen-inch whitewash-brush saturated with a pint or two of tinted quicklime and water, and then study out how you were goin' to keep it from droppin' down and hittin' you in the eye every second stroke? I allow kalsominin' would be an easy enough job if you were n't applyin' that liquid *overhead*, or if you could do it blind, and did n't have to keep lookin' up to watch your brush-work. And I s'pose a man who's brought up to the business, defyin' the law of gravitation that way clean through from his boyhood, kind of gets onto the kinks of that deceivin'-lookin' occupation.

"But all Dakota Sam had was a willin' heart and a worn-out whitewash brush. I acknowledge that Sam tried to do his best. He stood his ground while that artillery of quicklime started comin' down on him. He just spoke soft and low when a splash or two of that drippin' liquid would catch him in the eye. He got about six parts of kalsominin' on the school-house floor to one part he got up onto the ceilin'. But it was n't until it began to mat in his hair, and run down his arm in under his shirt-sleeve, and from his armpit right down inside to his boot, and then fill the boot, and

start to ooze up over the top of the boot, soft and creamy,—it wasn't till then, I say, that Timber-Line Ike lost control of himself, through some unseemly feelin' of mirth, and chortled so loud outside that back window that Sam wheeled round and



"HE CASTS DOWN HIS EYES AND SEES
THAT IT'S LEMONADE"

caught sight of him lookin' in. He just swung for his gun, sharp and quick, and took a pot shot at Ike. But Sam's eyes were smartin' and his fingers were uncommon slippery, so that the bullet merely ripped up an inch or two of window-sash, and all but frightened Miss Frisbie into a faintin'-spell. But Sam went on kalsominin', calm as ever. 'I allow that was a some hasty shot,' says he, to the school-teacher, 'but I caught sight of the meanest-lookin' coyote I ever clapped eyes onto prowlin' round out-side that window!' But Miss Frisbie said she would n't stay in the buildin' until he took that horrible pistol-thing off'n his person, and cached it in the desk drawer up on the platform.

'I don't see how you can live in peace,' says she, 'carryin' such a horrid big thing!' And Sam he put down his kalsominin' brush for a minute and he says to her, 'Ma'am, I could n't live in peace if I *didn't* carry that gun of mine!'

'But I want you to promise me never to shoot at wild animals again!' says Miss Frisbie to him, firm and reprov'n-like. 'I agree to that, ma'am,' says Sam, 'if you'll allow me to clean out just one bunch of 'em, lurkin' round this neighborhood!' But Miss Frisbie said she was sure he did n't really want to kill things, he had such kind eyes, and she helped him up on the plank once more, and soothed him down, and said it was too bad they were gettin' on so slow, and kept flashin' those ravishin' smiles of hers up at him till he said that he'd get that ceilin' kalsomined or eat his hat.

"About sundown he'd covered almost one quarter of the ceilin', but the floor was an inch deep in kalsomin' and Sam himself looked like a cross between a plaster-cast and a picture of Santa Claus. Sam was never what you'd call a quitter. And he'd promised to kalsomine that school-house ceilin'. And as he sat there studyin' that puddle of ooze underneath him, and that space to be covered overhead, dog-tired in the neck, and sore in the wrist-joints, and generally all-round dejected,

a sudden light of inspiration crept over him. 'I allow,' says he to the school-teacher, who'd taken refuge up on a bench at the far end of the room, 'I allow that I passed you out my solemn word to kalsomine this here learnin'-joint of yours. And as you apprehend, we ain't doin'

it any too speedy. But if you'll be so good, ma'am, as give me a clear field, and let me get that kalsomine onto that ceilin' after my own fashion, I guess maybe I could

get her all tinted complete before this buildin' starts floatin' down to the creek bottom in that deluge of lime and water your wadin' through!' And Miss Frisbie sighed kind of weary and said she did n't see how it was that an old experienced kalsominer had to drip and splash so much as he worked, and that he'd deceived her and imposed on her, and spoilt the place that she was goin' to make the abode of beauty for her children, and that she was tired and hungry and was goin' home anyway.

"Sam takes his medicine like a man, and lets her go. But he cuts out and corralls us pretty sudden, once he's alone, and we can see by the set of



"WASHED THE PASTE OFF
HIS HAIR WITH THE
LEMONADE"

his jaw that he means business as he pokes that big Colt of his around against our innards. 'Two of you go and get me a gallon of good whiskey, right off,' says he, 'and the other six of you get back here with a block and tackle and four team of hosses inside of half-an hour, or there's goin' to be a depopulated town in this here school-section before sunup!'

"When the boys got back with those four team of draught-horses from the surroundin' homesteaders, they found Sam considerably braced up, the fire-water havin' arrived ten minutes earlier than the teams. 'What're you up to now?' demands Timber-Line Ike, as he watches Sam ropin' that new school-house round under the cornices, and linin' his teams up to the end of his cable. 'I'm a-goin' to kalsomine that ceilin', havin' given my word for the same!' says Sam, startin' up his horses and rollin' that eighteen-by-twenty pine buildin' over on her side, and then over again on her roof. Then he just climbed into that buildin', and slopped

six or eight gallons of whitewash down onto that overturned ceilin', and stood off regardin' it mighty triumphant. Then he got his rope round the base of that school-house, and hauled and pried and yanked and twisted and poled until her base-sills were on their posts again. And then he assimilated another drink or two. And then he took that worn-out whitewash brush, and stuck her up on the end of a fence post, and shot at her, slow and vindictive, until there was nothin' left but about three inches of the handle. 'And that' says Sam, as he reloads his Colt and looks round at the rest of the boys, 'that is what overtakes any son of misery who goes mouthin' round this Gap about my kalsominin' abilities!' And knowin' Sam as we did, we were n't low down enough to take any undue advantage of what we might have witnessed! Nor was any of that meek-eyed gang of short-horns indulgin' in any complainin' because Sam was a-totin' round that flesh-brush in his gun pocket secret-like, as a kind of souvenir."

THE SONNET

What is the sonnet? 'T is a lovely flower
 Of fourteen perfect petals! From the bloom
 Exhales so soft, so subtle a perfume
 That it has sweetened many an empty hour;
 Born in a beautiful Italian bower,
 Fair root it found beneath the glow and gloom
 Of changeful English skies, and welcome room
 In other climes, each richer for its dower.

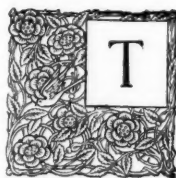
What passionate attar Shakespeare from it won!
 How it for Milton bourgeoned, and how Keats
 Nurtured it gladly in his garden-close!
 Still in its heart hide undiscovered sweets;
 So, poets, put your fondest care thereon
 As doth a gardener on his rarest rose!

CLINTON SCOLLARD



SKYLAND IN THE ANDES

By MARRION WILCOX



THE mountains of the Illimani-Sorata-Illampu range are like towering characters. I have never seen any other natural object that deserved to be compared with the best of all things, a really great character; but I find these heights conceived by some of the Indians to be persons whose eminence is the crowning beauty of the region which we may call Skyland.

It is as nothing for a Bolivian mountain to have achieved an altitude of three or three and one-half miles. Hundreds of Andean peaks that are only three miles or so in height appear to be hills of no distinction in a single highland prospect.

What a difference the one mile more of massive attainment does

make! And it does not matter that these towering characters, Illampu-Sorata and Illimani, are naked rocks with ugly faults up to the snow-line, since all above the line of common endeavor (that one more mile up) is white and unapproachable eternally.

The first glimpse I had of this snow-clad range of great mountains was from the deck of a little steamboat making the voyage on Lake Titicaca from Puno, Peru, to Guaqui, in Bolivia. That was long ago, but the time seems present. One sees the sun rise over Sorata, and about the middle of the forenoon one finds himself saying, "I have never before seen mountains, never before breathed air." The month is May, as it happens, and therefore the terraced hillsides bordering Lake Titicaca are painted with vivid harvest tints. I have seen such fine colors as these in other parts of the world at harvest



REED-BOATS ON LAKE TITICACA

time, but the words "air" and "mountain" will have new meanings for me from this day forward.

After one has had the first good look at Lake Titicaca in bright weather one sees why the Indian masters of Skyland in the olden days were somewhat superior to their neighbors, the tribes of the arid coast or the malarial eastern slopes. The principle involved is universal and very simple. Our Skyland, the region extending from comparatively modern La Paz and incalculably old Tiahuanaco to Cuzco, was the most desirable portion of a vast territory—in some respects more desirable than any other region in western South America, inasmuch as it appealed on first view to settled preferences of human beings for those regions which unite in themselves grandeur, healthfulness and the elements indispensable for enjoyment and for the attainment of a certain degree of progress in the arts—namely, a permanent supply of fresh water, with moderate rainfall, and with the precious and serviceable metals in some of the surface rocks and the

beds of streams. Therefore this region must have been the scene of successive conflicts for supremacy, one tribe after another trying to gain possession of it. There must have been waves of invasion even long before Aymará and Keshua were heard of. In such regions superior races were produced—relatively strong and capable, but not strong and capable in the European sense; for in the economy of nature the conquering tribe receives barely enough superior force for the accomplishment of its task. The best of the surrounding tribes, in the centuries before the conquest by Spain, having sought to gain possession of Titicaca, out of the struggle came, naturally, a measurable advance: not a true civilization, but rather the flower of barbarism.

Now, I must confess I once found the great Skyland lake even more fascinating in stormy weather. That was when I was going from Tiahuanaco to Cuzco—just a little journey on the trail of Indians (ancient and enigmatical as the stone images in Tiahuanaco) whose migrations

westward and northward seemed interesting matters. It was necessary to pass over the lake; and before reaching port we learned that Keshua prototypes of Prospero and Ariel even now send very highly colored tempests in the neighborhood of enchanted islands in Skyland.

On the steamer's deck during the storm the wind was so violent that I could hardly stand against it; but contrived to forget the queer motion of the little vessel (perplexingly different from the rolling and pitching of a vessel at sea-level), and, with back against the pilot-house, to make rough notes of colors so extraordinary overspreading sky and shore; of fantastic cloud forms; of the chain of high mountains, and the hills at the water's edge, and the islands.

Naturally I should not be trying now to decipher such records as these (poor things, but mine own) if good paintings or photographs were available. But I have not been able to obtain either painting or photograph that gives a good view of more than a small scrap of Titicaca—not even a single clear photograph of the high white range taken from the lake. The local photographers who have tried, and whom I have invited to try once more for me, say that the Illampu-Sorata-Illimani range will not "stand out," because, though it seems near, it is really so far away that the instrument cannot reproduce it, or at best shows it faintly, dispelling the illusion created by this storm light, making the imminent snow-peaks shrink and fade.

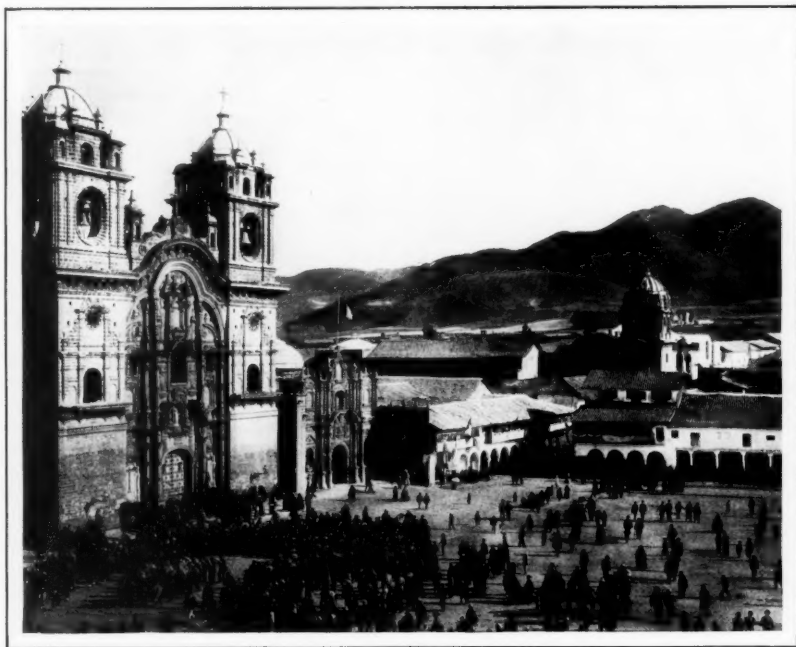
But I think a painter might be able to show on a blue-white background representing the sky just before the storm, strange forms of clouds, stringy, luminous white, like bleached fibres of reeds many miles in length laid across the sky. For the storm wind, before it struck the lake in dead earnest, played at tearing clouds into shreds in the brilliant sunshine, and bending them, not in easy and graceful curves, but in sharp angles, to break them: to throw down all the pretty drifting vapors into a heap, a

mass about the horizon, and there to build up cloud-mass on threatening cloud-mass from the terraced hill-sides to the zenith.

When the steamer was between Guaqui and the strait, the clouds ahead of us (in the north) underwent this change. One moment they were like fleecy cotton; the next moment, reed fibres; while the chain of snow-peaks, from Sorata to Illimani, in the crystal transparency of such pure air, was seen as plainly as though each giant had actually moved toward the lake shore to overlook, in the hush preceding the storm, the smooth, shining surface; as though all the gigantic neighbors had actually moved nearer to each other—justifying the words of the Bolivians (those having no learning except their traditions) who personify the highest mountains, calling one the Man Without a Head and saying that another is an enchanter who makes fools of all adventurers daring to climb up to his shoulders.

The clouds in the southeast, before we reach the strait, are like snow mountains. Some of these white vapor masses, being really much nearer to us than the Sorata-Illimani range, appear to be up alongside the glaciers or snow-fields, and one white cloud in the range of vision between the lake's surface and the flat top of Man Without a Head faintly suggests a restoration to that Titanic figure of its lost altitude. But the clouds actually alongside Illampu (this, at least, is clear) are in horizontal banks thousands of feet below the crest. So then, if we look at the cloud-banks we realize the great distance between us and the white giants. But if we look at the cloud-masses, which are so near to us, their apparent, not real, association with glacier and snow-field makes the latter also seem to be near.

At noon, when we enter the strait, the sun is directly over the famous island dedicated to the worship of that luminary. I think the fact is not without historical significance, that as one sails up the lake a path of



VIEW IN CUZCO

light on the water indicates, at the best hour of all the twenty-four, the site that was chosen for the sun-god's chief temple. Beside it and a bit nearer to us is the Island of the Moon.

Yellow grain-fields and olive-green horizontal stripes like hedges or terraces cover the steep near-by hills of the western shore; hills in the middle distance on the same shore are of a velvety yellow tint, with dark shadows; while those far away against the northern horizon are marked with distinct dark stripes—parallel and horizontal—and have yellow (ripe barley, I suppose) either in tufts or in ribbons from water's edge to the summit. The horizontal stripes that look like green shadows, with lighter green or yellow in wider bands between, are terrace or division walls of rough stones. The latter bound what the former, by an incalculable expenditure of human strength in an effort which reminds one of terraced banks along the Rhine,

have been made to bind: the cultivated soil being held in place on the steep hillsides by these stone walls—row on row of terraces up to the conical summits of many hills.

Beyond the strait the lake broadens out abruptly; becomes an inland sea, indeed. The shores on the eastern side are very far away, faint, and purple. The Island of the Moon on nearer view shows a crescent form very distinctly this afternoon. (Again the time seems present.) The regularity of its outline appears, as we, hugging the west shore, draw nearer, not altogether perfect but still remarkable. And though it may seem less moonlike in a different light or to another pair of eyes, we may very well assume that the Indians, who were so devoted to the sun and his consort the moon, readily enough espied perfection of form (as we all are prone to idealize persons and objects we hold most dear), fancying that during their migrations they had come upon a true image of one

of their divinities. For they held that the luminaries ruling by day and by night came down to earth here, and from these islands led the ancestors of the race on to Cuzco, where the Inca tribe was established in greater comfort, and, instructed by superior beings who personified the sun and the moon, learned something new about agriculture and government.

The storm is all around us before we are abreast of the Island of the Moon. Clouds in great fleecy masses roll along above the hills of the eastern shore, and are dashed up into columns against Illampu, which gleams, whiter than ever, above and beside them. The lake is dark. All the shores are dark. Look back toward the strait we came through in brilliant sunshine an hour ago, and you will see angry white-caps there. The sky just above the water-line, between the islands of the sun and the moon, and below the storm-clouds, is yellow. Part of the eastern shore is pink.

On the western shore the red tints (always more or less in evidence and sometimes astonishingly vivid: somewhat like red sandstone, somewhat like the stain of iron-ore) now flame out between the yellow and olive-green terraced, uptilted fields; and now the wind is blowing fiercely across the deck.

We steam by the islands of the moon and the sun in a tempest of wind and through a riot of colors—violet, orange and purple. Lightning plays in dispersed gleams through a yellow sky above the deep purple eastern shore, and a cliff at the northern end of the Island of the Moon is colored like the pulp of a blood orange. The near, steep western hills are streaked with vivid green, yellow, very dark green, and straw-color. Below that shore the water is blue-green and its spray grayish violet. The wind tears off the crests of the waves, so suddenly raised; catches up this spray and carries it inshore. Many little gray-violet clouds



TEMPLE OF THE SUN

The lower portion of the walls is Incaic; the superstructure Spanish



BOLIVIAN TYPES

From photographs made for the author in La Paz

are thus formed and dashed to pieces under your eyes.

And now we are going between the Island of the Sun and the mainland, steering straight into a sulphur-colored skyline. Hills on the distant shores are violet; the lake's surface now almost black; the waves black up to their crests, which are the whitest and lightest whitecaps I ever saw. It is raining, and waves dash high on the promontory.

Off the starboard bow, the hills forming the Island of the Sun, as they are seen a moment later, appear to be shut out and pushed away from all the rest of the world by storm and gathering darkness; and in the absence

of our familiar books, in the presence of this strange and austere reality, the island's true history may seem to us, at this moment, almost as inscrutable as those dark hollows between its hills.

And yet, even as Senator Hoar says, in his autobiography, "I account it my supreme good fortune that my public life has been spent in the service of Massachusetts," so, we may be sure, some venerable persons (four centuries ago—a mere nothing in time) accounted it their supreme good fortune that their public life had been spent in the service of this isolated bit of Skyland.

A moment later still, the ragged

clouds ahead of us were brown-black and the water of the lake between promontory and island green-black.

Night and storm had exclusive rights to all the scene for a few hours; but before sunrise the stars shone brighter than usual and twinkled more—like opening and shutting the hand.

From the lake to the town of Sicuani and thence to Cuzco, our journey is along the old Inca trail, or let us say the highway between the Incaic capital and the sacred islands, which must have been used for centuries before the Spanish conquest. We see that the ease of communication between Titicaca and the chain of high valleys in Peru should have impressed the stamp of unity upon the history of the entire region; should have drawn together its tribes politically; that the Peruvian and Bolivian portions of the district in question belong together geographically. We are in a position to realize this after we have climbed to the source of a stream that flows into the lake on the north side, and have gone over an easy pass where one finds hot springs and sees on either hand snow-peaks towering above him. For here our road running on toward Sicuani slopes gradually downward in a narrow valley. And through that valley flows the Vilcanota.

When I for the first time went over the pass between the Titicaca basin and the chain of *bolsones* near the centre of which is Cuzco Valley, I was fascinated by the river whose source we came upon at the summit of the pass. Up there the name it bears is Vilcanota, but in its later course men call it Vilcamayo; then successively it becomes the Urubamba, the Yucay, the Ucayali, and the Amazon.

Frankly, I have made public profession of faith in the Marañon as the oldest—or “parent”—stream of the Amazon. The Ucayali, I think, may not be the stream that first carved a channel across the continent near the equator; yet beyond all doubt it is the chief affluent of the upper reaches

of the greatest of rivers. In that sense the source of the Vilcanota River is also the source of the Amazon.

No spot more fancy-stirring than this in all Skyland! The Vilcanota flows out of a tarn that also sends a stream toward the south, into Lake Titicaca, whose waters, having no outlet to the ocean, form another river that begets another lake—without further issue. On the other hand the Vilcanota gives vigorous promise of its long career, becoming quite suddenly a strong and turbulent river, fed by a multitude of brooks that race down into it from snow-fields above the pass. And since the snow and ice on the peaks of the Andes have their source in moist trade winds blowing from the Atlantic across South America, I, for one, must think of that part of the Atlantic near the west coast of Africa, where I have watched winds and currents from the northeast, above the equator, and winds and currents from the southeast, below the line, not at play, but working steadily to form both “the trades” and that river of the ocean which we call the Gulf Stream; and where, with or without entire justification, I have been immensely pleased with the idea that I had reached the head-waters of the Gulf Stream and the source of sources of the Amazon at the same moment.

Another favorite spot in Skyland is the Sacsahuaman fortress, overlooking the town of Cuzco, to which our trail has led through scenes which may be described at some future time. At present I offer only a single suggestion, that came into my mind one day when, with an Indian guide, I was exploring the country round about this gigantic ruin; and in order to convey the impression in its original simplicity, I copy the rough note written then:

All my good friends in Cuzco who have spoken to me about this Incaic fortress on the heights above the town take for granted that the huge stones in the walls were brought, over



INDIAN MUMMERS OF THE TITICACA REGION

a very rough country, from a great distance. Some of my friends conclude that the Indians, when they transported such heavy stones and placed them in position, wrought a miracle, because, with all our modern appliances, we could not do so much. Others assert that the Indians whom the Pizarros found and overcame here must not be regarded as the builders, or even descendants of the builders of this fortress; but that the Inca merely came into possession of works of unknown origin and highest antiquity. I do not think these views are wholly wrong. Highly probable it seems to me that the largest pieces of rock in these walls *did* travel far, and in most ancient times—borne along by superhuman force and scattered over this hillside.

Ah, but the hands that moved these big stones from some distant place were very cold! I suggest that the architects of these walls found glacial boulders nearer the crest of this hill, and moved them down the slopes to their present position, employing levers and constructing temporary paths to overcome obstacles in the way; and, when it became necessary to place one heavy stone upon another, they used inclined planes, formed of small stones and earth, that were easily removed after serving their purpose.

I found the natives predisposed to welcome a suggestion to the effect that, not by the unaided power and skill of human hands, but with the co-operation of mysterious powers of nature, these walls were constructed. Indeed, this is the common method of escaping from perplexity whenever excellent things are brought forward for consideration: so profound is their conviction of the weakness of men.

Some of my friends in Peru argued that the ancient inhabitants must have possessed artillery; otherwise walls of such enormous strength would not have been constructed!—and challenged me to show that there was any artistic merit in things so labored, yet entirely devoid of beauty in our sense of the word.

So far as my observation has extended, the art of the Indians of Latin America had, for its ideal, not beauty but patience: the demonstration of most patient work. "What patience!" is an Indian's tribute of admiration. "What labor was required to finish that!" a native exclaims when he genuinely admires a statue; the polished surfaces and accurate joining of stones in an old wall; the pattern, the coloring of old pieces of pottery or woven fabrics. Such was, then, I think, the artistic motive in old Cuzco—not the de-

sire to produce beautiful objects (not even the desire to make serviceable things, always), but rather those which should be admired because much patient labor had been expended upon them. The ascription of our own motives to native American races is the beginning of unwisdom; and we shall never understand Latin America if we are afraid of the largest thoughts—such as this in regard to the patient striving after a strange ideal on the part of so many people, all the way from Mexico to Bolivia and Paraguay.

At this end of the old Indian trail one is in sympathy with the past, and in danger of becoming sentimental, perhaps. Skyland may seem to be the only part of the real world that can "lift the thoughts above mere worldliness"; and one may actually write in his note-book: Below this fortress, Cuzco Valley is flooded with benignant sunlight which (at this altitude and at the beginning of the cold season) has the witchery of moonlight, transfiguring and glorifying the landscape.

But now, by way of contrast, let us try to realize in a few words an intensely modern phase in that part of the same region which belongs to the present and the future, rather than the past. In La Paz, for example, American miners bring us specimens of ore, saying, "It is whispered that

you might be interested in a mining proposition." There are civil engineers, also, who are busy with plans for new roads into the interior.

In May I find at La Paz weather like that of September in New England, while the sun is shining, but like New England's November at night and in the early morning.

Now, this twelfth of May in La Paz is one of the few cloudy days I have seen in months. In fact, there were no cloudy days whatever during my stay in Chile. It is just beginning to rain (at noon) while I sit out here under shelter of an arbor in the garden of the Plaza de Armas—an autumnal rain, rattling on the dry yellow and brown leaves and the hardy late flowers. The plants near me are honeysuckle, red and white roses, *retáma* (so the gardener names a plant with light yellow flowers; but I think it is just the ordinary Scotch broom), eucalyptus, and several evergreen varieties.

Now the rain turns into hail; the air is chilly; the sound of thunder is so faint, one's thought sinks to the level of distant, ordinary lowland clouds, a mile or so below the massive buildings of this city. And now the sky begins to grow lighter again, and barely drips; the air is very quiet and expectant; the edges of this arbor and the raspberry plants between the arbor and the street



PERUVIAN HIGHLANDERS



IN THE RECOLETA, NEAR CUZCO

are just prettily moistened. Llamas, looking very shy, as though they were ready to bolt, pass in the street—quite a drove of them—beyond this homelike raspberry patch. And isn't this our common myrtle growing near the hedge? Driving the llamas forward and easily keeping them together, are Indians in scarlet shawls or ponchos. Familiar things are blended agreeably with the outlandish, as though in a series of moving pictures.

The trees of our garden cast faint shadows once more. *Cholitas* (half-breed girls, pyramidal in outline like Maria Anna of Austria in the portrait by Velasquez) in their narrow-brimmed, round, schoolboyish hats, in their bulging, bright-hued skirts, with bare feet and bare, brown, athletic ankles, go by after the rain, smiling

with purple lips. A few minutes later the pavements are quite dry again. Indian water-carriers (who wear wide-brimmed hats over close-fitting woollen skull-caps with cheek-pieces that cover the ears and half of the face) bring their jars to the marble fountain in the centre of the Plaza. Characteristic parts of their costume, beside the double head-covering, are the loose trousers split up over the calf of the leg for convenience in wading streams; and, as for the rest of their clothing, they look as though they had jumped out of bed, carrying away on their shoulders the tattered coverlet and blanket. That Westerner lounging on a park bench is one of a party about to take up a claim somewhere in the Chaco, and to hold it—six American miners with about eighteen rifles. Beyond him, nearer the palace, are a few of the swarthy, rather smartly dressed Bolivian soldiers,

who are trained by French officers—whereas Germans are training the Chilean army.

I think that many Americans will come here, and that their adaptability will aid them in their South American undertakings. I find that in physique, mind and manners, their equipment is somewhat better than that of most Europeans, when Americans and Europeans are both tested in these peculiar conditions. Our people will get along better with the natives and stand the climate better.

I anticipate objections to this view of American adaptability. The Germans and the English, it will be said, have given proof of talent in their dealings with South Americans.

Very well. That is admitted. I

am not speaking of past performance, but of natural capacity. In our country we learn how to deal with all sorts of people and nearly every climatic excess. Down here I note the resultant power—the quick mastery of new physical and social problems.

And such considerations make one notice more alertly certain tendencies in that vigorous element of the population composed of mining and railroad men: tendencies which might suggest to Mr. Wister and Mr. Remington that the dear departed Wild West is coming to life again in Bolivia.

Our own Wild West taking a fresh start below the equator? If that be true, we shall soon begin to hear about mines of tin, of copper, of silver, of gold, and of literary opportunity. Actually, in this country, so rich in natural resources, but still inhabited, except at a few points, by Indians only, one now sees reproduced the conditions which in our own West have ceased to exist, and practices lingering like things out of date in the United States. The Indian and Spanish-American inhabitants in the regions offered by Bolivians to all

men are not less interesting. In our West there were a few monuments of the old Spanish occupation, even as in vast regions that Bolivia claims (but cannot develop or securely hold) there are a few, and only a few, missions or weak outposts. Within forty-three or four years, Bolivia has been forced to surrender more than one half of her national territory, the total area shrinking, according to her own official statistics, from 3,000,000 square kilometres to 1,450,000 square kilometres. For the defence of what remains she cannot possibly maintain a large army, since the national revenues amount only to a few million dollars a year.

The outlook, stated most plainly, is as follows: Development of Bolivian mines, and improvement of railway connections with the Pacific, go hand in hand. Bolivia, in need of men and roads, fortunately is sure to get both—both rough at first; and adventurous frontiersmen, attracted in increasing numbers, will control the situation, but not themselves.

I think that in the Bolivian part of Skyland there are very good subjects for romantic literature.



STREET IN LA PAZ

LESS THAN KIN

By ALICE DUER MILLER

ILLUSTRATION BY M. J. SPERO



I HE curtain rolled down, the horns gave forth a final blare, and the whole house rustled with returning self-consciousness. Mrs. Raikes and

Miss Lewis had always had orchestra seats for Monday nights. Their well-brushed heads, their high jewelled collars, their little bare backs were as familiar to experienced opera-goers as the figure of the long-suffering doorman. They had the reputation of being musical. What indeed could prove it better than their preference for orchestra seats, when they might so easily have gone whenever they wanted in the boxes of their friends?

As the lights went up, they both turned to the glittering tiers above them. The opera was a favorite and the house was full, though here and there an empty box caught one's eye like a missing tooth. Miss Lewis was sweeping the semicircle like an astronomer in full cry after a comet. She had begun conscientiously at the stage box, and with but few comments she had reached the third or fourth, when her hand was arrested. There were three people in it—an old man in a velvet skull-cap, tall, thin, wrinkled and strangely sombre against the red-and-gold background; a younger man dimly seen in the shadow; and a slim young woman in gray.

The curve of the house afforded examples of every sort and kind of brilliantly dressed lady. There were

dowagers and young girls, there were women who forgot the public and lounged with an arm over the back of their little gilt chairs, and there were others who sat almost too erect, presenting their jewels and their composed countenances to the gaze of whoever cared to admire.

The lady in gray did neither. She sat leaning a little forward, and looking down absently into the orchestra, so that it was hard to tell how attentively she was listening to the man behind her. She had an extremely long waist, and had the effect of being balanced like a flower on its stalk.

Miss Lewis, with her glass still on the box, exclaimed:

"What, again! Was n't he with the Lees last week?"

"You mean James Emmons," answered Mrs. Raikes. "He is not with Nellie. He belongs somewhere on the other side of the house. He came into the box just before the *entr'acte*. Rather she than me. He has a singularly heavy hand in social interchange."

"He could give Nellie things she would value. I am sure she feels she would shine in high politics." Miss Lewis raised her glass again. "You know she is not really pretty."

"I think she is, only she looks as cold as a little stone."

"If you say that, every one answers, 'But see how good she is to her uncle.'"

"My dear, if you were a penniless orphan, would n't you be good to a rich uncle?"

Miss Lewis hesitated. "I'm not so sure, if he were like Mr. Lee.

Besides, some people say he has n't anything left, you know."

"Look how they live, though."

"My innocent. Does that prove that they pay their bills? Nellie strikes me as being very short of cash now and then."

"Who is not?"

"And the reprobate son will have to come in for something, won't he?"

"Oh, I fancy not. I don't think they have anything to do with him. He has disappeared, to South America or somewhere."

"Well," said Miss Lewis, "I should advise Nellie not to take chances but to accept—" And then she stopped. "Look at that," she added. "Don't you think that is a mistake?"

For the girl in gray had risen slowly, and disappeared into the back of the box, followed by Emmons.

He was a short man, no longer very young. Nature had intended him to be fat, but he had not let her have her way.

The two sat down in the little red-lined room behind the box, with its one electric light and its mirror. Nellie had established herself on the tiny sofa.

"Well, James," she said.

"I wanted to tell you that I had been appointed to this commission to inquire into the sources of our Russian immigration. I start in September."

"I congratulate you, James. You will be an ambassador within a few years, I feel sure."

Her praise did not seem to elate him. He went on in exactly the same tone:

"I shall be gone three months or more."

"I shall miss you." Her manner was too polite to be warm, and he answered, without temper,

"You don't care whether I go or not."

She looked at him. "Yes, I do, James," she said mildly. "You know I depend on you, but it would be very selfish if I thought of myself instead of—"

He brushed it aside, as one anxious only for facts.

"You are not really fond of me," he said.

"Well, I am not romantically in love with you, James. I never was with any one and I don't suppose I ever shall be, but I like you well enough to marry you, and that is something, you know."

"You don't like me well enough to marry me in August and come to Russia with me." If he had been watching her face at this suggestion, he would not have needed an answer, but fortunately he was looking another way.

"You know I cannot leave my uncle, old and ill—"

"Will you be any better able to leave him in three months?"

She hesitated, but as if it were her own motives that she was searching. "When you come back there will be no need for leaving him."

"Oh," said Emmons. He glanced through the curtains at the old man's thin back, as if the idea of a common household were not quite agreeable to him.

There was a short pause, and then he went on,

"It sometimes strikes me that if it were n't your uncle it would be something else."

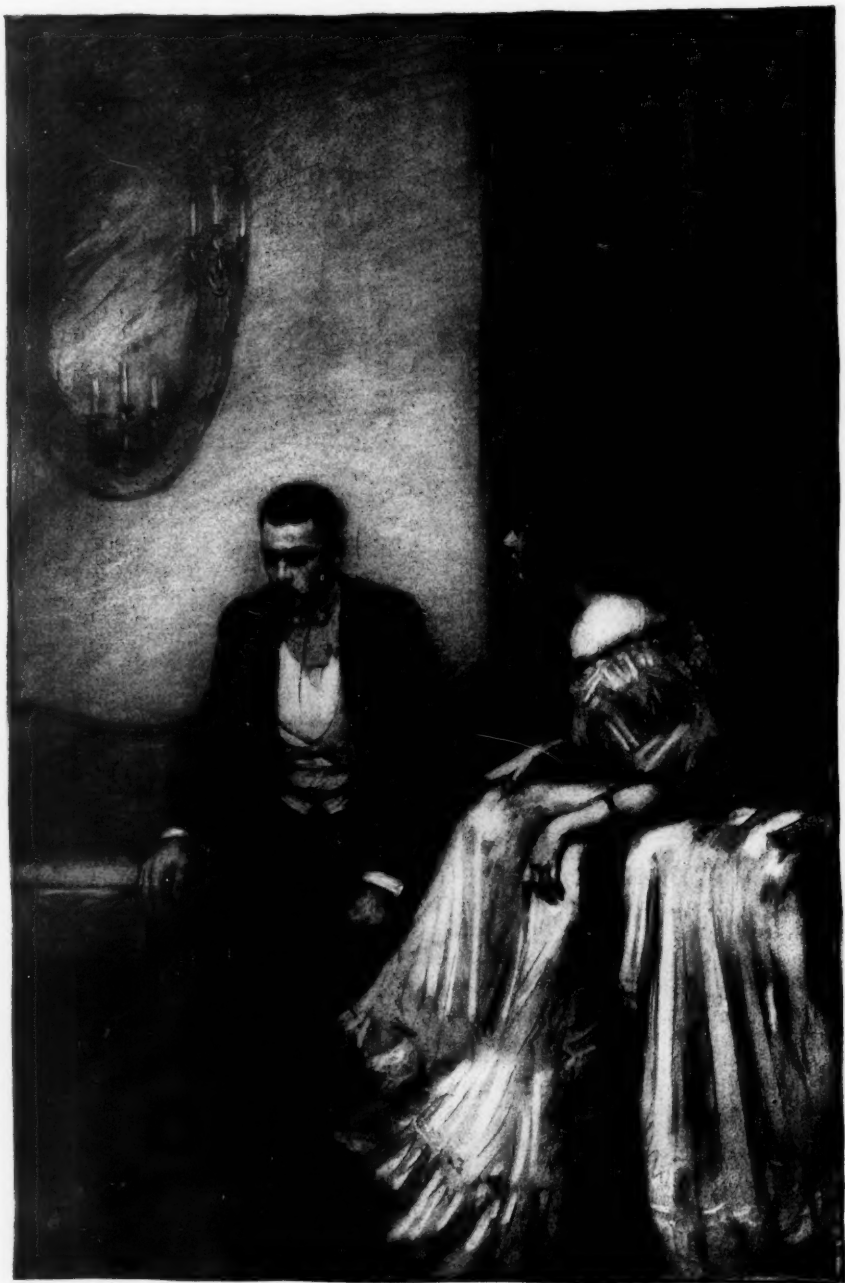
"James," said Nellie seriously, "I give you my word that if there were anybody who could take my place at home, I would marry you in August."

Emmons nodded. "Well, I can't ask more than that," he answered, and added, with a smile, "though it is a perfectly safe offer, for I suppose no one can take your place."

"No one," said Nellie, with the conviction of a person who does not intend to look.

The box door opened, and a man half entered, and paused as he saw how prearranged was the *tête-à-tête* on which he was intruding. But Nellie welcomed him in.

"Don't be frightened away, Mr. Merriam," she said smiling. "Mr. Emmons and I are n't talking secrets,



Drawn by M. J. Spero

(See page 559)

"YOU DON'T CARE WHETHER I GO OR NOT"

but the lights in front hurt my eyes. Don't you think at my age I can do as I like?"

Mr. Merriam was eminently of that opinion,—especially as a moment later Emmons rose to go.

"Good-night," Nellie held out her hand. "Don't forget that you are dining with us on the 22d."

"I sha'n't forget," Emmons answered. "I've written it down."

"I should n't have to write it down," said Merriam.

"Ah, you are not such a busy man as he is," she returned, but she could not help smiling. It was so like James to tell her he had written it down.

II

There is nothing so radiant, so blue and green (unless it be a peacock), nothing so freshly washed and shining, as an early morning in the tropics.

A new President having decided to add cavalry to the army, the recruits were being drilled on a flat furrowed savannah outside the city limits. Behind them a line of hills, rugged in outline but softened by heavy vegetation, were hidden by the mist that was rolling away over the Atlantic; and all about them, at the edge of the meadow, were tall flat-topped trees, under which were dotted little pink and blue houses, like toys.

The soldiers wore blue cotton uniforms, and many of them were barefooted. Their horses were diminutive, but sure-footed and nimble, not ill built forward of the saddle, but pitifully weak behind.

The instructor was very differently mounted. He rode a round strong bay mare, which, in contrast to the pony-like creatures about her, looked a hand higher than her actual height. Her rider sat still watching his pupils. Little of his face was visible under the brim of his broad Panama hat except a brown chin and a pair of long blond moustaches. Now and then he shouted to the men in excellent Spanish; and once or twice swore

with the tolerant unmistakable drawl of the Yankee. On the whole, however, one would have said after watching him for some minutes that his temper seemed fairly unruffled in a climate which tries men's tempers, and in an occupation which induces irritation.

Once, with some instinctive motion of his body he put his horse at a hand gallop, and riding over to one of the soldiers offered some individual suggestions. The man plainly did not understand, and a minute later the instructor had changed mounts with the man, and presently the pony was wheeling hither and thither in response to his bit, as a boat answers its rudder.

Exactly at ten o'clock the door of a square building in the town opened; a little trumpeter came out, and the clear notes of a bugle—so appropriate to the fierce brilliance of the morning—were flung out like a banner upon the air. It was the signal that the lesson was over. The men formed into fours, and jogged away under the command of a non-commissioned officer, leaving the American alone.

He sat a moment watching the retreating backs, as he took a grass cigarette case from his breeches pocket, and lit a little yellow native cigarette. Then he turned his horse with one hand and cantered away across the savannah. As he did so the motion and the clear brightness of the morning moved him to song. Pushing back his hat from his forehead he lifted his head:

"Oh, I'm not in a hurry to fuss or to worry,
For fear I should grow too stout,
And I don't care a bit if my boots don't fit,
For I walk just as well without."

He stopped in front of one of the toy houses, and shouted "Oh, Señor Doctor."

The door, which stood open, was at once filled by the figure of a man in crash clothes. He was middle-aged and wore spectacles, so powerful that the eyes appeared to glare upon you with unspeakable ferocity, until, seeing round them or over, you

found the expression friendly in the extreme.

"Ah, ha, Don Luis," he said, "I did not know you were a singer."

"And a poet, my dear Doctor," returned the other, bowing. "My own words. Could you hear them across the savannah?"

"I could have heard them over the frontier. Will you come in?"

"No, *gracias*," he answered. "I only stopped in to ask you to a party. I'm going to give a party this evening, Doctor, for the lovely Rosita. It became necessary to do something to cut out that handsome young dog of a native. Will you come?"

The doctor gave a sound indicative of hesitation.

"What kind of a party?" he asked cautiously.

"Oh, a perfectly respectable little party," returned Vickers, "not a bit like my last. At least it will begin respectably. It will end as my guests please. Will you come early or late, Doctor?"

"Early," said the doctor; "it is always permitted to go home. No, wait a moment," he added, as he saw Vickers preparing to go. "I want to ask you something. Did you ever know a big American who lived on the Pacific side—a man named Lee? Not a relation of yours, was he?"

"Certainly he is not," retorted Vickers. "I have not many causes for gratitude, but that is one. I met him only once, and then he borrowed fifteen pesos from me on the strength of a hypothetical likeness between us."

"There is a certain resemblance," observed the doctor.

"Is there? I never saw it. What has he been doing? Getting into trouble?"

"Getting out of it. He died at my house this morning."

"What of? Fever?"

"No, drink. I found him two days ago in his hut on the Pacific slope, and brought him here. One cannot drink safely in this climate. Nature is beneficent, she gives much," the doctor waved his hand, "but

she also exacts much. One cannot drink here, and live."

"Oh, nonsense, Doctor," said Vickers, "look at me. I'm as sound as a dollar."

"What I want of you," said the other, "is to write to his family. My English is not sufficient to make him out a hero, and," he added with a smile, "when we write home they are always heroes. Will you undertake it?"

"Sure," said Vickers, swinging a light leg over the mare's head. As he stepped to the ground, one could see his great height, an inch or two over six feet.

"You know," the doctor went on persuasively, as they walked up the steps into the house, "that he might just as well have died, as you suggested, of fever."

"Fever, pooh!" exclaimed Vickers. "How tame! We must think of something better than that. Would fever be any consolation to the survivors? No, no, my dear Nuñez, something great, something inspiring. 'My dear Madame, your son, after a career unusually useful and self-denying' (the worthless dog), 'has just met a death as noble as any I have ever seen or heard tell of. A group of children—' No, 'a group of little children returning from school were suddenly attacked by an immense and ferocious *tigre*——'"

"Oh, come, Don Luis," murmured the doctor, "who ever heard of a *tigre* attacking a group?"

"My dear Señor Doctor," replied Vickers, "I perceive with regret that you are a realist. I myself am all for romance, pure ethereal romance. I scorn fact, and by Heaven, if I can't describe a *tigre* so that Lee's mother will believe in it, I'll eat my hat."

"In that case," returned the doctor dryly, "I suppose it is unnecessary to mention that Lee does not seem to have a mother."

"Oh, well," said Vickers, in evident discouragement, "if a fellow has n't got a mother, that prohibits pathos at once. A wife? At least a sister?"

Núñez shook his head. "Nothing but a father," he said firmly.

Vickers flung himself into a chair with his legs very far apart and his hands in his pockets.

"Now, how in thunder," he said, "can I get up any interest in a father? A father probably knew all about Lee, and very likely turned him out of the house. A father will think it all for the best. Or no, perhaps not. An old white-haired clergyman—Lee was just the fellow to be a clergyman's son."

"I am often glad that I belong to a religion whose priests do not marry," said the doctor. "Let me get you Lee's papers."

They made but a small bundle and most of them were bills, unreceipted. Vickers drew out one with an American stamp. It was dated Hilltop, Connecticut. Vickers read:

"My Dear Son: I enclose the money you desire for your journey home, which Nellie and I have managed to save during the last three months. I can hardly realize that I am to see you again after almost ten years."

Vickers looked up. "Why, the poor beggar," he said, "he was just going home after ten years. I call that hard luck." And then his eye lit on the date of the letter, which was many months old. "By Jove, no. He took the old man's money and blew it in, instead. Isn't that the limit? But who is Nellie?"

The doctor shrugged his shoulders, and Vickers returned to the perusal of the papers. "Bills, bills, notes, letters from women. I seem to recognize that hand, but no matter. Ah, here is another from home. Ten years old, too."

The writing was feminine, neat, and childish.

"Dear Bob," it said, "if you left home on my account, you need not have gone."

"Your affectionate cousin,

"NELLIE."

There was a moment's silence. A feeling of envy swept over Vickers. The mere sight of an American stamp

made him homesick; the mail from the States never brought him anything; and yet somewhere at home there was a girl who would write like that to a worthless creature like Lee.

"They were using those stamps when I was at home," he said reminiscently, "but they don't use them any more."

"Indeed," said the doctor, without very much interest.

"Ten years ago, just fancy it," Vickers went on, turning the letter over. "And he did not go back. I would have, in his place. If I had an affectionate cousin Nellie—I have always been rather fond of the name Nellie. Can you understand his not going?"

"We do not understand the Anglo-Saxon, nor pretend to," returned the doctor. "You know very well, Don Luis, you all seem strangely cold to us."

"Cold," cried Vickers, with a laugh; "well, I never was accused of that before. Wait till you see my letter to Nellie, for of course it will be to Nellie that I shall write. Or no, I can't, for I'm not sure of the last name. No, I'll write the old man after all. 'Dear Sir: It is my task to communicate a piece of news which must necessarily give you pain.' (I wish I knew how much the old boy would really care.) 'Your son expired yesterday in the performance of the bravest action that it has ever been my good fortune to see, or hear tell of. As you probably know, Mr. Lee held a position of some responsibility in the railroad.' (It is a responsibility to keep the bar.) 'Yesterday we were all standing about after working hours' (I wonder when Lee's began), 'when a dispute arose between two of the men. In these hot climes tempers are easily roused, and words too quickly lead to blows, and blows to weapons. We all saw it, and all stood hesitating, when your son stepped forward and flung himself between the two. I grieve to say that he paid for his nobility with his life. It may be some satisfaction to you to know, my dear sir,

that one of the boys whose life he saved, for both were hardly fully grown, was the only son of a widowed mother.' We could not make them both only sons of widowed mothers, could we? When are you going to bury him?"

"To-morrow."

"Let me chip in for the funeral. We'll have it handsome while we are about it. I must not stay now. Give me the letters, and I'll get it off by to-morrow's steamer. I'll make it a good one, but I need time. And I have a report to write for the President on the progress of my troop. Have you seen them? Don't they do me credit?"

Doctor Nuñez looked at him gravely, as he stooped his head and passed out into the sunlight. As he was gathering up the reins, the older man said suddenly,

"Don Luis, would you be very much of a Yankee if I offered you a piece of advice?"

"Very much of a Yankee? I don't understand. I should be very uncommonly grateful. Your advice is rare. What is it? To give up whiskey?"

"No, but to give up Cortez. He is in bad odor with the President."

"Oh, I know, I know, but if I changed my friends in order to choose adherents of the administration—! However, I am an administration man. I am almost in the army."

"Not always the safest place to be."

"Oh, Cortez is all right, Doctor. You don't do Cortez justice."

"On the contrary," said the doctor, "I do him full justice. I do him the justice of thinking him a very brilliant man,—but I do not walk about arm and arm with him in broad daylight. Is he coming to the party this evening?"

"I expect him."

"You could not put him off?"

"Hardly. He brings the phonograph to amuse the señoritas. Now, come, Doctor, you would not cut me off from the only man in the country who owns a talking-machine?"

The doctor sighed. "I knew you would be a Yankee," he said, and turned and walked into the house, while Vickers rode away, resuming his song about his indifference as to the fit of his boots.

Vickers's house was on the slopes of the hills, and a steep little white adobe stairway led up to it. The house itself was a blue-green color, and though from the outside it presented an appearance of size, it was literally a hollow mockery, for the interior was taken up with a square garden, with tiled walks, and innumerable sweet-smelling flowers. Round the inner piazza or corridor there were arches, and in these Vickers had hung orchids, of which he was something of a fancier. In the central arch was a huge gilded birdcage in which dangled a large bright-colored macaw.

"You beauty," said Vickers, stopping for an instant as he crossed the hallway.

The macaw hunched his shoulders, shifted his feet on the perch, and said stridently,

"*Dame la pata.*"

"You betcher life," said Vickers, thrusting his finger between the bars. The two shook hands solemnly, and Vickers went on his way to the dining-room, shouting at the top of a loud voice,

"*Ascencion, almuerzo.*"

An instant later he was being served with coffee, eggs and a broiled chicken by an old woman, small, bent, wrinkled, but plainly possessed of the fullest vitality.

"And what are you going to give us for supper to-night?" Vickers asked with his mouth full.

With some sniffing, and a good deal of subterranean grunting, Ascencion replied that she did not know what to give *los Americanos* unless it were half an ox.

"Ah, but the lovely señoritas," said Vickers.

A fresh outburst of grunting was the reply. "Ah, the Señorita Rosita. I have already had a visit from her this morning. She comes straight into my kitchen," said the old woman.

"She expects to live there some day."

"In the kitchen, Ascencion!" said her employer. "You talk as if she were a rat."

"Oh, you will see. The Señor don Papa,—he goes about saying that he will marry his daughter to none but foreigners,—that they make the best husbands."

"So they do."

"Oh, very well, very well, if you are satisfied. It makes no difference to me. It is all the same to me that every one says this is a betrothal party, and the *niña* does not deny it."

"Ah, you know very well, proud beauty," said Vickers, waving a fork at her, "that there is only one woman in all Spanish-America for me—the only woman who knows how to cook, this side of the San Pedro. If you choose to call this our betrothal party, yours and mine, Ascencion—"

It was a perfectly safe joke, for Ascencion was a wife, the mother of fourteen, and the grandmother of a whole village. She did not even notice the last part of his sentence.

"And who is there can cook like me on the other side of the San Pedro?" she asked. "I don't know her"; and she hobbled away.

After breakfast, Vickers with the assistance of two or three native boys, Ascencion's grandchildren who came and went about the house like stray dogs, hung the court and corridors with paper lanterns, and moved the furniture so as to leave the *sala* free for dancing.

These preparations occupied so much time that he was barely able to finish his report for the government before dinner, and almost immediately afterward his guests began to arrive. He had not had time to write the letter and he could not now catch the mail, unless he sent a boy down the trail to the coast. He actually thought of doing this in order to catch the steamer, for his conscience reproached him, but Ascencion absolutely refused to be deprived of any of her working staff on so great an occasion.

Cortez was the first to arrive. He was carrying his talking machine in his arms as he entered, and he and Vickers had a great many jokes to exchange as to the rolls fit for the ears of the señoritas.

"It is going to be the making of the party," Vickers exclaimed, "and I can't thank you enough for bringing it."

Cortez replied politely that everything he had was equally at the disposition of his friend, but presently it appeared that it was within the power of Vickers to do a reciprocal favor. Cortez was going the very next day on a long shooting trip. But he feared he would be short of cartridges. Doubtless Don Luis knew the delays in the custom-house. Was it possible that he could borrow a hundred or so?

Vickers asked the calibre, and noted that it was the same as the new government rifle.

Cortez shrugged his shoulders. "It may be," he said. "You forget that I am not in the confidence of the government. But we will say no more. If it is not convenient—"

"My dear fellow," cried Vickers, clapping him on the shoulder, "take as many as you want," and summoning one of Ascencion's descendants he gave orders that as many boxes as the señor might want should be carried out and put in his *coche*.

Almost every one had come before the arrival of the Señorita Rosita and her papa. He was a little man, very erect, possessed, in Vickers's eyes, of that inscrutability which even the remnant of an older civilization has for a new one.

The girl was reputed a beauty, small, round, barely seventeen, with a pair of black eyes which languished so sweetly and so easily that one scarcely wondered that their owner never used them for anything else.

As his eyes met hers, Vickers cursed Ascencion in his heart for having instilled her suspicions into his mind, for it seemed to him that the lovely Rosita had never languished quite so openly upon him before. The

thought affected the cordiality of his manner. His greeting was formal. Then seeing that she looked hurt, and reflecting that, if she had given her friends the notion that he was hers for the asking, it was very hard to be contradicted by his manner, he sprang forward and led her away to dance.

Soon afterward, having surrendered her to another partner, he found himself standing beside her father, and never at a loss for a pleasant word he observed that the señorita was undoubtedly the handsomest girl he had ever seen, and how did any one support the responsibility of having such a pretty daughter?

The old gentleman smiled.

"It is not a responsibility which I look forward to supporting very much longer, Don Luis."

"Oh, I suppose not," said Vickers, and he thought with some annoyance of the good-looking native for whose destruction the party had been planned.

"You give me," went on the other, "an opportunity of saying what has long been in my mind. You know, Don Luis, that many of my countrymen are not friendly to the North Americans. I do not share the prejudice."

Vickers bowed in his most florid manner. "I felt sure of that, sir, when you did me the honor of accepting my invitation for this evening."

"Yes," said the other thoughtfully, "the acceptance was as significant as the invitation itself."

The phrase struck Vickers disagreeably, but he bowed again, and prepared to move away, but the old man stopped him.

"I was glad it should be so, Don Luis," he said. "There is no one to whom I should more trustfully confide my daughter's future. I am sufficiently Americanized to believe that marriages of the heart are the best marriages. My wife cries out for a man of our own country, but I say, 'No, let the hearts of our children speak.' I do not mind telling you that the heart of the little Rosita has

spoken. Her mother has not the pleasure to know you, Don Luis, but we must alter that, we must alter that." He smiled up at Vickers and perhaps saw something written upon his countenance, for he added hastily:

"Perhaps I mistake your sentiments. I have been warned that it is the habit of your countrymen to engage a young lady's affections and to ride away. But I cannot think that of you, my friend. I cannot believe that I have mistaken your sentiments."

"Oh, my sentiments,—not a bit," said Vickers hastily. Even in English he might have found himself at a loss for the right word in which to decline an offer of marriage, but in Spanish, well as he knew the language, he floundered hopelessly. "My sentiments are as I told you, that the señorita is the most adorable young lady in the world, but——"

"Enough, enough, my young friend," said his companion, laying a hand for an instant on Vickers's arm with an incomparable gesture. "Obstacles are for old heads, love for young ones. See, she glances in our direction. She perhaps guesses what is the only topic that would keep you from her. Go to her. I will not be cruel. Go to her." And he turned away, waving his hand.

Vickers sprang after him, but as he did so he felt his arm caught, and turning saw Doctor Nuñez.

"I must see you alone for an instant, but at once," he said, in a low tone.

"More trouble," said Vickers leading the way to his own bedroom, which was the only spot in the house secure from the inroads of the party. He shut the door behind them, and invited the doctor to sit down, but Nuñez did not notice the suggestion.

"I have just come from town," he said. "Your immediate arrest is decided on. The police may be here in a few minutes."

"My arrest? Well, what the— Why in thunder am I to be arrested?"

"On suspicion of conspiring against the government. You are thought

to have great influence with the men, which, taken in conjunction with your friendship for Cortez, makes you dangerous."

"Well, if that is n't the darndest," said Vickers. "I have not conspired against their old government."

"That, my dear Luis," said the doctor gravely, "has nothing whatsoever to do with it. They are coming to arrest you. The mere presence of Cortez in the house will be enough. They can not arrest him, without precipitating immediate trouble, but they can arrest any one who will be of assistance to him. It seems he has boasted openly that he could get all the ammunition he wanted from you. I do not say I believe it."

"I have just sent all the cartridges he wanted out to the *coche* which is at this moment standing before my door," said Vickers.

"Then you must certainly go at once."

"Do you really advise me, Doctor, to run away from a couple of policemen with handcuffs and a warrant? No, no, I shall stay. My conscience is clear. I shall appeal to my own government. You know they can't go about arresting innocent Americans without getting into trouble."

Núñez raised his eyebrows. "And through whom will you appeal? Your American consul?"

"I suppose so."

"And do you happen to remember the last time you saw Meester B. Wilkins Smith?"

"Oh, thunder!" returned Vickers, "that was the time I dipped him in the San Pedro, for saying I cheated at cards. Well, he richly deserved it, Doctor. No one could deny that."

"Perhaps not," returned the doctor, "but I do not think he will break his neck to save you. I think he will write home that it is unfortunate that a better type of Americans do not come down here. I think he will think it right to let our law take its course."

Vickers had begun to look grave, but at the word law his face brightened. "Ah, there you are,—law," he cried.

"They cannot prove anything against me in a court. Let them try."

"I do not think they will try," replied Núñez gently. "I think they will send you down to a little prison on the island of Santa Maria, while they investigate your case. And I do not think, my dear Don Luis, that you will ever come back from that little island. A lovely spot, a paradise, but not healthy, it seems. It is very far away,—so far that sometimes the jailers forget to come to feed the prisoners for months at a time."

"Well, in that case," said Vickers with a laugh, "I should think the prisoners would not have very much trouble in making their escape."

"Not the least; they do not have the least, not the least little bit. But the channel is broad there, and the sharks are very hungry, Don Luis."

"Gee, you are a cheerful companion! You put new life in a man, don't you?" said Vickers.

"You must go, and go at once."

"I suppose," he answered, "that I might slip over the border for a day or two."

"You would be sent back at once. We have a treaty with our neighbors, and it is strictly kept,—especially in regard to those they have no interest in protecting. You must go home, Don Luis. You can catch to-morrow morning's steamer, if you are quick."

For the first time the countenance of Vickers really clouded. "I can't go home," he said; and then noting the surprise on the doctor's face he burst out: "Why, Heaven help you, don't you suppose I would have gone home long ago, if I could? Did you think I was here for love of the damned country?"

"I did," returned the other simply. "Yes, I am not ashamed to admit that I did. I find my country beautiful,—my countrymen attaching. I believed that you felt it too."

"And so I do, so I do," said Vickers, "but, man, I'm a northerner, and I'd give every palm and orchid in the place for the noise of wheels creaking on packed snow."

"All the more reason then why you should go home."

"Look here, my friend," the other answered, "if I go home I run a fair chance of being electrocuted. If I stay here the sharks get me, or if I escape the sharks, the Señor don Papa is going to marry me to Rosita. There are three uncomfortable alternatives for a man to choose from."

"I should choose electrocution," said the doctor.

"I think I shall choose a pot shot at the police."

There was a moment of silence, then the doctor asked,

"Did you send that letter to Lee's family?"

Vickers shook his head absently.

"Then," cried the other with decision, "you shall go home as Lee. Ten years might change a man so that not even his own father would know him,—especially ten years in this climate. Beside, there was a resemblance, you know."

Vickers had lifted his head to laugh at the project for its impossibility, and paused to listen further, attracted by its sheer folly.

"You must have observed," the doctor continued, "that fugitives are caught for the simple reason they go into a new country as strangers, and strangers are always objects of suspicion. Strangers always are called upon to give an account of themselves; strangers always have to explain why they have come. Now all these difficulties are obviated if only you can take up the life and personality of some one else. You are Lee, you go home to see your father. Nothing could be simpler. Well, yes, I admit that there is a risk, but——"

"But," said Vickers, "there is also a Nellie. I told you, did n't I, Doctor, that it is a name I am fond of?"

"It is a risk," Nuñez went on, "but to stay here is a certainty."

"To go back," murmured Vickers, "to a real home, even if it belongs to another man, and a father, and above all an affectionate cousin——"

"Order your horse," said Nuñez, "and I'll take care of your guests, and

of the police, and of Rosita, and Cortez, and all the other follies you have committed."

"And of Ascencion," Vickers added. "She is worth all the rest, the nice old hag. Well, I'll try it, Doctor, on your advice. By the way, thank you for not asking why I don't go home under my own name."

The doctor smiled. "We learn not to ask that question of our visitors," he said; and then at Vickers's request he went and routed out a small boy and gave orders to bring the patron's mare at once to the front of the house.

When he returned to the bedroom, Vickers had changed into his riding clothes, and was stuffing a pair of saddle-bags.

"I want you, Nuñez," he said, "to take anything you have a fancy for in the house, and give the rest to Ascencion. There's a check for her, and here's another for all I have in the bank. It will more than pay my bills. If not you know my address. Be kind to Ascencion. She won't like my going off like this, without saying good-bye, but I don't dare. She will have hysterics, as sure as Fate. Tell her I love her fond. Good-bye, Doctor."

The last Nuñez saw of him was a long leg quickly drawn over the window-sill.

The night, fortunately, was fair, for the rainy season had not regularly set in. As Vickers rode he thought neither of the dangers he had left behind nor of the risk before him. It seemed as if the fierce homesickness of the last five years had suddenly broken out now that his face was for the first time turned northward. He could not believe that within a week he would see the tops of New York's tall buildings rise over the horizon like an immense castle set on a hill.

He reached the sea at four o'clock; at sunrise the vessel sailed. Then only, as he saw the gray water opening out between him and the shore, he felt an emotion of gratitude to the country that had sheltered him and which he never expected to see again.

(To be continued)

AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS*

By GEORGE B. McCLELLAN, LL.D.



THE events in the life of Augustus Saint-Gaudens are so well known that he who runs may read. That he was born in Dublin, of a French father and an Irish mother, in 1848; that he was brought to this country when six months old, and studied in the public schools of this city; that he worked as a cameo cutter, and that he studied drawing at night, at Cooper Union; that when eighteen he went to Paris and studied three years at the Beaux Arts under Jouffroy, and afterwards two years at Rome; and that he died August 3, 1907, are facts in the possession of all. But of the thousands who on the morning of August 4th read that a great artist had died, how many understood that we had lost a great American?

Saint-Gaudens was virtually born in this country. He received the rudiments of his training in that most useful and most American of our art schools, Cooper Union, and he lived the most impressionable years of his life during the period of the Civil War. He was possessed of an admiration for the natural beauties of the United States, a profound reverence for our institutions, an earnest patriotism and a sincere love for the country of his adoption. When he went to Paris his character had been formed, and he was in heart and in spirit an American.

Saint-Gaudens was essentially a man of the Renaissance; for just as the day in which we live is but a

continuation of the Renaissance, so in a large sense he was, and his art is, of the period which he best understood. The Renaissance was the enunciation of the rights of the individual against the force of the mass. It was the struggle for individual liberty in action, in thought and in art against the rigidity of type, of class and of conventionality. Like all great world movements, the progress of the Renaissance has from time to time been checked, only to move forward eventually with greater vigor and with greater strength. The eighteenth century saw it almost arrested, but its close saw a forward movement in thought, to be followed, after the fall of the school of classicism, by an upward progress in art. While the Encyclopedists of France led in the first movement, the Academicians of France led in the second.

Those who practise the cult of Rodinism, losing their sense of proportion, are inclined to anathematise everything which savors of the Academy, and because the mighty genius of Rodin is original and by itself, insist that there can be no genius that is not also isolated. They assume that the reason why so little of Rodin's work has been completed, is because for him completion is a relative term, and that he has not wished to do more. They resent the suspicion that the real reason is his inability to carry out his conceptions.

Great as is Rodin's genius, its influence on art has been sinister, for a man of his peculiarities can have no followers, but only imitators, who feebly copy his eccentricities, forgetful that he is great despite them and not because of them. With him style is the man, not the manner.

* Memorial oration delivered at Mendelssohn Hall, New York, February 29, 1908. See page 628.

While Rodin is the incarnation of the spirit of protest against the Academy, Saint-Gaudens, again in a large sense, is the Academy's apotheosis. One of its severest critics has conceded that "at the *École des Beaux Arts* one learns, negatively, not to be ridiculous," which is more than can be said for the professors of the German *Jugend Kuntz*, or of contemporaneous art in England or in Italy. The accentuation of the fear of the ridiculous may tend to conventionality. Saint-Gaudens's individuality was so powerful that he was able to take from the Academy its best, while leaving its worst severely alone. He acquired, during his three years under Jouffroy, and his two years of constant association with his friends of the *Villa Medici*, a polish and a grace of style, a repose of manner and a perfection of technique that have seldom been equalled. Yet there is in his work a freedom and a strength wholly his own, which always raise him above any academic conventionality.

The polish of his style is perhaps best illustrated by his portraits in low relief. Unlike Benvenuto, who could never forget that he had been trained as a goldsmith, Saint-Gaudens treats his subjects, whether in the little four-inch portrait of Mrs. Cleveland, or in the somewhat larger portraits of the Richard Watson Gilders and the children of Jacob H. Schiff, or in the almost life-size James McCosh and Robert Louis Stevenson, with a sweep and a breadth and a dash, never suggesting the gem-cutter, but rather the freedom and the strength of the born sculptor.

His statue in the Rock Creek Cemetery,* variously interpreted, is alone enough to give him fame. Yet inscrutable and wonderful as it is, it might have been modelled by another. The air of mystery, obtained by the effect of light and shade and the cowed head, the bold treatment of the drapery hanging in broad folds, suggest the influence of such pre-Renaissance sculpture as Sluter's hood-

ed figures supporting the tomb of Philip Pôt, in the Louvre, and the Weepers around the tomb of the Duc de Berry in the museum at Bourges. It is masterful, but hardly his masterpiece.

It is upon his public monuments that the fame of Saint-Gaudens as a sculptor will chiefly rest. Of these, four stand apart from the works of his contemporaries in subject, in composition, in strength and in restraint. In theme and in spirit they are vitalized with the same lofty patriotism that inspired Rude's "*Chant du Depart*." They tell us, as can neither written nor spoken words, of the cause for which our fathers fought and lived and died. The Farragut in Madison Square, New York, the Shaw Memorial at Boston, the Lincoln at Chicago, and the Sherman of the Plaza, are the epic in bronze of the life struggle of our country for the triumph of principle.

The Farragut is Saint-Gaudens's first important work, as it is the first important and creditable public monument erected in this country. The Admiral stands firmly planted on his feet—a rugged and a noble figure, admirably modelled and loftily conceived. The Madison Square statue not only marks the beginning of the new era in American sculpture, but is noteworthy as the first canto of Saint-Gaudens's war poem. We are conscious of the salt and of the wind and of the storm, for it is the song of the sea. It is the battle-hymn of the men of Maine, of the Gloucester men and of the Long Island and Jersey fisherfolk, who fought our wooden ships, before white squadrons were thought of, and whose energy and daring have made our nation a sea power.

Whether or not the scheme of composition of the Shaw Memorial was suggested by Velasquez's "*Surrender at Breda*," or by Tintoretto's *Crucifixion*, in San Cassiano, is of no importance. Besides the portrait of Shaw himself, and the spirit which floats above him, there are in the

*Washington, D.C.—the tomb of Mrs. Henry Adams.

Memorial but twelve heads and a score of rifle barrels. Yet Saint-Gaudens has succeeded in conveying the impression of a regiment swinging to the front at the tap of the drum. Shaw, hero that he was, like thousands of others, gave his life generously to his country. Yet long after most of the thousands have been forgotten, he will live in the imagination of his countrymen, surrounded by his little band of dogged blacks, the seal of patient suffering and of sacrifice upon their faces, foredoomed to die, that their race might live—the physical expression of the devotion of the United States to human liberty.

In the divine scheme of human evolution, each human being is given his appointed task, and as he performs that task, well or ill, according to the opportunity and grace that God has given him, so he succeeds or fails, no matter whether or no he is understood by his fellows. To one man was given in '61 the task of organizing the army of victory and of teaching it how to fight; to another the task of completing the work which the first had begun. To yet another it was given to fight the good fight of a lost cause, and having ventured and lost everything save honor, to win that splendid victory over self, whose memory is one of the most priceless possessions of our common country. To Lincoln was given the hardest task of all: to weld together the warring factions of a disunited country into a homogeneous and a patriotic whole. To conquer the enemy without and silence the enemy within, while surrounded by jobbery and graft and double-dealing, with a Cabinet honeycombed with sordidness and selfish political ambition, the task required for its accomplishment a man of heroic mould. Lincoln succeeded, and having done so, died, leaving to a reunited people the heritage of his achievement, and the legacy of his example and of his name. Whatever manner of man the real Lincoln may have been, the Lincoln who lives in the hearts of millions of us who were born since he

died is the Lincoln at Chicago, whom Saint-Gaudens conceived. Lincoln, the greatest civilian of the Civil War, towered, a solitary statesman, above the pigmy politicians who surrounded him. Understanding his weaknesses because they are ours, sympathizing with his shortcomings and his failings, because we share them, we have idealized and enshrined him as the collective personality of the men of '61-'65.

It is our ideal which Saint-Gaudens has expressed in the bronze. The nobility, the kindliness, the patience, the long-suffering which we attribute to Lincoln, are all there. But it is the impression of strength which the statue gives that makes it so remarkable. There is a reserve force about it more than human; and so it is more than human, for it is the restrained might of a nation, speaking through its son and champion. To see it is to know that the people whose servant and whose leader he was could endure and dare and do all things.

There are many modern equestrian statues in the world—some half a hundred, more or less—but of them all there are exactly three that stand out pre-eminent, Donatello's Gattamelata at Padua, Verocchio's Colleoni at Venice, and Saint-Gaudens's Sherman at New York—all three the living, breathing spirit of the still living Renaissance; all three the triumph of individualism, the expression of the ideal in the concrete. Tucca's Philip IV, Falconet's Peter the Great, and even Paul Dubois's Jeanne d'Arc, admirable as it is, cannot stand comparison with these. [See *The Lounger*, on later pages.]

It is the fashion to assume that Donatello's work is greater than Verocchio's, because his Gattamelata possesses a reserve and a quiet dignity which are absent in the Colleoni. But art is the vehicle for the expression of the mind and the soul of the artist. It is the means by which the artist conveys to all time the message of his contemporaries as he himself understands it. Donatello's and Verocchio's statues were not mere portraits

of the reformed elderly soldiers of fortune who were their subjects. Each artist embodied in the bronze his conception of the spirit of Venice, that the future might always know the message sent down to it by the Queen of the Adriatic. To Donatello the republic was Venice triumphant, calmly facing the world, serenely confident of her power and of her might. But Verocchio, coming forty years later, with clearer discernment and finer conception, looked below the surface, and to him was revealed the true spirit of the mistress of the seas—a nation sapped to the core, already dying; a nation only able to face the world by the swagger and the dash and the bluff of the Colleoni who bestrides his barrel-bellied steed.

Saint-Gaudens in his Sherman has sung the last canto of his epic of the Civil War. The Sherman has been criticised for being over-refined, over-spiritualized. But is it? It is true that it is a monument to the bluff old soldier we knew; but it is something more, far more than that. It is a monument to the greater glory of a great people. It is the spirit, the soul of a nation, etherealized and idealized, marching triumphant to victory that the Union might be saved, and that then, forever, there might be peace.

Long after the deeds of Farragut, of Shaw, of Lincoln and of Sherman have become a part of the misty history of the past the great cycle of Saint-Gaudens will live in proof of the mighty struggle that was waged and won by the soul of a mighty people.

At the close of the Civil War our country entered into a period of enormous prosperity which resulted, as the unexpected possession of wealth usually does, in a mad and indiscriminate expenditure. The sane spending of money is an art which requires cultivation, and culture requires national and individual leisure. It was at the moment when the mad craze for the acquisition of wealth had somewhat spent itself, when our people had at last begun to realize that there is something more in life

than the acquisition of money; at a moment when we had reached the nadir of vulgar inartistic horror—the era of the soldiers' and sailors' monuments, of the jerry-built Queen Anne cottage and of the government post-office,—that the voice of Saint-Gaudens was heard crying in the wilderness, and that his influence brought to us a realization of our shortcomings.

However self-assertive the American character may be in certain of its phases, however self-confidently it may declare itself in foreign affairs, it has another phase which is almost apologetic in its self-depreciation. Whatever may be our failings as a nation, as individuals we certainly do not suffer from an unreasonable estimate of our own excellence. We not only feel that it is our duty to behold the mote in our brother's eye, but, to our credit be it said, most of us are perfectly willing to consider the beams in our own eyes. One of the most attractive of American characteristics is our recognition of our intellectual deficiencies, and our desire for self-improvement. Philistines and wholly superior persons may sneer at the way in which some of our compatriots strive for cultivation; and yet the wholly superior must in fairness concede that even the effort for self-improvement is admirable, and that the slightest culture and the slightest extension of mental horizon are better than a vegetable existence.

Unlike the French, who are the most spontaneously artistic people on earth, we lack a natural sensitiveness to the beautiful. But we are marvellously adaptable, and given light and leading we follow with all the enthusiasm and earnestness of a young and vigorous race.

Love of the beautiful is inborn, but taste may be cultivated. Every work of art placed in the public view helps to improve the public taste. Every statue of Saint-Gaudens seen by the many has had a direct influence in the artistic and intellectual development of our people.

It may be literally true that Saint-Gaudens founded no school, yet he blazed the trail and lighted the way for those who have brought to us the spirit of the Renaissance, for those who by their genius are making the United States one of the world powers in art. He taught us the possibility of expressing the ideal in the concrete, and of idealizing the material. He is the first whose genius has expressed the true spirit of our people in the living bronze.

The lasting history of a nation is recorded in its monuments. Long after the printed story of a people lies unread upon the shelf, long after their very traditions have ceased to interest, their monuments endure, telling of the civilization and the lives of men who have long passed away. The written annals of the past which we possess are mere transcripts of earlier documents. The only contemporaneous records of antiquity which have come down to us intact are those which art has made immortal. Enduring progress in art cannot be won by the upheaval of a moment, but only by the conservative growth of time. It was St.-Gaudens's self-suppression, his absorption in his subject, the spirit of reverence with which he treated the past, that make him not only our greatest sculptor, but one of our great historians.

His style is so pure, so free from heaviness or coarseness, so calm in its power, his art is so perfect, his spirit so refined and his soul so lofty, that his personality will live as that of a great American.

Saint-Gaudens taught us that beauty in art, as in nature, is not a luxury, but a necessity for happiness, and as he wrought beautifully, he gave us a new joy in living. He had a standard of measure, a faculty of distinguishing values, an instinct of omission, which made him reject the unessential and hold to the fundamental. He grasped the ideals which his countrymen have set themselves to follow, and by expressing those ideals so that all men might see and understand, he helped man forward in his struggle to draw nearer to his God. The mission of art is not to minister to the selfish enjoyment of the few. It is broader and higher and nobler. Its function is to express the inner consciousness of the community and is limited by neither time, nor age, nor place. Ignoring that which is ephemeral and local, Saint-Gaudens seized that which is enduring and universal for the uplifting of humanity.

Greater fame can no man have than this, that of him it may truthfully be said, he left the world a little better than he found it.

ROSE SONG

I

YELLOW rose go to her,
Breathe all my woe to her,
Mellow rose, tell her my hope and despair;
Swear my wild vow of her
To the calm brow of her,
Drawn in tempestuous deeps of her hair.

II

Crush'd in the arms of her,
Thou shalt know balms of myrrh,
Rose, O, rare rose, to my Lady, away!
Wait, where I wait for her,
Love, and love's fate for her,
Haste thee, rose, haste, to my Lady, I pray!

ROBERT LOVEMAN

SHERWELL'S HOLIDAY

By ALBERT KINROSS

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT EDWARDS

I



HERE is an etching by Max Klinger which depicts a savage woman fallen to her knees, and worshipping the ocean, come upon her suddenly.

Wandering from inland, a break in the forest had surprised her with the miracle of an unsuspected immensity, a new infinitude; overpowered and overborne she had sunk to earth. It is a simple piece: the break in the forest, V-shaped and wide, the spread of sea beyond and a single figure mutely worshipful. Imagine a clearing before the V-shaped break, say a couple of large meadows, in the further one a red-brick cottage, and you have the house and place of Sherwell's holiday.

Sherwell came here every August—he chose August so as not to waste the Bank Holiday; for three weeks every year Sherwell left his warehouse in Bread Street and came to the red-brick cottage that faced the two meadows, the V-shaped break in Croy Wood and the spread of the English Channel. Never had he sunk to his knees before the wonder of that spectacle, however; never had he done anything worshipful or strange. Always on the first Friday in August or the last Friday in July he would send his office-boy for a cab, hand Beverley, the traveller, a cheque for salaries and petty cash, and drive away from Bread Street to the station; and always there went with him a large brown Gladstone

bag, a bicycle and a bottle of rare old port. The bag always contained a new flannel suit, the bicycle represented "exercise" and the rare old port was a present for Uncle John.

At Cannon Street Sherwell always bought a second-class return ticket, the *Westminster Gazette* and three ham sandwiches to eat in the train. He was thirty-one years old, wore a moustache and glasses, and had ten pounds in his pockets—five in gold to spend, and a banknote in case of accident. Uncle John did the rest; and no man had a cheaper, a cosier or more bracing holiday. It was August now; it was a Friday evening; and Sherwell and his *Westminster Gazette* and the three ham sandwiches were duly settled in their corner of the second-class carriage.

As usual the train was late, and, as usual, Uncle John stood on the platform at Sandling Junction; but, what was most unusual, to-day he had a girl with him, and then Sherwell remembered that Uncle John had said something about a niece. He wondered whether the old man had put her in the best bedroom, or whether his prior claim had been recognized and respected. The girl looked harmless enough, he thought, when Uncle John said, "this is little Jessie," and explained, "my sister-in-law's girl. Jessie—Jessie Tolputt," he repeated; and "here's my nephew Paul—Paul Sherwell, a great man in the city o' London, tho' no sort o' shakes down here," laughed the old man, making the two acquainted. Sherwell was high and dignified; Jessie's eyes were lowered to earth.

Uncle John, the Gladstone bag, Jessie Tolputt and the bottle of rare old port drove back together; Sherwell rode or pushed his bicycle. It was only a short half-mile, and, after the "stuffy railway carriage," Sherwell said the "exercise" would "do him good." He spoke like that, in phrases clipped from newspapers, from crisp advertisements, as a good Londoner should. So, in a procession and sometimes side by side, they went uphill.

The red-brick cottage was in its usual place; woods at the back of it, the two meadows and vastness of the sky in front; and where the land dropped suddenly to meet the sea, Croy Wood with its V-shaped break; and beyond this sparkled or slumbered or stormed the English Channel. Ships went by as in a panorama. There were two going by just now. The air was good up here. Sherwell sniffed it and felt very, very happy.

When, as usual, Uncle John saw him to the best bedroom, he felt happier still. He would buy a shilling's worth of chocolates for the niece; her modesty deserved some recognition. When, as usual, Uncle John announced that supper was waiting for them in the parlor, Sherwell produced his bottle of rare old port.

It was an impressive moment, and no one felt its passing with more gravity and awe than Jessie Tolputt. She was a slim little soul with large black eyes, a pointed chin and lots of dark, dark hair. It was so dark because her face was almost pale—olive-pale rather than white-pale. She was slender and round in one, strong and yet fragile; she might have been a nymph escaped from Croy Wood or from Sandling Wood inland. She did not speak unless directly questioned. Sherwell she regarded with manifest wonder and respect; of Uncle John, who had adopted her, who fed and clothed and housed her, she was not at all afraid.

Awe-filled and amazed she listened to Sherwell, who gave away bottles of rare old port, who was a great man in the city of London, who had

a warehouse of his own in Bread Street and a traveller to do his will. In her small world he was the most marvellous creature that had ever entered. She was like the savage woman in Klinger's etching and Sherwell was her first sight of the sea. And like the sea he paid no heed to any mortal, not even to Uncle John; and to her and the small servant maid he was as cold and far removed as wave and wind and weather all in one.

Sherwell told them all about himself.

Uncle John was used to it and did not care. The three weeks made a break in his quiet life and he supposed London and business turned young men like that.

Uncle John was a good listener and so was Jessie Tolputt. To the girl it was all new. Uncle John had heard it many times before, but to the girl it was all new and marvellous and unsoiled by the world.

There was an irresistible, inevitable, elemental something about Sherwell that quenched her. Though they rode bicycles together in pursuit of what Sherwell called "exercise," though they ate and drank at the same table and the shilling's worth of chocolates fell far short of the best, she could never even think of him as of the same stuff as herself, never even think of him as of the same stuff as Uncle John. The good old man was hearty and kind and kissed her good-night and good-morning and gave her heaps of pocket-money and spoiled her; but Sherwell was Olympian, a god who came out of a warehouse, who owned a traveller, an office-boy and typist, who dwelt in London, and to whom all things befel precisely as he desired, commanded, or ordained. Susan, the maid, did not count, nor does she figure in this story.

Sherwell told them all about himself.

In a week Jessie had heard many things; as, for instance, how Sherwell had determined to start in business when he was twenty-five and how he had done so gloriously. He had

estimated a profit of two hundred and fifty pounds the first year, and actually he had made two hundred and seventy-six. He had begun with two good agencies, and now he had five: braids, buttons, dress-trimmings and Calais and Nottingham laces. He had given each a year to get going, and they had got going. He would touch no article that did not help its fellow articles: thus, the braids helped the buttons, the buttons helped the dress-trimmings, and laces, buttons, braids and trimmings all helped each other. He was going to add a few good haberdashery articles to his other agencies, and then he would move to a larger show-room on the floor below. Jessie did not know what haberdashery was, nor, if truth be told, did Uncle John. Jessie did not ask for an explanation of the mysterious word; she had no voice for such irreverence, and it was only one of the many mysteries that engarlanded and played about this all-mysterious man. He had begun with one room and a boy, now he had a two-room warehouse, a traveller, a typist and another boy. In the autumn he would move into two larger rooms—the same address, but the first floor. He paid ninety-five pounds' rent for his present quarters; the new warehouse would cost one hundred and twenty.

But all this was as nothing, compared with his other confidences. In four years he would get married; when he was neither too young nor too old. Thirty-five was the right age. He had decided on this six years ago, on the evening of the very day on which he had set up in business for himself. It was best to make up your mind about important matters; the little things always arranged themselves. But important matters—"it was best to make up your mind and then stick to it," said Paul Sherwell. . . At fifty-five he would retire. He was n't all for work. Forty working years were enough for any man, and he had begun life at fifteen. At thirty-five he would

marry, and at fifty-five he would retire. He believed in four percent investments. You might be able to get five, but four percent was good enough for him. He had more than two thousand invested now. At fifty he would take a partner, at fifty-five he would sell out to him, and then, what with the money obtained that way and what with his savings well invested, he would have a sure income of eight hundred pounds a year; and then he would retire and move away from London and live in a red-brick villa very much like Uncle John's.

He had it all pat; and, so far, not one mistake had he made in his calculations, he insisted proudly. Rather had he underestimated than overestimated. Exactly as he had foreseen, so had everything happened.

He was as sure and as inevitable as ebb and flow, as almanacs and changes of the moon. Never had Jessie Tolputt listened to a human being so convincing, so irresistible, so merciless in all he set about, so filled with knowledge and prophetic ways. Not even the curates she had heard were so convincing, not even the parsons who had a rectory to themselves. They dwelt in abstractions, in vague things of the spirit and the mind; here was a man who grappled with the real, who did things and spoke of things that could be done. What he wished became law, what he set out to do happened; and not only happened, but happened in the very moment which he had preordained. Not an instant sooner; not an instant later. At fifteen he had left school and gone to work; at twenty-five he had started in business for himself; four years from now he would marry; and twenty years after that he would retire and come to live in a villa which would be rather larger and more important than the red-brick cottage of Uncle John.

Symmetrical, perfect, Jessie Tolputt grasped it all. It was flawless as a cloudless night in June, the moon above Croy Wood, silvering the sea and throwing her shadow on the

meadow as she stood filled with night-magic. Symmetrical, perfect, Jessie Tolputt grasped it all and recognized the face of the ideal.

II

The good air, the "exercise," his daily dip in the sea, roused Sherwell to buoyancy. In a fortnight he was bronzed and the cheap flannel suit showed signs of usage. He had finished the story of himself, retold it and retold it; and now he condescended to take notice of such things as the landscape, of such things as Uncle John and the small servant maid, even of such things as Jessie Tolputt with the pointed chin, the large black eyes, and lots of dark, dark hair. One day he mentioned to her that he thought the view was "lovely." They were looking out across the two meadows and through the V-shaped break in Croy Wood, beyond which met the blue of water and the blue of sky. Sandling Wood rose at the back of them, always a little dim, always a little frightening to Jessie, with its impenetrable screens of foliage, with the surprises of its narrow paths, and the whispered music that came after its sudden stillness. At night, under the full moon, it seemed haunted, and sometimes, her heart between her lips, she had stolen in, expecting—she did not know what she expected there in Sandling Wood.

Croy Wood was just the same; only there you always had glimpses of the sea and the lights that flashed out on the two opposing coasts; the French lights white and red, and the English lights at Dungeness. In November a chill wind came and swept the trees all bare and, till the spring, the secret of the woods was over; or all but over, for even then, amid the black branches and above the brown and rain-sodden leaves on which she stepped, there lingered a memory, a rumor of something that had set her heart between her lips while she had walked, expecting—she did not know exactly what she

had expected to come upon her suddenly in one of those narrow paths that twist and turn in Sandling Wood.

One evening after supper when the moon was at the full she and Paul came out of the cottage and strolled down to the edge of Croy Wood. He smoked his pipe; she looked out upon the English Channel and the lights that flashed out from the far-away foreign shore.

"That's France," she said, as the white light burst and disappeared, dazzling, immense, splendid as lightning on that clear night. The red light opened like an angry eye, grew big, enormous, then shrunk to nothingness. Foreign, incomprehensible men were watching the two lights, men who could not have understood her had she spoken with them; and as for her—she could n't have understood them, either. So near they were to each other, the men and she, and yet as though a thousand miles apart! She had often thought about it; and now, behind the lights, she always imagined men and women and children, swarthy, quick, attentive, addressing each other in words whose meaning she would never know. Often she thought about them and wondered how they looked.

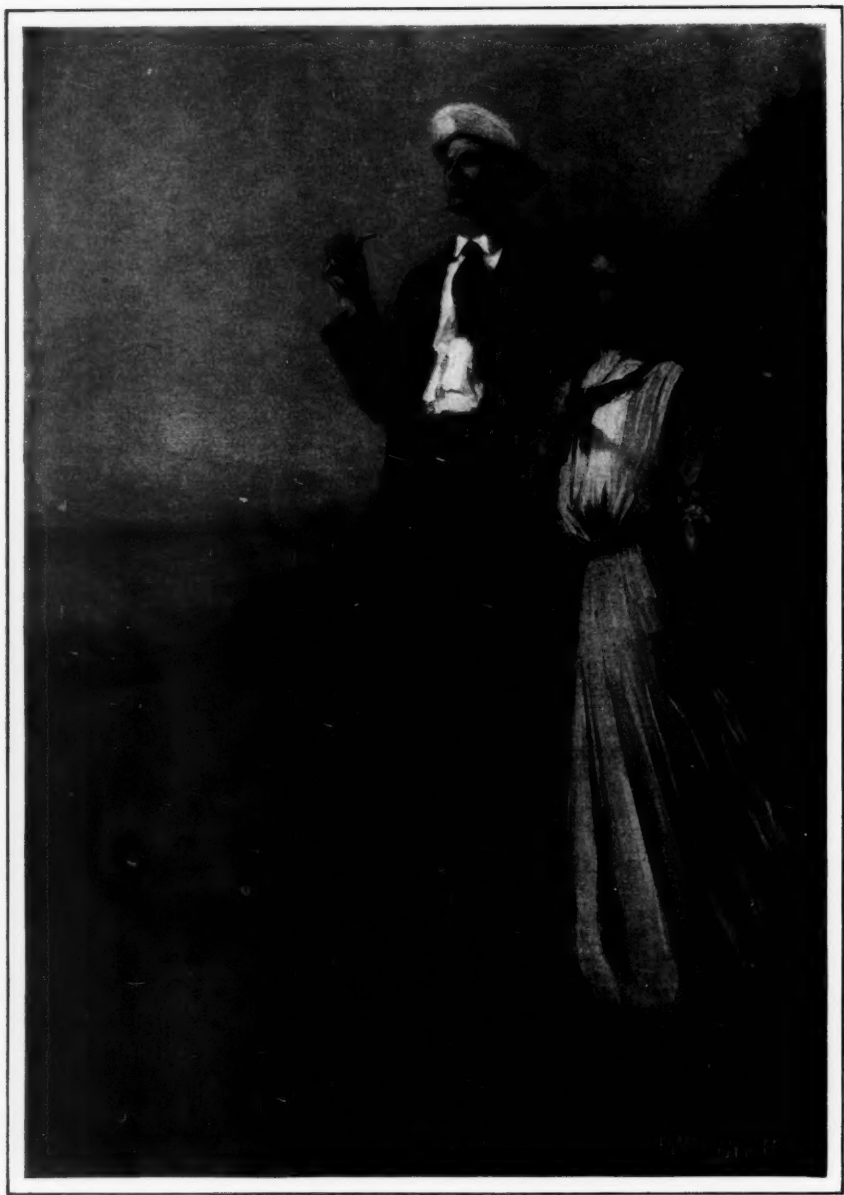
"Have you ever been to France?" she asked.

"I've never been out of England," said Sherwell; "not that I could n't go; but this"—and he waved his pipe at the landscape—"this is good enough for me."

"I've never been to France either," said Jessie; "on clear days you can see it. I've often seen it; white cliffs like ours and a town in a hollow. That's all I've ever seen."

Neither of them had ever been to France.

An unexpected wave of generosity rose up in Sherwell. Why should n't they go? He had only spent a couple of his five sovereigns. Three of them were left—more than enough to take him and Jessie to France and back on the same day. He had seen the bills and posters advertising the trip. Folkestone and Boulogne—seven and



" SHE AND PAUL CAME OUT OF THE COTTAGE AND STROLLED DOWN TO THE EDGE OF CROY WOOD "

sixpence for the double journey. That was fifteen shillings, and they would n't have to spend much except for food and drink.

"Let's go there on Sunday," he said, and his voice had in it a touch of exaltation.

III

Uncle John offered no objection; indeed, the outing had his very warm approval. "I'm a dull dog, you won't want me; two's company!" he cried, when Sherwell as a matter of form, suggested that the *three* should make a day of it. So, on the Sunday, off they started with a large packet of sandwiches to eat upon the way.

From Sandling Junction they took a train to Folkestone Central, then down the cliff to the harbor where the mail boat lay in readiness, and, actually, by noon they were steaming out to sea. It was the first time either of them had ventured on a ship, a big ship that sailed to foreign parts. The day was perfect and the water hardly stirred; England grew small and smaller; the far shore rose out of the south, white cliffs, a city, Boulogne.

They were in France. For an hour they wandered in the strange French streets, and then, at an hotel, they ate a solid meal and were astonished that the waiters all spoke English, quickly, without stopping for words. Jessie looked at them anxiously. Perhaps the men and women in the light-house could speak English too. But what surprised them most of all was that, though in England it was Sunday, everybody here was behaving as though it were the middle of the week, as though a Sunday never existed and never could exist. They went down to the sands and watched the people bathing—there were crowds of people bathing all through the afternoon. And close upon the sands were lots of outdoor cafés all packed with men and women who sat around little tables. They sat there openly and drank all kinds of drinks.

There were bright red drinks and bright green drinks, such as one sees in monster bottles with the gas behind in chemists' windows—only these were real drinks. They ordered two: Jessie a bright green one, and Sherwell a bright red. "Like these," he said, pointing with his finger to drinks at neighboring tables. The waiter understood him.

The drinks had come.

"Syrup," said Sherwell, "what's yours like?"

"Peppermint," said Jessie, and they exchanged.

He had a sip of hers and she had a sip of his.

"It's like raspberry vinegar," she said, handing the goblet back to him.

They went into the Casino and were horribly bored; Sherwell bought picture post-cards and anything that was offered him; they took a ride on a tram and came back by another; they spent all their French money, then wanted some to keep; they said little, but did no end of things. At seven o'clock they were on the boat again and glad to be at rest.

The same moon that had drawn them out a couple of nights ago was on the waters as they crossed. They had decided that from Folkestone they would take the motor 'bus to Hythe and walk the last two miles. The Channel was as calm as any lake, the air warm and still as the tranquil waters. It was a perfect evening, with mysterious lights disappearing behind them and appearing in front. The trailing moonlight turned from gold to silver, the pale stars showed faint upon a silken sky, spacious, phosphorescent, a mantle of lucent green shouldering shore and shore. Again Sherwell raised his voice and told of the warehouse in Bread Street, of his traveller, typist, and office-boy, and how he had resolved that certain things should happen and how those that were due had happened. He told her how he had put by money every year, investing it in four-percent securities, till by now he was substantial and could

even buy odd parcels on his own account.

"And in four years you'll marry," said Jessie Tolputt, looking out across the sea.

He made no answer. It seemed almost as though he might reduce his terms and come down to three or even two. A great loneliness seized upon him and for the moment he felt cold.

"Let's walk a bit," he said, and they strolled up and down the deck, his arm through hers. Very small he seemed of a sudden under the immense sky, its stars paled and effaced by an immense moon, with far-off lights twinkling whichever way he turned.

"I wonder what Uncle John's been doing all day," he said brightening.

Jessie knew. She knew every detail of Uncle John's Sundays: how he had been to church in the morning and read his weekly paper; and how he had cleaned all his pipes, passing feathers through them. "He does that every Sunday afternoon," she said, "sometimes feathers and sometimes string."

"We're almost cousins—cousins-in-law," was his next remark.

Again her eyes sought sky and water.

"How would you like to leave Uncle John and come to live in London?" he pursued.

"I'd be quite lost in London."

"Not if you had me to take care of you," and he pressed the rounded arm within his own.

That too might happen, she thought. All seemed possible as she stood there in the moonlight, water all around, on the deck of the first ship that she had ever known. Perhaps in four years he might come for her, and, at the thought, a strangeness seized on Jessie, an expectancy, like the expectancy that had come over her in Sandling Wood; something she could neither shape nor realize, something secret and obscured that would only be revealed at its appointed hour. Four years hence, perhaps; four

years from now, when he was thirty-five, as he had ordained in his proud mastery. And, with that instant, she felt herself as one who is sought out and consecrate, one set apart to serve a high novitiate before she could become the mate of such a man.

They were silent now; he, with his arm through hers; she, far away amid the beauty of the night, projecting herself through time, through space. Perhaps in four years she might be worthy of him. At least, she would try. They sat down again in a quiet part of the ship, and now his arm slid round her waist. She looked up at him once; her head fell on his shoulder, and she was content with the sea, the night, the air, and the mastery of his presence. . . . So this was the shape and touch that might have come to her on a sudden on one of the narrow paths that twist and turn in Sandling Wood.

They came ashore at Folkestone harbor, made for the Town Hall and took the motor 'bus to Hythe. It was full of lovers, young men and maidens sitting close and happy. A two-mile walk lay before them and they faced it cheerfully, going by the road that leads from Hythe through Saltwood and then to Sandling Junction. They were a silent pair, but a blissful; and Sherwell's silence might be understood. Out of the night, the sea, and the stillness, a voice had come to him bidding him cast away his dream of the ideal, bidding him turn away from cold perfection and face reality and face nature, human, imperfect, as all real things must be. Why wait till he was thirty-five? Yes, that was the ideal; but was it life! Life was compromise, a splitting of differences, a meeting half-way. It was fine to ask two and eightpence a gross for his buttons and get two and eightpence, but most time he had gladly taken two and six or even two and five. Life was like that, imperfect, unideal; a truer perfection, a truer ideal, if seen aright! If accepted and understood. . . . To wait four more years, that would be

magnificent; but was it Sherwell—was it himself!

They came to the last ascent, and then to the two meadows that faced the V-shaped break in Croy Wood and the silvered Channel. The French light blazed out and faded and blazed and faded again. His arm stole round her as they looked upon it. The beauty of that place came home to them as they stood there. It was the sum of all they had seen that day, a total of serried loveliness and magic. As with the woman in Klinger's etching, its wizardry beat down their last reserve; and it had been with them for nigh upon three weeks.

His arm was close on her as they looked out upon it.

"You won't come back with me to London?" he said in a thin voice—not at all like the old confident voice wherewith he had impressed her.

"Oh, I will!" she cried.

"Next year," he said; "come back as my wife, Jessie," and, at the words "my wife," all his old pride and confidence returned upon him.

"But next year, Paul," she answered gravely, "not next year?"

"Why not," he asked, "there is nothing to prevent us?"

She stood away from him now. "But you said—you said—" she began. A suspicion had crept in on her.

"What did I say?"

"That when you were thirty-five—"

He understood her now.

"All that was nonsense," said he; "I meant thirty-two—I did n't know that you'd be here, Jessie—that love was like this—" He floundered; he was weak; he was explanatory.

"All that was nonsense," she repeated after him; and at the words suspicion moved more close to certainty. "All that you've been saying?" and she looked at him. Had he then lied to her, played upon her inexperience, postured and pretended? Was he a sham whose words were only air? He had filled hours with his doings, with his boastings, with his firmness and his strength; and,

at the first test, he fell and was like other people. Less than other people. Weaker and more infirm than she!

There was a strangeness in *her* voice now. "You're not going to wait till you are thirty-five?" she asked abruptly.

"Not a day longer than I need. Next year, or even at Christmas," he said hopefully.

"Was all you have said nonsense?" She was cold and far from him now, like one who sits in judgment.

"All," he answered cheerfully.

She moved farther away.

"Oh, Paul!" she cried, and then began to sob.

He could n't understand it; but with his answer he had swept away an ideal, a wizardry, a perfection. He who had been the compeller, the hero, the man who ordered and ordained—he who was like the sea, so solid, so merciless, so sure and irresistible—it was all nonsense! Nonsense! He himself had said so.

Like a broken god he had fallen from his pedestal, was splintered, was ruined. She turned her back on him, on Croy Wood, on all that lay out there; she rose from her knees, so to speak. Nothing more impressed her: the splendor of the night—it was only wood and water and a little moonshine; sea-water and trees and the reflections from the sky! She turned her face inland, where the lights shone in the windows of Uncle John's cottage. . . . They, at least, were real—Uncle John, the cottage, the cosy rooms indoors.

It was all nonsense, she thought sadly, the four years, that high novitiate wherein she, chosen and set apart, had hoped . . .

"You won't marry me?" said Paul Sherwell at her elbow.

She moved towards the cottage.

He followed her, abashed and wondering what strange offence was his.

"You won't marry me?" he asked again.

"You! Oh no, Paul; I shall never marry *you*!"

ALL CATS LOOK BLACK AT NIGHT

By ANNE WARNER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILLIAM J. GLACKENS



HERE was a smooth, gentle, unhurried little brook that ran beside the long—despairingly long—straight road. On either side of the brook were spaced willows whose tops had been cut down so faithfully every year, that they sat above their trunks like giant burs and nothing else. Beyond the brook a plain, all dotted with the yellow flower that named a race of English kings, stretched smiling to the hills three *kilomètres* away. There is only one land in which the plains may be truly said to smile, and as they say *kilomètres*, there, I say it again here, for the thoughtful reader must already have observed that I am laying in my background with what the art-journalists call “a deft, but sure, hand.” The tops of the hills were crowned with ragged, picturesque pines; far down the road lumbered a heavily loaded cart drawn by a single big-shouldered horse; it was a very solitary scene and except for the driver of the aforesaid cart there was no living soul in sight when Herbert awoke from his brief nap by the brook-side and faced life—and the long road—again.

Of course he was an artist. Why should any writer go to the labor of sketching in historic pines and story-book willows merely to wake up a tramp in their midst? Herbert was an artist and very much of an artist. So much of an artist that he was walking across the face of France in the height of his devotion to his calling. The face of France is a wide face with prominent features, and not the whole of its extent may be termed

“smiling”—in the Jura, *par exemple*, its brow is corrugated in the extreme; and we all know how it can frown out towards the end of Brittany. Herbert had been climbing and descending some few of the southeastern wrinkles until his very knees seemed about to give out beneath him. He had walked himself half lame and sketched himself half blind; to extend the limits of his trip he had economized to the hunger-point and thirsted copiously. Now he was still many miles from the end, and had but fifty francs left in his pocket. Fifty francs are nothing like they sound,—they come, in fact, to something so like ten dollars, that it makes you sick only to look at them when you’re far away from home. Night was coming on, too,—long, ominous streaks of dusk were spreading slantwise over fields and the *genêt*; decidedly even an artist need have a sunshiny temperament and a pair of stout legs just at this juncture. So Herbert sighed slightly, called all his physical and mental forces into play, threw back his shoulders, slung his knapsack to position and went on along the long road.

I have walked many miles, *kilomètres*, leagues, versts, what you will, in my life, but I have never yet found a country road that did not lengthen in perfect geometrical ratio with the square of the advancing shadows of night. No city street ever submits itself to anything like an equal exhibition of the problem,—only the country road shows it up in the perfect triumph of numbers.

Herbert had ample time to absorb the elements of this sublime truth during the first half-hour which followed the setting of the sun; during



"A DARK, SOLITARY, PICTURESQUE LODGMENT"

the next half-hour he became a convert to its teachings in all their inexplicable darkness. No more high carts with high horses and high shoulders passed by, no more of anything passed by; when the brook turned the road turned, and both turned amidst the silence and solitude of a country even-hour.

Far back on his route they had told him of an inn to which he would naturally come "about supper-time," but of course the kind-hearted woman who had stopped whipping her child long enough to cheer the traveller on his way had *not* anticipated said traveller's taking a nap *en route*. It was the nap which had played mischief with the afternoon—heaven alone knew how long he had slept there by the brookside,—and so now he must walk indefinitely to make up. He was sorry that he had slept; the sleep had in no sense refreshed him, for it was utterly impossible to be more weary than he still was. Or more hungry. Or more generally exhausted.

The moon came up after a long, long while and showed him the endless white road still going on ahead like the most tantalizing of Will-o'-the-Wisps. Was it endless then? If so, what of the horse and cart? Where had they gone for the night?

Perhaps his head was getting light? No, nothing was light upon this night except the moon. "*Oh, la triste promenade!*"—as I heard a Frenchwoman murmur in the Catacombs.

Some queer little pointed trees did finally break the sameness of the view and amidst their points there shone a star. He watched the star as he dragged his feet towards its feeble sparkling, and after a quarter of a most wofully long hour the pointed trees resolved themselves into *pignons* and the star became a light, lit by human hands in a human window. That was glad understanding! The gladder as there were but a few hundred metres between the light and the artist by this time. It proved to be an inn—in fact the very inn to which he had been directed—and what was strange was that there were no houses about it. It stuck up alone into the night, and of its many windows only one was lighted. A dark, solitary, picturesque lodging. Although he was an artist it must be confessed that the first two adjectives impressed him more than the last at the minute.

You must have seen such an inn often. By day they are the pleasantest surprise in the world. The door-sill is six inches below the road-level, a dog looks out of one of the windows,

a dove hangs in a wooden cage a little above the ledge of the other, there are hens in the hallway, and all is bustle to feed and entertain the stranger, who has never expected to run upon an inn so opportunely.

But at night,—ah, that's another thing! That's a ghostly outline, and the pig's grunt sends shivers, the dove's coo is a moan, the dog snarls, the cat spits, and Jacques le Bonhomme, coming to take you in, looks like a bandit whose grandfather came from the galleys to the baptism and suggests worse things than even the pig's mournful anticipations of an early death.

Herbert, who was not of a reckless habit, paused a few yards away and viewed the hostelry with more than a slight suspicion of trepidation. At Bourges they had given him their one literary standby for the entertainment of English guests,—a dirty old volume entitled "Celebrated Murder Trials"; he had read it in bed that night and had not thought of its bloody details since. But he thought of them now—he could not but think of them—as he paused there in the humming dark and looked at the scene before him. The moon showed certain lichen-like stains, certain gloomy embrasures, a hanger of awful suggestiveness, a weather-cock that creaked weirdly as it turned its ominous beak his way. And there was a pig who was even more than usually wildly, loudly sorrowful.

After a minute he went on up to the house; but it must be confessed that it took some courage, as well as dire need, to make him do so. The light was from a second-floor window;

all was pitchy black downstairs. He swallowed the dryness that choked in his throat, and cried out loudly from below. There was thereupon

the noise of a double clump of sabots grounding, a shuffle and a scuffle, two French oaths (or what sounded the same to foreign ears), and a man appeared in the doorway with a primitive oil lamp in his hand.

A villain, if ever there was a villain. Lowering brow, narrow, red, bestial eyes, teeth that showed fang-like among their own shadows. The hand that held the light was knotted and sinewy and filthy dirty. The

blue smock that fell to its wearer's knees was dirty, too. The whole was a horror, a menace. It took supreme effort to bid this being "*Bon soir.*" Herbert did it, but felt weak directly after he had accomplished the so-doing.

They went in together to a room with a brick floor; a dog came growling in at their heels, and there was a coal-black cat with fiery yellow eyes who stared horribly. The corners of the room were dark and deep—like the host's expression. There was no help for anything now, for the young man knew that if this was indeed one of those spots where human life goes at a cheap value, his own must be already in the full tide of danger. He took a seat with his back to the window, so that he could attempt escape at the first menace of danger, and then he ordered eggs—boiled in their shells—for refreshment. Eggs, boiled in the shell, are poison-proof, as we all know. While the sinister man was cooking the un-drugged eggs, it sud-



JACQUES

denly occurred to the stranger how easily he might have a knife stuck in his back through that very window, and he hastily changed his seat. The pig continued to grunt with startling suddenness; three times a curious rustle and tapping sounded in the court-yard, and then—without any warning—a warm breath came suddenly against his neck!

The last was caused by the fiery-eyed cat, who had crept up behind him unbeknownst.

"Scat!" he cried sharply.

She shrank back a little, her tail rose slowly, her pupils glowed with a fiend's sensations at being "scatted." The artist turned from her and tried to cheer his heart with "*Allons! donc,*" the words that keep France up, but he felt that with every tick of time he became more down than ever.

The man returned with the eggs; he offered bread and wine, too, but the guest proclaimed himself an "original" and ate his eggs alone and unsalted. He went and drank at

the well in the court-yard when he had finished. As he drank he heard fresh rustling as of feet moving through straw on the roof above, and then muffled taps; he finished drinking hastily and, as hastily re-entering the house, was shown to his bedroom forthwith.

A mere closet of a room, papered in all the panels necessary for any style of panel game. There was one window that looked upon the court, a straw roof sloping up to its very sill; anyone might find ready ingress or egress over that roof and through that window. Herbert went to bolt the hall door and discovered that the bolt was off. He stood irresolute in the middle of the room for a minute or two, wondering what course to pursue; then realized that escape in his thoroughly exhausted condition was absolutely out of the question. With lagging feet and a spirit so dispirited that even death did not look altogether depressing (since as a general rule it finds us lying down), he



"A COAL-BLACK CAT, WITH FIERY YELLOW EYES, STARED HORRIBLY"

moved one or two articles of furniture against the door, set the water pitcher as a man-trap in the window-seat, placed his pistol under the pillow—and was asleep the instant after.

The night went on alone without him. Dark, slimy with miasma, moon-laden with mad subtilities, it glided past his unconscious form. The pig subsided into slumber at last, the cat betook herself in search of witchlike revels, the dove moaned still, but moaned more softly. The rustling and tapping continued, and as the night wore on shadowy figures came slipping towards the house. Wine was opened; a species of feast was made; occasionally an upward-pointed finger brought the stranger's presence to the minds of those below, but *he* slept on. Outside, the deep brook purled blackly; a secret confided to its jetty depths would remain a secret forever; but what of a body, a body with a scarlet slash laid straight across its heart,—if such were to be confided to those same depths would it, also, remain a secret forever? Who knows?

All of a sudden the young artist awoke with a violent start. He thought that he had a nightmare. If so, it must have been vivid indeed, for when he lowered his hand from his head he touched the cold steel of his revolver, and found that ere he had come to consciousness he had seized that from beneath his pillow and now held it, cocked, across his knee. At the same instant there was a sound in the court beneath his window and a dark shadow glided before it on the outside. He sprang from his bed and rushed towards the light, the pistol grasped hard in his hand. He looked out: all was dark below, only a subdued rustling testified to what might have passed there a moment before. He stood still in the window for a little and then he returned slowly towards the bed; as he began to get back between the covers the shadow passed the window a second time. He paused and listened with an acuteness surpassing

all his previous understanding of what ears may come to mean. In the hall outside his door stealthy steps sounded; a hand passed softly over the paper until it reached the lintel. He clinched the pistol. The slight tapping came again from the court side. He turned his head that way. The hand continued to slip along his lintel. He turned his head *that* way. Intense silence. He panted breathlessly and sat down upon the bed. He knew now that he was trapped and that the end must be soon. The mysterious hand continued to feel its way about his door-sill.

Cold drops were all over him, and his terror was only surpassed by his fatigue. Dead as he soon expected to be, he was already more than half dead just from the utter weariness that grows and fattens upon the first hours of rest. It was perhaps one o'clock; the moon was sinking away. Possibly they had heard him walking about, possibly they had heard him cock the pistol, too; at any rate the padded steps were now retreating, the shadow had fled the window, the stillness seemed to recoil upon itself. Only the rustling in the court-yard continued; but finally that also began to grow fainter—fainter—oh! much fainter,—*allons!*—*allons—nous allons—vous allez*; he had actually fallen backward across the bed in a sleep more profound than before. The pistol still in his hand.

When he awoke again it was the gray of early, early dawn and a cock was crowing lustily. He started up again at that and ran to the window and looked out. Below in the yard the high-shouldered horse was getting into his harness with the assistance of one blue-smocked and one black-smocked man. He watched them for a brief space, and as he watched some of the effect of his wild terror faded and life began to look sweet and human once more. And then, just as he was preparing to soothe his nerves to sleep again, there came in the hall without that stealthy step, only too familiar now, and decided

him not to tarry longer in a house of such evil doings. He dressed hastily (his undressing had not come to very much the night before), slung his knapsack over his shoulder, and then, with his pistol hand close to his pistol pocket, opened the door.

It was pitchy dark in the hall, but he made his way along by feeling and so found the tiny stone stair at the first turning. The stair led down into the big *salle* of the house, and that was deserted except for the sleeping dove in its cage in the window. He passed through that room and on into the kitchen beyond. There was a clock there that announced the hour as half past four. He was standing still before it, when,

"You go on now!" cried a surprised voice, and a little rosy woman with brown hair and eyes peeped in from a bedroom beyond.

"You go *now*!" cried another surprised voice, and a big man looked over his shoulder at the early-departing.

"You leave us!" cried still another voice, and the black smock who had been helping in the harnessing came in from the court, and stood still as if transfixed with astonishment.

The latter was the man who had taken the stranger in the night before: he was a pale, gaunt man by dawn-light, with an expression of patient sorrow that was heart-rending in the extreme.

"Why, yes," said the artist, confused, "I must go. I——"

"But why, monsieur?"—the little woman was come through the door now and was standing close before him. "Not like this, without any

breakfast, monsieur?—that I cannot permit. Much I would permit, but never that. That would be too much."

"But—" began the stupefied artist, —but his "But" died on his lips, swamped by the futility of its own

expression. For the gaunt man was already stirring the embers with a bunch of coaxing twigs, the little woman was rattling down pots and pans with real kitchen-fervour, the big man had followed her into the room and began at once to slice bread and bacon as if for a regiment.

"Monsieur has not slept?" said the little woman, turning her head with a smile. "Monsieur is pale. One sees. But *que voulez-vous*. It is only once in all time that one marries a daughter!—

We ask monsieur's pardon if we disturbed him last night on our return—but we were so happy."

"I said that monsieur was tired unto ghostliness," muttered the gaunt man. "I know the look, *mon dieu*! It comes over the road often."

"Monsieur should have had another room," the big man murmured, gazing tenderly upon the bewildered artist; "ten thousand pardons, monsieur,—you see all was full with the wedding guests. We apologize."

"That villainous room," said the little woman, now pouring a liquid yellow out upon a sizzling saucepan; "the pig woke monsieur, I'll warrant,—and the tree-branches scratch like real things, too,—*n'est-pas*, monsieur?"

Herbert was dumb,—but it did n't matter.

"Get out a pail and bring in the fresh milk, Jacques," said the big



"SHE FLOURISHED THE GRIDIRON WITH A MASTERLY HAND"

man to the gaunt man; then, to his guest, "If you slept but ill, monsieur, you shall breakfast like a prince. No man leaves my house carrying with him a double memory of ill. One such is one too many already."

"Poor Jacques!" said the little hostess, bustling about faster and busier each minute. "Look you, monsieur, it won't do to blame him for the way you fared last night. He had not brains last night, he could not go to the wedding because he had a romance himself, once, ah, the poor fellow!—so he stayed behind and fine things came of that, but it was n't my fault, you know." As she spoke she flourished the gridiron about with a masterly hand and two seconds later a smoking omelette rolled itself neatly over and over on to the hot dish that stood awaiting it. "*Voilà, monsieur.* I believe you had two eggs in their shells last night,—well, eat this now for the love of your patron saint."

Did he eat it? Yes, he ate it. The fresh milk was brought and he drank that, too. The bread and butter were placed ready to his hand. The bacon was delicious. The dove in the window cooed low and sweet; the dog wandered carelessly in and out; a gray cat with mild blue eyes came and rubbed her soft head against the stranger's legs.

"*Allez, Minette, vous gèneriez monsieur,*" cried the little woman, who was now putting her cooking utensils to rights.

"No—no," Herbert assured her, faintly (his mouth was full of omelette when she spoke).

"*Mais oui, monsieur,*—it's her affection, but its disturbing when one is unacquainted with her ways."

"And the black cat?"—Herbert asked, his mouth being empty now,—"where's your black cat this morning?"

"We have no black cat."

"I thought that I saw a black cat last night."

"Impossible, monsieur, we have only the one cat."

"Minette looks black at night," said the big man.

"All things look black at night," said his wife.

The man with the sad eyes sighed heavily, where he had seated himself in the corner.

"Did you ask the carter?" the big man demanded of him.

"Yes,—he said it would be a pleasure to take monsieur with him to the village."

"You see," said the little woman hastily to Herbert, "the cart is going your way and it will save you a long road and a bad one."

Herbert struggled with a sudden tightening in his throat.

"Do I look as used up as that?" he tried to say. In truth he was deeply touched. His eyes wandered to the eyes that had so alarmed him with their evil portent the night before; he saw now that they were narrowed and reddened with suppressed grief. Many emotions choked him afresh. It was good that his breakfast was already eaten.

As soon as he had paid his reckoning he went outside. The cart was being loaded with produce for the town market; the high-shouldered horse kept tossing his head and making the bell in his yoke ring clear on the crisp morning air. The traveller turned his eyes up to the window that had been his: the loose straws upon the thatch beneath were rustling in the dawn's breeze, and the long, low branches of the near-by tree dipped down against the window from time to time. The dawn was reddening far and wide; the brook sparkled crimson in the gayety of its warbling; the little lichens on the old stone *pignons* sparkled also. It was an old, old house, probably once a strongly fortified manor whose outer walls had long ago moved to town to engage in useful pursuits. The hanger which surrounded the small court was of rubble, plastered over, and roofed above. All was neat and clean and smiling with the spirit of France *à la campagne*.

A hand was placed on Herbert's arm,—he turned quickly.

"Monsieur leaves us," said the



"ADIEU—AU REVOIR—BON VOYAGE!"

sad-faced Jacques. "I ask monsieur to overlook last night. I tried to obey all expressed wishes of monsieur's. They blame me for the eggs, but monsieur commanded the eggs. Monsieur, I was to have been married once, the day was set, and she died, monsieur, she died—" he stopped short.

Herbert hastily pressed some sous into his hand, which was tanned and seamed until it looked like blackened leather. He put the proffered money from him with a gesture.

"No, monsieur, not that. Not that. I came for monsieur's shoes in the night and again at dawn—but they were not there; I have earned no fee. No, monsieur,—no, take it back."

"*Allons donc*, get into the cart," exclaimed the carter, flinging the last bail of straw in behind as he spoke. At the words everyone came running out into the court-yard.

"Monsieur leaves; *adieu—au revoir—bon voyage!*" The big man and the little woman were standing below the big wheels smiling and waving their hands. The dog wagged his tail briskly. The cat purred.

Herbert sprang nimbly up to the high seat, the carter mounted beside him, cracked the whip, and they were off. The artist turned then and looked back. Every peak and outline of the quaint old *batiment* was gilded by the rising sun. The big trees spread all over the court side, the long line of brook and willows ran away to the horizon beyond; it was all so good to look upon. So pleasant to remember.

Even the gray cat—who had looked black at night—dwelt sweetly in his thoughts as he leaned down and brushed her hairs from his sleeve.

Wonderful, the difference between God's sun and God's moon,—between His dawn and His darkness!

JUDITH OF THE CUMBERLANDS

By ALICE MACGOWAN

ILLUSTRATION BY GEORGE WRIGHT

CHAPTER VII



WITH the advent of the four Turrentine boys festivities had taken on a brighter air, the game became better worth while.

"Wade, you've got to fiddle," cried Judith peremptorily.

A chair was set upon a table in the corner, the rather reluctant Wade hoisted to it, and soon "Weevilly Wheat," as the twitting tune comes from the country fiddler's jigging bow, was filling the room.

"I reckon I ought to have asked yo' ruthers before I took Wade out of the game," Judith said to Huldah Spiller as they joined hands to begin.

"Like I cared!" retorted Huldah, tossing her red head till the curls bobbed. She was wearing a new blue lawn dress, made by a real store pattern cut out of tissue paper, and was supremely conscious of looking her best.

The Lusk girls, in spotted calico frocks, the dots whereof were pink on Clinatha's dress and blue on Pendrilla's, had bridled and glanced about shamefaced when Andy and Jeff came in; they now "balanced" demurely with down-dropped eyes as the game moved to the music.

Judith had left the supper preparations with the elder women, pieced out by the assistance of old Dilsey Rust, and was most active in the games. In a white muslin, washed and ironed by her own skilful, capable fingers, with the blue bow con-

fining the heavy chestnut braids at the nape of her neck, her dark beauty glowed richly. Now the players shifted to "Drop the handkerchief." Judith delighted in this game because, fleet of foot, quicker of hand and eye than the others, she continually disappointed any daring swain who thought to have a kiss from her. Her shining eyes were ever on the doorway, till Blatch Turrentine left his seat at the back of the room and elected to lounge there, watching the play with the tolerant air of a man contemplating the sports of children. It apparently gave him satisfaction that Judith time after time eluded a pursuer, broke into the ring and left him to wander in search of a less alert and resolute fair.

"Cain't none of the boys kiss yo' gal," panted Huldah Spiller, pausing beside him. "I doubt mightily ef ye could do it yo'self—less'n she had a mind to let ye."

Judith heard, and the carmine on her cheek deepened and spread, while the dark eyes above gleamed angrily.

"Come on and play, Blatch," called Wade, jigging away valiantly at his fiddle. "We all know who it is you want to kiss—most of us is bettin' that you're scared to try."

"Play!" echoed Blatchley in a contemptuous tone. "I say play! When I want to buss a gal, I walk up and take my ruthers—like this."

Again that daunting panther quickness of movement from the big slouching figure; the powerful lines seemed to melt and flow as he flung himself in Judith's direction, and cast one arm firmly about her in such a way that it pinioned both her elbows to her side.

"You turn me a-loose!" she cried, even as Little Buck had cried. "That ain't fair. I was n't ready for ye, 'caze ye said ye would n't play. You turn me a-loose or you'll wish ye had."

"No fair—no fair!" came the cries from the boys in the ring. "Either you stay out or come in. Jude's right."

"Well, some of ye put me out," suggested Blatchley, significantly. He had brought a jug of moonshine whiskey over from the still and it was flowing freely, though unknown to Old Jephthah, in the loft where most of his possessions were kept.

No man moved to lay finger on him. He held Judith—scarlet of face and almost in tears—by her elbows, and lowered his mocking countenance to within a few inches of her angry eyes.

"Now kiss me pretty, and kiss me all yo'self. I ain't got nothin' to do with this; hit's yo' play. You been wantin' to git a chance to kiss me this long while," he asserted with derisive humor. "Don't you hold off beca'se the others is here; that ain't the way you do when we're—"

"Wade—Jim Cal! Won't some o' you boys pull this fool man away?" appealed Judith. "I wish somebody'd call Uncle Jep. You can hold yo' ugly old face there till yo' hair turns gray," she suddenly and furiously addressed her admirer. "I'll never kiss ye."

"Oh, yes you will—you always do," Blatchley maintained. "Ef I was to tell the folks how blame lovin' ye are when jest you and me is alone together—"

He looked over his shoulder to enjoy the triumph of the moment. Blatchley Turrentine's delight was to traverse the will of every other human being with his own preference. There was a sound of swift approaching footsteps outside. Judith's gaze, tormented, tear-blurred, followed Blatch's and saw, across the shoulders of the others, the shine of Creed Bonbright's fair hair, in the door-way. The sight brought from her an inarticulate cry. It fired

Blatchley to take the kiss which he had vowed should be given him. As he bent to do so, Creed stepped forward and laid a hand upon his shoulder. The movement was absolutely pacific, but the fingers closed with a vise-like grip, and there was so sharp a backward jerk that the proffered salute was not delivered.

In the surprise of the moment Judith pulled herself free and stood at bay. For an instant the two men looked into each other's eyes. Creed's blue orbs were calm, impersonal, and without one hint of yielding or fear.

"If you don't play fair," he said in an argumentative tone, "there's no use playing at all. Let's close up the ring and try it again."

All eyes in the room turned to Blatchley Turrentine, the women in a flutter of terrified apprehension, the men with a brightening of interest; surely he would resent this interference in some notable manner. But Blatch was in fact too deadly to be merely high-tempered, quick in anger. For a moment he stared at Bonbright, trying to look him down; then those odd, whitey-gray eyes narrowed to mere slits. He laid the matter up in his mind; this was not the time for settling it—here before Judith Barrier and the women. He did not mean to content himself with mere fisticuffs, or even a chance pocket-knife which might double in his grasp and cut his own hand. To the immense surprise of everybody he stretched out his long arms, caught carelessly at the fingers of a player on either side of him, and, mending the line, began to move in rhythmic time to the fiddle.

It was soon observable that Creed Bonbright's presence caused Huldah Spiller's spirits to mount several notes in the octave. Whether it was that her own betrothed was looking on, and this an excellent chance to show him that even the town feller felt her charm, or merely Creed's personal attractions, could hardly be guessed.

"Come on," she cried recklessly; "le's play 'Over the River to Feed



Drawn by George Wright

(See page 599)

THE MOONLIGHT FLICKERED ON THE BLADE IN HIS HAND AS HE REELED BACKWARD OVER THE BLUFF

my Sheep.' Strike up the tune, Wade."

The game she mentioned was also a forfeit play, with the difference that the kiss was more certain, being taken of mere choice—though delivered of course with due maidenly reluctance and a show of resisting—whenever the girl facing one could be caught over the line. All the young people played it; all the elders deprecated it. At the bottom of Judith's heart lay one reason for making a play-party and bidding Creed Bonbright to it; and now Huldah Spiller was blatantly calling out the unconfessed, the unconfessable; Wade was sullenly dropping into the old Scotch air; the long lines were forming, men opposite the girls—and the red-headed minx had placed herself directly across from Creed!

The laughing chains swayed back and forth to the measure of the music, advancing, retreating, pursuing, evading, choosing, rejecting, in a gay parody of courtship. Voices were added to that of the fiddle.

"Hit's over the river to feed my sheep,
Hit's over the river to Charley;
Hit's over the river to feed my sheep
An' to kiss my lonesome darling."

Shadows crouched in the corners, flickering,—dancing,—threatening to come out and play, then shrinking back as the blaze leaped and the room widened. The rough brown walls took the shine and brodered themselves with the thread of golden tracery. In such an illumination eyes shone with added lustre, flying locks were all hyacinthine, the frocks might have been silks and satins.

In the movement of the game girls and boys divided. The girls tossed beribboned heads in unwonted coquetry, yet showed always, in downcast eyes and the modest management of light draperies, the mountain ideal of maidenhood. Across from them swayed the line of youthful masculinity; tall, lean, brown-faced, keen-eyed young hunters these, sinewy and light and quick of movement, with fine hands and feet, and a lazy pride of bearing. A very different type

from that found in the lowlands, or in ordinary rustic communities.

Judith noted the other players not at all; her hot reprehending eyes were on the girl in the blue dress. She did not observe that she herself was dancing opposite Andy, while Pendrilla Lusk dragged with drooping head in the line across from the amiably grinning Doss Provine. Finding herself suddenly in the lead and successful, Huldah began to preen her feathers a bit. She withdrew a hand from the girl on her right to arrange the small string of blue glass beads around her neck.

"Jest ketch to my skirt for a minute," she whispered loudly. "I reckon hit won't rip, though most of 'em is 'stitches taken for a friend'—I was that anxious to get it done for the party. Oh, Law!"

And then—nobody knew how it happened—she was over the line, her hold on the hands of her mates broken, she had tripped and fallen in a giggling blue lawn heap fairly at Bonbright's feet. He was in a position where the least gallant must offer the salute the game demanded, but to make assurance doubly sure Huldah put out her hands like a three-year-old, crying,

"He'p me up, Creed. I b'lieve I've sprained my ankle."

The young fellow from Hepzibah was in a mood for play. After all he was only a big boy, and he had been long barred out from young people's frolics. Here was a gay, toward little soul, who seemed to like him. He stooped and caught her by the waist, picking her up as one might a small child and holding her a moment with her feet off the floor. Something in the laughing challenge of her face as she protested and begged to be put down prompted him to what was expected. He kissed her lightly upon the cheek before he released her.

As he set her down he encountered Wade Turrentine's eye. A spark of tawny fire had leaped to life in its hazel depth. The fiddler still clung faithfully to his office. If he missed

a note now and again, or played off key, he might be forgiven. It is to be remembered that he sawed away without a moment's pause throughout the entire episode.

Creed reached out to join the broken line and touched Jeff's arm. The boy flung away from the contact with a muttered word. He looked helplessly at Judith, but she would not glance toward him; head haughtily erect, long lashes on crimson cheeks, red lip curled to an expression of offence and disdain, the young hostess mended the line by joining the hands of the two girls on each side of her.

"You-all can go on playin' without me," she said in a constrained tone. "I got to see to something in the other room."

"See here, Mister Man," remarked Blatch, as Judith prepared to leave. "You 're mighty free and permisc'ous makin' rules for kissin' games, but I take notice you don't follow none of 'em yo'se'f."

Judith halted uncertainly. To stop and defend Creed was out of the question. She was about to interpose with the general accusation that Blatch was trying to pick a fuss and break up her play-party, when Iley's voice, for once a welcome interruption, broke in from the door-way.

"Jude, we ain't got plates enough for everybody an' to put the biscuit on," called Jim Cal's wife. "Ax Creed Bonbright could we borry a few from his house."

Judith closed instantly with the diversion. She moved quickly toward the door; Bonbright joined her.

"Why, yes," he said. "You know I told you to help yourself. Let me go over now and get what you want. Is there anything else?"

"That's mighty kind of you, Creed," Judith thanked him. "I reckon I better go along with ye and see. I don't think of anything else just now. Iley, we 'll be back quick as we can with all the plates ye need."

Together they stepped out into the soft dusk of the summer night, followed by the narrowed gaze of Blatch Turrentine's gray eyes.

CHAPTER VIII

Behind them the play was resumed in the lighted room; the whining of the fiddle, the thud and stamp of many feet came to them softened and refined by a little distance. They were suddenly drawn together in that intimacy of two who leave the company and the lights on a special expedition. Judith made an impatient mental effort to release the incident of Huldah and the kiss, which had so unreasonably irritated her.

"If we was to go acrosst fields hit would be a heap better," she advised softly, and they moved through the odorous, myriad-voiced darkness of the midsummer night, side by side, without speech, for a time. Then as Creed halted at a dim, straggling barrier which crossed their course, and laid down a rail fence partially that she might the more easily get over in her white frock, she returned to the tormenting subject once more, opening obliquely,

"You and Huld' Spiller is mighty old friends, I reckon. Don't you think she's a powerful pretty girl?"

"Mighty pretty," echoed Creed absently. All girls were of an even prettiness to him, and Huldah Spiller was a pleasant little thing. He was wondering what he had done back there in the play room, that had set them all against him.

"Her and Wade is goin' to be wedded come September," put in Judith jealously.

"Yo' cousin will be getting a mighty fine wife."

The mountain man is apt to make his comments on the marriages of his friends with dignified formality, and Creed uttered the accustomed phrase without heat or enthusiasm; but it seemed to Judith that he might have said less—or more.

"Well, I never did like red hair," the girl managed to get out finally; "but I reckon hit's better than old black stuff like mine."

"My mother's hair was sorter sandy," Creed answered in his gentle, tolerant fashion. "Mine favors it."

And he had not the wit to add that dark hair, however, pleased him best.

Judith stepped beside him for some moments in mortified silence. Evidently he was green wood and could by none of her old methods be kindled. Then, their eyes becoming accustomed to the darkness, they emerged into a modified twilight in the clearing about the Bonbright house. "You better unlock the door and go in first," suggested Judith, in a depressed tone.

"Why, I ain't got the key," Creed reminded her. "I left it with you—did n't you bring it?"

They drew unconsciously close together in the dark with something of the guilty consternation of childish culprits. A mishap of the sort ripens an acquaintance swiftly.

"What a gump I was!" Judith breathed with sudden low laughter. He could see her eyes shining in the gloom, and the dim outline of her figure. "I knowed well an' good you did n't have the key—hit's in the blue bowl on the fire-board at home."

"I ought to have thought of it," asserted Creed, shouldering the blame. "And I'm sorry; I wanted to show you my mother's picture."

"An' I'm sorry," said Judith, remembering fleetingly the swept and garnished rooms, the wreath of red roses; "I had something to show you, too."

Nothing was said of the dishes for the merry-makers at Judith's house. Another interest was obtruding itself into the simple, practical expedition, crowding aside its original purpose. The girl looked around the dim, weed-grown garden, its bushes blots of deeper shadow upon the darkness, its blossoms vaguely conjectured by their odor.

"There used to be a bubby bush—a sweet-scented shrub—over in that corner," Creed hesitated. "I'd like to get you some of the bobbies. My mother used to pick 'em and put 'em in the bureau drawers I remember, and they made everything smell nice."

He drew her with him by the hand,

advancing with caution toward the flowers. He felt her shiver, and halted instantly.

"Yo' cold!" he said. "Let me take my coat off and put it around ye—I don't need it. You got overheated playing back there, and now you'll catch a cold."

"Oh, no," disclaimed Judith, whose little shudder had been as much from excitement as from the sharp chill of the night air after the heated play room. "I reckon somebody jest walked over my grave—I ain't cold."

But he had pulled off the coat while he spoke, and now he turned to put it about her, and drew her back to the door-step. Judith was full of a strange ecstasy as she slipped her arms into the sleeves. The lover's earliest and favorite artifice—the primitive kindness of wrapping Her in his own garment! Even Creed, unready and unschooled as he was, felt stir within him its intimate appeal.

A nebulous lightning which had been making itself felt behind the eastern line of mountains now came plainly in view as a late moon, melancholy and significant, as the waning moon always is. By its dim illumination Creed saw Judith Barrier standing at the door of his own house, smiling at him tremulously, with the immemorial challenge in her dark eyes. To that challenge the native man in him—the lover—so long usurped by the zealot, the would-be philanthropist, rose thrilling, yet still bewildered and uncertain, to respond. Something heady and ancient and eternally young seemed to pass into his soul out of the night and the moonlight and the shining of her eyes. He was all alive to her nearness, her loveliness, to the sweet sense that she was a young woman, he a young man, and the loveliness and the dearness of her were his for the trying—for the winning. His breath caught in his throat.

"Wait a minute," he whispered, hurriedly, though she had not moved. With eager hands he wrapped the coat close about her. "Let's sit here on the door-step and talk awhile."

There are a heap of things I want to ask you about—that I want to tell you."

Young beauty and belle that she was, Judith had been sought and courted, in that most primitive society, since she was fourteen. She was love's votary by birthright, and her wit and her emotions were schooled in love's game: to lure, to please, to exploit, to defend, evade, deny, in each postulant seeking, testing, trying for the right man to whom should be made love's final surrender. But behind Creed—always absorbed in vague, altruistic dreams—was no boyish sweethearting to teach him the ways of courtship.

"I—" he began, hesitated a moment, then, daunted, grasped at the familiar things of his life. "I don't get on very well up here. I'm afraid I've made a failure of it; but"—he turned to her in a curious, groping entreaty, his hat in his hands, the dim moonlight full on his fair head and his eager eyes—"but if you would help me—with you—I think I ought to—"

"I say made a failure!" cooed Judith in her rich, low tones. "You ax me whatever you want to know. You tell me what it is that you're aimin' to do—I say made a failure!"

Her trust was so hearty, so whole-sale, she filled so instantly the position not only of sweetheart but of mother to a small boy with an unsatisfactory toy—that would always be Judith Barrier,—that Creed's heart—the man's heart—a lonely one, and beginning to feel itself misunderstood and barred out from its kind—melted in his bosom. There was silence between them, a silence vibrant with the coming utterance. But even as the dark, fond, inviting eyes and the troubled, kindling blue ones encountered, as Creed lifted the girl's hand timidly, and essayed speech, the voice of that one who had stepped on her grave harshly aroused them both.

"I vow—I thort it was thieves, an' I was a-goin' to see if I could pick off you-all," drawled Blatchley Turrentine's level tones from the

shadow of the garden. Mutely, with a sense of chill and disappointment that was like the shock of a physical blow to each, the two young creatures got to their feet and turned to leave the place, preparing to go by the high road, without consultation. As they passed him near the gate, Blatch Turrentine fell in on the other side of the girl and walked with them silently for a time.

"Iley sont me over," he said finally. "She was skeered you-all would n't bring any plates."

Neither Judith nor Creed offered any explanation. Instead,

"Well, I don't see how you're goin' to help anything," said the girl bitterly—any presence must have been hateful to her which interrupted or forestalled what Creed would certainly have said—that for which her whole twenty years had waited.

"Oh, I've got the plates," chuckled Blatch, jingling a bulky package under his arm.

"Why, how did you—" began Judith in amazement.

"Uh-huh, I've got my own little trick of gittin' in whar I choose to go," declared Turrentine. He leaned around and looked meaningly at the man on her other side; then questioned, "How long do you-all reckon I'd been thar?" and examined them keenly in the shadowy half-light.

But neither hastened to disclaim or explain; neither seemed in any degree embarrassed, though to both his bearing was plainly almost intolerable. Thereafter they walked in silence which was scarcely broken till they reached the gate, and Iley came shrilling out to meet them, demanding,

"Did you get them thar plates from Miz. Lusk's, you Blatch Turrentine?"

Judith looked at him with angry scorn. It was the old tyrannical trick which she had known from her childhood up, the attempt to maintain an ascendancy over her by appearing to know everything and be everywhere—"Like he was the Lord-a'-mighty Hissself," she muttered indignantly, as Creed joined a group of

young men, and she passed in to her necessary activities as hostess.

Judith Barrier's play-party won to its close with light hearts and light feet; with heavy hearts which the weary body would fain have denied; with love and laughter, with jealousy and chagrin; with the slanted look of envy, of furtive admiration, or of disparagement, from feminine eyes at the costumes of other women—just as any ball does.

The two who had trembled upon the brink of some personal revelation, a closer communion, were not again alone together that evening. Amid the moving figures of the others, now to his eyes as painted automatons, Creed Bonbright watched with strong fascination, in which there was a tincture that was almost terror, the beautiful girl who had suddenly emerged from her class and become for him the one woman.

So adequate, so competent, Judith dominated the situation; passing among her guests, the thick dark lashes continually lowered toward her crimson cheeks. Some subtle sense told her that the spell was working. Smiles from this sweet inner satisfaction curved her red lips. No need to look—she knew how his eyes were following her. The exultant knowledge of it sang all through her being. Gone were her perturbations, her chilling uncertainties. She was at once stimulated and quieted.

Their good-byes were said in the most public manner, yet one glance flashed between them which asked and promised an early meeting.

CHAPTER IX

It was near midnight when Creed sought his patient mule at the rack, to find that Doss Provine had ridden the animal away.

Taylor Stribling, a sort of satellite of Blatchley Turrentine's, came slouching from the shadows of the near-by smokehouse.

"Mighty bad ye got to foot it, Creed," he observed. "Ef you're a mind to come with me I can show

you a short cut through the woods by Foeman's Bluff. Hit's right on the first part of my way."

Without question or demur Creed accepted the proffered friendly turn at its face value; and he and Stribling at once took the way which led across the gulch to the still.

Crossing the dry, boulder-strewn bed of a stream, travelling always in the dense darkness of the tall timber, finally striking the rise which was so abrupt and steep that they had to catch by the path-side bushes to pull themselves up, they came out suddenly on the Bluff itself, where the trail widened into a natural terrace. As they emerged into the light Creed took off his hat and lifted his face, inhaling the beauty of the summer night. The late moon had climbed a third of the way up the sky; now she looked down with a chastened, tarnished light, yet with a dusky, diminished beauty that was infinitely pathetic and appealing. Great timbered slopes, inky black in this illumination, fell away on every hand down to where the mists lay death-white in the valley; behind them was a low irregular bulk of brush-grown rock. Taylor Stribling seemed uneasy. It was as though he had had some purpose in mind which the sudden halt of his companion had somehow checked.

"This is mighty sightly," said Creed, looking about him musingly. "I do love a moonshiny night."

There was only the deep quiet of the great mountains for a moment. Then some one broke out into what was evidently a forced laugh, a long-drawn, girding, mirthless haw-haw, the labored insult of which stung Creed into a certain resentment of demeanor.

"What's the joke?" he inquired dryly, turning toward Taylor Stribling. But Stribling had melted away among the shadows of trees along the trail. It was Blatchley Turrentine who stood there thrusting forward a jeering face in the half-light, while three vaguely defined forms moved and shouldered behind him.

The apparition was sinister, but if Blatch looked for demonstrations of fear he was disappointed.

"What's the joke?" Creed repeated.

"I could n't hold in when I heard yo' pretty talk," drawled Blatch, setting his hands on his hips and barring the way. "Whar might you be a-goin', Mr. Creed Bonbright?"

"Home," returned Creed briefly. "Get out of my road, and I'll be obliged to you."

"Yo' road—yo' road!" echoed Blatch. "Well, young feller, besides this here road runnin' acrost the south eend o' the property that I've rented on a five-year lease, ef so be that yo're a-goin' to Nancy Cyard's house this is a mighty curious direction for you to be travellin' in."

"I was told it was a short cut," said Bonbright, controlling his temper. A man who was justice of the peace, going home to get ready to try a case on the morrow, must not embroil himself.

"Good Lord!" scoffed Blatch. "You claim to be mountain-raised, and tell me you think this is a short cut from whar you was at to Nancy Cyard's? I reckon you'll have to make up another tale."

Bonbright became suddenly aware that he was surrounded, two of the men who were with Turrentine having slipped past him and appearing now as blots of blacker shadow against the trees on either side of the path by which he had come. Turrentine and the remaining man barred the way ahead; on the one side was the sheer descent of the bluff; on the other the rough, broken rise. It was like a bad dream. With his usual forthright directness he spoke out:

"What is it you want of me—all of you? This meeting never came about by chance."

Blatch shook his head. "Yo' mighty right it did n't," he said. "Me an' the boys has a word to speak with you, and when we ketch you walkin' on our land in the middle o' the night—with whatever intentions—we think the time has come for talkin'."

"Andy! Jeff! Is that you?" Creed the rash called over his shoulder to the two behind him.

An inarticulate growl answered, and then a boyish voice began:

"Yo' mighty free with folks' names, you Creed Bonbright. Me and my brother both told you what we thought o' you when you come to the jail. I told you then you'd be run out of the Turkey Tracks ef you tried to come up here. We don't want no spies."

"Spies!" echoed Creed, with a rising note of anger in his voice. "Who said I was a spy? What should I be spying on?"

"Yo' friend Mr. Dan Haley might 'a' said you was a spy," suggested Andy's higher-pitched tones. "As for what you'd be a-spyin' on, you know best. We're all mighty peaceable, law-abidin' folks in the Turkey Tracks. I don't know of nothin' that we're apt to break the law about, 'less 'n it would be beatin' up and runnin' out a spy that—"

The childish bravado of this speech evidently displeased Blatch, who wanted the thing done and over with. His heavier, grating tones broke in:

"They's just one thing to be said to you, Creed Bonbright. You've got to get out of the Turkey Tracks—and get quick. Air ye goin'?"

"No!" Creed flung back at him. "When I take my orders from you it will be a mighty cold day. I came up here in the Turkey Tracks to do a good work among my own people. I'm going to stay here and do it in my own way. Is that you, Wade Turrentine? What have you got to say to me?"

The second of the men who faced him stirred uneasily at the mention of his name. It rankled in the heart of the expectant bridegroom that all he could complain of concerning Creed Bonbright was that Huldah had thrown herself in his way and forced a kiss upon him—not that Bonbright had been the amatory aggressor!

"I say what Blatch says," growled Wade as though the words stuck in his throat.

More and more the whole thing was like a nightmare to Creed; he felt as though with sufficient effort he might throw it off and wake. The four men hung at the pathside eyeing him, motionless if he were still, moving only if he stirred. Even this scarcely gave him a complete understanding of the gravity of his situation.

"Well," he said finally, "I'm going on home. If any of you boys has anything to say to me, to-morrow or any day after—you know where to find me."

He made as though to pass; but Blatch Turrentine stepped swiftly to the middle of the pathway and stood breathing a little short.

"No, by God, we don't!" he panted. "Ef we let you to go this night—we don't know whar we'll ever find you again. Mebbe you've got yo' budget made up—on yo' way to yo' friend Mr. Dan Haley right now. *Ye don't go from here.*"

Instinctively Creed fell back a step. It was out at last—this was neither more nor less than a waylaying. Did they mean to kill him? Blatch Turrentine had crouched where he stood, and even as the question went through the young justice's mind, he launched himself, with that sudden frightful quickness, upon Creed.

It would seem that the slighter man must be borne down by the onset. But Bonbright gathered himself, his arms shot out and gripped his assailant midway. Struggling, panting, gasping, stamping, they wrenched and swayed, the three who watched them holding aloof. Then with a sheer effort of strength Creed tore the heavier man from his footing and lifted him clear of the ground.

With a little sobbing oath Andy ran in. Bonbright could have heaved the man he held over his shoulder in that terrific fall well known to deadly wrestling. Wade's stern, "Git back there!" stopped the boy. Even as Creed's muscles knotted themselves to the supreme effort came sudden memory of what he must stand for to these people. It was

his right to defend his own life; he must not, in any extremity, take that of another. His grip relaxed. Turrentine partially got his feet again; his arms were free; the right made a swift movement, and Creed caught the gleam of a knife-blade. Without volition of his own he flung all his weight and strength into one mighty movement that hurled man and weapon from him.

Struggling, staggering, clutching at the air, Turrentine gave ground. The moonlight flickered on the blade in his upflung hand as, with a strangled hoarse cry, he reeled backward over the bluff.

There was a rending sound of breaking branches, a noise of rolling rocks; then deadly silence. For a long moment the men left standing on the cliff strained eyes and ears to where Blatch had gone down, then,

"Keep off!" shouted Creed as the three others began silently to close in on him. "Stand back, boys. We've had enough of this. Draw off and let me get down and see what's happened to him." He kept backing slowly away, striving not to be hemmed in against the rock behind him. The others warily followed.

"Let you down and finish him, ye mean—don't ye?" screamed Andy with all a boy's senseless rage.

"You're a fine one to bring law and order into the Turkey Tracks," Wade taunted savagely. "You've brought murder, that's what you've done."

"He drew a knife on me," cried Bonbright. "You all saw that. I only shoved him away. I never meant to throw him over the bluff."

"Nobody seen no knife but you, Creed Bonbright," Jeff doggedly asseverated. "All three of us seen you fling Blatch over the bluff. You ain't in no court of law now. Yo' lies won't do you no good. You where we kill the feller that done the killin'."

"How?" said Creed, still backing, feeling his way slowly, seeking for some break in the rise behind, the others coming a little closer. "By jumpin'

onto him somewhere out at night, four to one—or even three to one?”

“Yes, by God! thataway, ef we cain’t do it no better way,” panted Wade.

Years before—heaven knows how many—a little seep of water began to gather between two huge stones in the small broken bluff behind Creed. Winter after winter the crevice through which the trickle came enlarged, the water caught in a natural basin and froze with all its puny might to heave the stones apart. The winter before, this slow process had closed, leaving a wedge of rock trembling upon its base, ready to fall into a crevice. Yet the opening was masked with vine leaves, and when the spring rains finally washed away the mould, and the crude doorway tottered and sank, the gap thus left was unnoted, invisible to the sharpest eye.

Bonbright, pressing close against the rock to pass, stepping warily when it was forward, but hugging his barrier as a safety, missed his footing, and slipped almost without a sound into this opening. For a moment he sustained himself, holding to tree-roots, hearkening to the voices of those above him.

“Wade—you fool! What did you let him get apast you for?”

And then Wade’s heavier tones, “I did n’t. He run back yo’ way.”

He could hear their footsteps pounding to and fro, their hoarse cries which finally settled down into a demand for a lantern.

“We can’t find Blatch nor do nothing for him, nor git on the track of Bonbright nor nothing else, without a lantern. You Jeff, run round to the still an’ get the fellers there; me and Andy’ll go back an’ fetch pap.”

Creed sought for footing, lost all hold, and began a headlong descent.

Low limbs thrashed his face and body; again and again his head was dashed against rocks or tree-stems; his forehead was gashed; the blood poured into his eyes; he rolled and bounded and slid, down and down and down the crevice, and into the ravine,

bruised, bleeding, breathless, blinded and choked by blood and earth and gravel. He was more than half unconscious when he brought up at last with a rib-smashing thump upon a sapling, and there he clung like a dazed animal, gasping.

Slowly, as his breath came back to him, and he cleared the blood and dust from his eyes, Creed became aware of a dim glow coming through the bushes in one direction. For some time he watched it, making ready to get away as quickly as possible, since this must be on Blatch Turrentine’s land, and the light came probably from some of Blatch’s party searching for Turrentine himself, or for Creed.

But when he noted that the illumination was steady and stationary, he began to move cautiously in its direction. He had gone probably two or three hundred feet when he came to a place whence he had an unobstructed view. The light shone out from the cramped opening of a cave—Blatch Turrentine’s blockaded still. Creed could distinctly see Jim Cal and the fellow Taylor Stribling moving about within the cave. They were attending to a run of whiskey. While Bonbright stood motionless, scarce as yet realizing what it was he had chanced upon, there was the thud of running footsteps, Jeff Turrentine rounded the boulder on the other side of the cave and called aloud to those within.

“Jim Cal, Taylor, Buck! Creed Bonbright’s killed Blatch—flung him clean over the bluff—an’ got plumb away from us! Bring a lantern you-all. We’ve got to hunt for Blatch in under Foeman’s Bluff—I’ll show you whar.”

Silently Creed drew back into the dense undergrowth. He knew where he was, now. As he retreated swiftly in the opposite direction from that in which Jeff had approached, he could vaguely hear the excited voices at the still, questioning, replying, denouncing, exclaiming. Presently he came out upon the main trail, rounded the gulch, heading for the

big road and Nancy Card's cabin, his soul sick within him at the events of the evening, bitterly regretting the explicit and unwelcome knowledge of the secret still which had been forced upon him, feeling himself now a spy indeed—a spy and a murderer.

He walked with long, nervous strides; beaten and bruised though he was, he was unconscious of fatigue; the grief and regret that surged within him were as an anodyne to physical pain, and it was less than half an hour later that he opened the door of Nancy Card's cabin, his white face scratched and bleeding, his torn hands, too, covered with blood, his clothing rent and earth-stained, his eyes wild and pain-bright.

"Good Lord, boy! What's the matter with ye?" cried the old woman coming toward him in terror,

both hands out. "I sot up for ye, 'caze Pony he jest come from Hepzibah an' said that spiled-rotten Andy an' that feisty Jeff 'lowed ye was a spy an' they was a-goin' to run ye out of the Turkey Tracks."

She laid hold of him and examined him with anxious eyes.

"I was plumb worried about ye. I knowed in reason they was agoin' to be trouble at that fool play-party."

"No, I ain't hurt, Aunt Nancy," said Creed desolately, and he stared past her at the wall. "But looks to me like I'm cursed. I meant so well—" he choked on the word. "I'd just had a talk with—she said—we—I thought that everything was about to come right. And now—I've killed Blatch Turrentine, and I've just got away from the others. They was all after me."

(To be continued)

THE GREAT LAKES

V.—THE ROMANCE AND TRAGEDY OF THE INLAND SEAS

By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD



WAS watching a blockade of ships in a Lake Erie harbor—a score of striving, crowding, smoking monsters of the Inland Seas, hung under a pall of black smoke, with screeching tugs floundering here and there, megaphone voices shouting curses and orders and the crashing of chains and steel filling the air. And I thought of a theatre I had visited the night before where, arriving late, I was forced to crush in with the gallery gods and fight for a place in the fifth heaven. In the excitement of this "spring rush" of great ships for the freight-laden docks of the North, I spoke my sentiment to the man beside me—a man who had always before him in his office five miniature lakes,

on which miniature vessels represented his steel leviathans of commerce, which he moved about, and played, and watched, day by day and almost hour by hour, as a player might move his men at chess. And this man, I noticed, was regarding the scene before him with different eyes from mine. His face was set in a frown, his eyes stared in their momentary anxiety and I could almost feel the eager tenseness of his body. Out there in that chaotic tangle, where captains were fighting for prestige and taking chances that might cost thousands, *he* had ships. I saw him clench his hand as a black monster crept forward into the gap between two ships ahead; I saw it forge on, yard by yard, saw the other vessels close upon it as though it were an egg which they were bent on crushing between them, heard the rumbling of steel side

against steel side, and when at last I witnessed this ship break triumphantly into the lead, great blotches of paint scraped from it, I looked at the man again, and he was smiling.

Then he turned to me, and as we walked away from the scene, he observed:

"That's good—that 'crush' idea of yours. I'd use it. It's as pretty a comparison as you could get to the whole situation on the Lakes to-day, and it's a key to what the situation is going to be ten years from now. It's crush and crowd all over the Lakes from Duluth to Buffalo. Harbors are getting too small; the Soo canals are becoming outgrown; the Lime Kiln crossing is a greater and greater menace as the number of ships increases. And the ships? They're increasing so fast that unless the government takes a hand, there will be more tragedies to write down in Lake history during the next decade or two, than in all of the years that have gone before."

This possibility of the actual overcrowding of the Lakes is one that I have discussed with half a hundred captains and owners. It offers a new "future" for romance and tragedy on the Great Lakes. Since the day the first strong-hearted explorers sailed up the Inland Seas on the *Griffin*, the unusual, the tragic and the romantic have made up thrilling chapters in their history—chapters in battle, piracy and adventure, whose heroes and their exploits rank on even terms with Paul Jones, Kidd, Morgan, Hudson and other worthies of the open seas. The romance of the old days, as upon the ocean, is gone; a new romance has taken its place—the romance of iron and steel and steam, and a new and greater peril than that born of wind and storm, many believe, is fast developing to face the fresh-water mariner of the future. This is the peril of collision—not as it exists to-day, but as it may exist a few years from now. Already this peril is an ever-present menace upon the Great Lakes, and hardly a day passes during the season of navigation

that collisions do not occur. The Lakes, it is probable, will never be able to take entire care of the enormous commerce of the East and West, and as a result ships will continue to increase until, like the streets of a great city with their rushing automobiles and unceasing pandemonium of cars, vans and seething multitudes, these water highways will become dangerously crowded with the vehicles of trade. Already the Lake Carriers' Association seems to foresee the danger of future navigation on the Inland Seas, and has recommended that east and west courses be established, so that up-bound vessels will be far out of the path of down-bound ships. This is but the first step toward government legislation, many believe, that will bring about the "cutting up of the Lakes into roads," when vessels bound for given ports will have prescribed courses to travel, from which they will deviate, unless with good cause, at the risk not only of their safety, but of a heavy fine. Thus, it is probable, will the Lakes be made navigable for the myriad ships of the future, when, in the words of one ship-owner, "A pall of smoke will hover overhead day and night for seven months in the year, and when the world will witness water commerce as it has never existed before, and as it will never exist elsewhere on the globe."

This is looking into the future; but one acquainted with the Lake life of to-day cannot but see the picture. And this picture brings one to the real motif of this article—a description of the "human interest side" of America's vast "unsalted seas," that side in which the romantic and the tragic and not the realities of statistics and economic progress play the absorbing parts, and which should serve to make them of interest to hundreds of thousands of people who have yet their first trips to take upon them.

From my twenty years of experience with them, I believe that failure to treat of the human interest of the Lakes is one of the most

inexcusable omissions of American literature. In the rush of modern progress the Lakes have been forgotten—except in the way of their vital importance to the commerce of the nation. And each year their picturesque and thrilling aspects are becoming more deeply engulfed in considerations of profit and loss and corporation finance.

Not long ago I asked a romantically inclined young woman, who was about to spend the savings of several years on an ocean trip, why she did not take a more economical, and pleasanter, holiday by making a tour of the Lakes. She looked at me as if I had gone out of my head.

"Take a trip on the Lakes when I can have one on the ocean!" she cried. After a moment of continued surprise, she added: "I want something that I can think about. I want to go where something has happened—where there have been battles, and pirates, and where there's sunken ships, and treasure, and *things* under us! I'm reading a story now that tells of the ocean—'The Cruise of a Lonely Heart'—situated in the very part of the sea we're to cross, and I shall read every word of it over again while we're aboard the ship!"

That is the great trouble. Historians, novelists and short-story writers have neglected the Lakes. I did not waste my breath in telling this young lady that real pirates flourished in the days of King Strang and his Mormons on the Lakes; that some of the most picturesque "sea fights" of history were fought upon them, and that treasure untold, and mysteries without number, lie hidden within their depths. But I am determined that she shall read these few pages, and I pray that she, as well as a few thousand others of my readers, may hereby be induced to "take to their history."

For centuries the oceans have been regarded as the realm of romance and mystery. In this age the youths of Chicago, of New York, Cincinnati or Denver, and even of Lake cities, search public libraries for tales of the

South Seas and of the great Pacific; even the youngster whose every day has been spent on the shores of one of the five Great Lakes seeks after the material that satisfies his boyish imagination. And so is it with his father and mother, his big brothers and sisters. Instead of a glorious trip over the Lakes, they prefer the old and oft-made journey to Europe, to the Bermudas; instead of seeking out the grand scenery and actual romance that environ them, they follow beaten paths laid out in books and pamphlets descriptive of the ocean.

In view of the action already being taken to bring about legislation to prevent collisions, it is interesting to note that no similar area of any ocean, if suddenly robbed of its waters, would expose to human eyes more sunken ships, or more valuable cargoes, than the Great Lakes. During the twenty years between 1878 and 1898, only one less than 6000 vessels were wrecked on the Inland Seas, and 1093 of these were total losses. The loss of cargo during this period of a little more than one fourth of the years of navigation on the Lakes was nearly \$8,000,000, and from this it is quite safe to figure that the total amount of property that has gone to the bottom of the Lakes, including only cargoes, would make a total of at least \$15,000,000, involving the wrecking of 14,000 vessels and the total loss of over 2000 ships. Were these "total losses" strung out in a row, there would be a sunken ship at a distance of every half-mile over the thousand mile length of the Lakes between Buffalo and Duluth. What a field for romance here! What material for the seeker of human achievement, of heroism, of sacrifice! Scores of these vessels disappeared as suddenly and as mysteriously as though some great power had smuggled them from the face of the earth, leaving naught behind to tell of the tragedies; hundreds of ships carried with them valuable cargoes which remain to this day for lucky fortune-hunters to recover from the depths;

and in their going thousands of lives were snuffed out, and thousands of unwritten acts of heroism were played and never heard of, or forgotten.

How many remember the name of Captain James Jackson? Jackson is only one of a thousand heroes of the Inland Seas, and the deed which made him famous among Lake seamen is only one of a thousand of a similar kind. It happened one year in the closing days of navigation on Superior. The owners of the freighter *W. F. Sauber* had sent that ship from Duluth with one last load of iron ore under the command of W. E. Morris. Off Whitefish Point the vessel was caught in a fierce storm from the north. All night she weathered the gale, but with morning there came a blinding sleet with fierce wind and intense cold, and the breaking seas froze as they touched the upper works of the ship. Under the increasing weight of ice the disabled *Sauber* gradually settled. When thus the "little ice devils" of Superior gather upon a victim, it sometimes happens that no power of man can save the ship, and in this instance the crew of the doomed freighter realized that it was only a matter of a short time before the end would come. But strange things happen on the Inland Seas, as on the oceans.

Upon this day, so far as is known, there were just two vessels on Lake Superior, and fate decreed that they should meet off Whitefish Point. While the men of the *Sauber* were waiting for death, the steamer *Yale* was tearing her way through the gale toward the Soo, and as he passed Captain Jackson sighted the sinking ship. It was then that occurred that act which won him a gold medal and a purse contributed to by hundreds of sailors all over the Lakes.

Notwithstanding the peril of his own situation, Captain Jackson brought his vessel to. For hours it was buffeted in the trough of the sea, which was too heavy for small boats to attempt a rescue in. Night came, and the freighters drifted to within a stone's throw of each other. At

dawn, when the *Yale* might have been safely in port, it was found that she, too, was gradually settling, and that the *Sauber* could not live an hour longer. Captain Jackson at once called for volunteers willing to risk their lives in an attempt at rescue; he himself went out in the first boat. If bravery was ever rewarded it was then. Every member of the *Sauber's* crew, with the exception of the captain, was carried to the *Yale*. At the last moment Captain Morris attempted to lower himself in to one of the boats—hesitated—then leaped back to the deck of the sinking ship.

"Go on, boys!" he shouted through the gale. "Good luck to you, but I'm going to stay with the old boat!"

This is heroism, sacrifice, faithfulness, as they are bred on the Inland Seas.

Thirty minutes later the *Sauber* went under, and immediately after the explosion of her deck, caused by the pressure of air and water, those who were still courageously waiting in a small boat heard the last cries of Captain Morris rising above the gale.

These "last days of navigation"—the season when life and property are hazarded by crews and captains with a recklessness that thrills one's blood—are justly dreaded, and I have been told by a hopeful few that the time is coming when proper legislation will send ships into winter quarters earlier than now. It is at this time that casualties multiply with alarming rapidity, the perils of lake navigation becoming tenfold as great as those of the ocean. Heavy fogs hide the beacons that mark the danger lines. Blinding snowstorms blot out the most powerful lights. Driven by fierce gales, weighted by ice, with heaven and sea meeting in a pall that conceals the guiding stars ashore, scores of vessels continue to beat onward in the hope of adding one more successful trip to their season's record.

The history of a Lake Superior tragedy is simple. One more trip from Duluth may mean thousands of dollars. The season is late—too late.

But freight rates are high. No risk, no gain, argues the ship-owner, as he sends his vessel from port. Those are days of anxiety for captain, crew and owner. In a few hours the clear sky may give place to banks of snow clouds. The air turns bitter cold. Darkness falls in the middle of the afternoon. The snow descends in dense clouds. It is far worse than the blackest night, for it shuts out the lights along the treacherous shores as completely as a wall of mountains. Upon the captain alone now depends the safety of the ship, for the government's attempts to aid him are futile. Perhaps his vessel is safely making her course miles from the coast. Or it may be that it is driving steadily toward its doom upon the dreaded Pictured Rocks. It was in this way that the steamer *Superior* was lost with all on board, and in the same way the *Western Reserve* beat herself to pieces within sight of the Big Sable light. And *Superior* has a harder fate in store for many of those who take the last ill-fated trip of the season. Sailors dread it more than the tragedy of dense snowstorms, when they run upon the rocks, for even there hope does not die; they dread it more than the fierce, sledge-hammer wash of Erie in a storm; more than the fearful dash for port in Lake Michigan, where ports are few; and this fate is the fate of "the little ice devils"—those masses of ice which freeze upon a ship until she is weighted beyond control.

In these days of late navigation—days of fierce battles with snow, ice and wind, days of death and destruction as they are never known upon the salt seas—is material for a generation of writers; unnumbered stories of true mystery, true romance and true tragedy, which, if fed to the nation in popular form, would be of immeasurable value to lovers of the literature of adventure. Into what a fascinating tale of mystery, for example, might the loss of the *Queen of the West* be turned! And yet, here is a case where truth is in reality stranger than fiction, and possibly

an editor might "turn down" the tale as too improbable. Recently I chronicled a true romance of the Lakes. I had dates, names of ships, names of people, and even court records to prove the absolute verity of my story, which was related in the form of fiction. I sent it to several editors who had published other stories of mine, and one after another they returned it, saying that while my proofs were conclusive, the story was so unusual in some of its situations that their readers would consider the tale as a gross exaggeration of anything that might occur on the Great Lakes!

Well, here is the story of the *Queen of the West*—only one of scores of Lake incidents equally unusual; and I hope that it will have at least some weight in showing that things *can* occur on the Inland Seas. In the late navigation days of 1903 the freighter *Cordurus* left Duluth on a "last trip down." In mid-lake the lookout reported a ship in distress, and upon nearer approach the vessel was found to be the *Queen of the West*, two miles out of her course, and sinking. Captain McKenzie immediately changed his course that he might go to the rescue, at the same time signalling the other vessel to lay to. What was his astonishment when he perceived the *Queen of the West* bearing rapidly away from him, as though her captain and crew were absolutely oblivious of their sinking condition, as well as of the fact that assistance was at hand!

Now began what was without doubt the most unusual "chase" in marine history. Every eye on the deck of the *Cordurus* could see that the *Queen of the West* was sinking—that at any moment she might plunge beneath the sea. Was her captain mad? Each minute added to the mystery. The fleeing ship had changed her course so that she was bearing directly on to the north Superior shore. Added fuel was crammed under the *Cordurus's* boilers; yard by yard, length by length, she gained upon the sinking vessel. Excited figures were

seen waving their arms and signalling from the *Queen of the West's* deck. But still the ship continued on her mysterious flight. At last Captain McKenzie came within hailing distance. His words have passed down into Lake history:

"You're sinking, you idiot! Why don't you heave to?"

"I know it—but I *can't*," came back the voice of the *Queen of the West's* captain. "We're almost gone and if we stop our engines for a second we'll go down like a chunk of lead!"

Not stopping to consider the risk, Captain McKenzie ran alongside. The *Queen of the West's* engines were stopped and her crew clambered aboard. Hardly had the *Cordurus* dropped safely away when the doomed ship went down. Her momentum alone had kept her from sinking sooner.

One of the most thrilling and interesting pages in the history of Great Lakes navigation, despite the comparative smallness of these freshwater seas, is made up of "mysterious disappearances." Ships have sailed from one port for another, and though at no time, perhaps, were they more than ten to thirty miles from shore, they have never been heard from again. Of some not even a spar or a bit of wreckage has been found. Only a few years ago the magnificent passenger steamer *Chicora* left St. Joseph, Michigan, for Chicago on a stormy winter night. She was one of the finest, staunchest and best-manned vessels on the Lakes. She sailed out into Lake Michigan—and thence into oblivion. Not a soul escaped to tell the story of her end. Through the years that have passed no sign of her has ever been found. Wreckers have sought for her, people along the shore have watched for years; but never a memento has the lake given up from that day to this. And this is only one of the many mysteries of the Inland Seas.

Captains and sailors theorize and wonder to this day on the loss of the *Atlanta*, which went down in Lake Superior; and wonderful stories are

told of the disappearance of the *Nashua*, the *Gilcher* and the *Hudson*, and of the nameless vessels spoken of by old lake mariners as "The Two Lost Tows" of Huron. The disappearance of these tows remains to this day unexplained. During the night the line which held them to their freighter consort parted and unknown to the steamer they fell behind. With the coming of dawn search was made for them, but in vain. What added to the uncanniness of the simultaneous disappearance of the two vessels was the fact that there was no storm at the time. No trace of the missing ships has ever been found. Almost as mysterious was the disappearance of the crack steamer *Alpena* in Lake Michigan. When last seen she was thirty miles from Chicago. From that day to this no one has been able to say what became of her. Of the fifty-seven people who rode with her that tragic night, not one lived to tell the tale.

Of all lake mysteries, that of the *Bannockburn* is one of the freshest in the memory. The ill-fated vessel left Duluth in the days of the "ice devils" a big, powerful freighter with a crew of twenty-two men. What happened to her will never be known. She went out one morning, was sighted the next evening—and that was the last. Not a sign of her floated ashore, not one of her crew was found. For eighteen months the ice-cold waters of Lake Superior guarded their secret. Then one day an oar was found in the driftwood at the edge of the Michigan wilderness. Around the oar was wrapped a piece of tarpaulin, and when this was taken off, a number of rude letters were revealed scraped into the wood—letters which spelled the word B-a-n-n-o-c-k-b-u-r-n. This oar is all that remains to-day to tell the story of the missing freighter. And now, by certain superstitious sailors, the *Bannockburn* is supposed to be the Flying Dutchman of the Inland Seas and there are those who will tell you in all earnestness that on icy nights, when the heaven above and the sea

below were joined in one black pall, they have descried the missing *Bannockburn*—a ghostly apparition of ice, scudding through the gloom. And this is but one more illustration of the fact that all of the romance in the lives of men who "go down to the sea in ships" is not confined to the big oceans.

Unnumbered thousands of tourists travel over the Lakes to-day with hardly a conception of the unrevealed interests about them. What attracts them is the beauty and freshness of the trip; when they go upon the ocean they wonder, and dream, and read history. Tragedy has its allurements for the pleasure-seeker, as well as romance; and while certain phases of tragedy are always regrettable, it is at least interesting to be able at times to recall them. The Lake traveller, for instance, would feel that his trip had more fully repaid him if his captain should say, pointing to a certain spot, "There is where Perry and his log ships of war met the British: the battle was fought right here"; or, "There is where the *Lady Elgin* went down, with a loss of three hundred lives."

Three hundred lives! The ordinary modern tourist would hold up his hands in incredulous wonder. "Is it possible," he might ask, "that such tragedies have occurred on the Lakes?" I doubt if there are many who know that upon the Lakes have occurred some of the greatest marine disasters of the world. On September 8, 1860, the *Lady Elgin* collided with the schooner *Augusta* and went down in Lake Michigan, carrying with her three hundred men, women and children, most of whom were excursionists from Milwaukee. Two months later the propeller *Dacotah* sank in a terrific gale off Sturgeon Point, Lake Erie, carrying every soul down with her. Nothing but fragments were ever seen afterward, so complete was her destruction. On the steamer *Ironsides*, which dove down into one hundred and twenty feet of water, twenty-four lives were lost in full sight of Grand Haven.

Many vessels, like the *Ironsides*, have perished with their bows almost in harbor. Less than three years ago, for instance, the big steel ship *Ma-ta-a* was beaten to pieces on the Duluth breakwater, while not more than thirty or forty rods away thousands of people stood helpless, watching the death-struggles of her crew, who were absolutely helpless in the tremendous seas, and who died within shouting distance of their friends.

Probably the most terrible disaster that ever occurred on the Lakes was the burning of the steamer *G. P. Griffin*, twenty miles east of Cleveland. The vessel was only three miles from shore when the flames were discovered, and her captain at once made an effort to run her aground. Half a mile from the mainland the *Griffin* struck a sand-bar and immediately there followed one of the most terrible scenes in the annals of marine tragedy. The boats were lowered and swamped by the maddened crowd. Men became beasts, and fought back women and children. Frenzied mothers leaped overboard with their babes in their arms. Scorched by the flames, their faces blackened, their eyes bulging, and even their garments on fire, over three hundred people fought for their lives. Men seized their wives and flung them overboard, leaping after them to destruction; human beings fought like demons for possession of chairs, boards, or any objects that might support them in the water, and others, crazed by the terrible scenes about them, dashed into the roaring flames, their dying shrieks mingling with the hopeless cries of those who still struggled for life. From the shore scores of helpless people, without boats or any means of assistance, watched the frightful spectacle, and strong swimmers struck out to give what aid they could. Only a few were saved. For days scorched and unrecognizable corpses floated ashore, and when the final death-roll was called, it was found that 286 lives had gone out in that frightful hour of fire.

Is there a more tragic page in the history of any ocean than this?—a page to which must still be added the burning of the steamer *Erie*, with a loss of one hundred and seventy lives, the sinking of the *Pewabic* with seventy souls off Thunder Bay light, in Lake Huron, the loss of the *Asia* with one hundred lives, and scores of other tragedies that might be mentioned. The Inland Seas have borne a burden of loss greater in proportion than that of any of the salt oceans. Their bottoms are literally strewn with the bones of ships and men, their very existence is one of tragedy coupled with the greatest industrial progress the world has ever seen. But there are no books descriptive of their "attractions," no volumes of fiction or history descriptive of those "thrilling human elements" that tend to draw people from the uttermost ends of the earth. This field yet remains for the writers of to-day.

And romance walks hand in hand with tragedy on the Inland Seas. For two or three years past a new epidemic has been sweeping the world, an epidemic which has attracted attention in every civilized land and to which I might give the name "treasuritis"—the golden *ignis fatuus* of hidden treasure which is luring men to all parts of the world, and which is bringing about the expenditure of fortunes in the search for other fortunes lost on land or at sea. While South Sea treasure-hunts have been exploited by newspapers and magazines, while Cocos Island and the golden Pacific have overworked the imaginations of thousands, few have heard of the treasure-hunts and lost fortunes of the Lakes. So businesslike are these ventures of the Inland Seas regarded by those who make them, that little of romance or adventure is seen in them.

How treasures are lost, and sometimes found, in the depths of the Great Lakes is illustrated in the tragic story of the *Erie*. This vessel, under command of Captain T. J. Titus, left Buffalo for Chicago on the after-

noon of August 9, 1841—sixty-seven years ago. When thirty-three miles out, off Silver Creek, a slight explosion was heard and almost immediately the ship was enveloped in flames. In the excitement of the appalling loss of life that followed, no thought was given to a treasure of \$180,000 that went down with her—the life savings of scores of immigrants bound for the West. For many years the *Erie* lay hidden in the sands, seventy feet under water. In 1855 a treasure-seeking party left Buffalo, discovered the hull, towed it into shallow water, and recovered a fortune, mostly in foreign money.

Not very long ago a treasure-ship came down from the north—the *William H. Stevens*, loaded with \$101,880 worth of copper. Somewhere between Conneaut, Ohio, and Port Burwell, Ontario, she caught fire and sank. For a long time unavailing efforts were made to recover her treasure. Then Captain Harris W. Baker, of Detroit, fitted out a modern treasure-hunting expedition that was as successful in every way as the most romantic youngster in the land could wish, for he recovered nearly \$100,000 worth of the *Stevens'* cargo, his own salvage share being \$50,000. Miss Fannie Baker, the Captain's handsome young daughter, claims to have played an interesting part in the recovery of the treasure; but whatever that part may have been, it is quite certain she is the only young woman along the Lakes who takes pleasure in visiting wrecks in a diving-suit.

While there have been many fortunes recovered from the bottoms of the Lakes, there are many others that still defy discovery. Somewhere along the south shore of Lake Erie, between Dunkirk and Erie, lies a treasure-ship which will bring a fortune to her lucky discoverer, if she is ever found. One night the *Dean Richmond*, with \$50,000 worth of pig zinc on board, mysteriously disappeared between those two places. All hands were lost and their bodies

were washed ashore. In vain have search parties sought the lost vessel. The last attempt was made by the Murphy Wrecking Company, of Buffalo, which put a vessel and several divers on the job for the greater part of a season. In the deep water of Saginaw Bay lies the steamship *Fay*, with \$20,000 worth of steel billets in her hold; and somewhere near Walnut Creek, in Lake Erie, is the *Young Sion*, with a valuable cargo of railroad iron. Off Point Pelee is the *Kent*, with a treasure in money in her hulk and the skeletons of eight human beings in her cabins; and somewhere between Cleveland and the Detroit River is a cargo of locomotives, lost with the *Clarion*. In Lake Huron, near Saginaw Bay, are more lost ships than in any other part of the Great Lakes, and for this reason Huron has frequently been called the "Lake of Sunken Treasure." In the days when the country along the Bay was filled with lumber-camps, large sums of money were brought up in small vessels, and many of these vessels were lost in the sudden tempests and fearful seas which beset this part of Huron. Beside these treasure lumber barges, it is believed that the *City of Detroit*, with a \$50,000 treasure in copper, lies somewhere in Saginaw Bay. The *R. G. Coburn*, also laden with copper, sank there in 1871, with a loss of thirty lives. Although searches have been made for her, the location of the vessel is still one of the unsolved mysteries of the Lakes.

That treasure-hunting is not without its romance, as well as its reward, is shown by the case of the *Pewabic*. This vessel, with her treasure in copper, disappeared as completely as though she had been lifted above the clouds. Expedition after expedition was fitted out to search for her—a search which continued over a period of thirty years. In 1897 a party of fortune-seekers from Milwaukee succeeded in finding the long-lost ship six miles southeast of Thunder Bay. Another terrible event was the loss of the steamer *Atlantic*, off Long Point,

Lake Erie, with three hundred lives. For many years futile search was made for her; not till nearly a quarter of a century was she found, and \$30,000 recovered.

Whisky and coal form quite an important part of the treasure which awaits recovery in the Inland Seas. Many vessels with cargoes of whisky have been lost, and this liquor would be as good to-day as when it went down. In 1846 the *Lexington*, Captain Peer, cleared from Cleveland for Port Huron, freighted with one hundred and ten barrels of whisky. In mid-lake the vessel foundered with all on board, and though more than sixty years have passed, she has never been found. To-day her cargo would be worth \$115 a barrel. The *Anthony Wayne* also sank in Lake Erie with three hundred barrels of whisky and of wine; and five years afterwards the *Westmoreland* sank near Manitou Island with a similar cargo. These are only a few of many such cargoes now at the bottom of the Lakes. Of treasure in lost coal, that of the *Gilcher* and *Ostrich*, steamer and tow, that disappeared in Lake Michigan, is one of the largest. The two vessels carried 3000 tons, and as yet they have not been traced to their resting place. In 1895 the steamer *Africa* went down in a gale on Lake Huron, carrying 2000 tons of coal with her, and at the bottom of Lake Ontario is the ship *St. Peter*, with a big cargo of fuel. It is estimated that at least half a million dollars in coal awaits recovery at the bottom of the Lakes.

But, after all, perhaps the most romantic of all disappearances on the Inland Seas is that of the *Griffin*, built by La Salle at the foot of Lake Erie, in January, 1679. The *Griffin* sailed across Lake Erie, up the Detroit River, and continued until she entered Lake Michigan. In the autumn of 1680 she started on her return trip, laden with furs and with \$12,000 in gold. She was never heard of again, and historians are generally of the opinion that the little vessel sank during a storm on Lake Huron.

Or it may be that one must choose between this earliest voyager of the Lakes and that other shrouded mystery—the "Frozen Ship." Lake Superior has been the scene of as weird happenings as any tropic sea, and this of the Frozen Ship, perhaps, is the weirdest of all. She was a schooner, with towering masts, of the days when canvas was monarch of the seas; and the captain was her owner, who set out one day in late November for a more southern port than Duluth. And then came the Great Storm—that storm which comes once each year in the days of late navigation to add to the lists of ships and men lost and dead—and just what happened to the schooner no living man can say. But one day, many weeks afterward, the corpse of a ship was

found on the edge of the pine wilderness on the north Superior shore; and around and above this ship were the tracks of wild animals, and from stem to stern she was a mass of ice and snow, and when she was entered two men were found in her, frozen stiff, just as the "Frozen Pirate" was discovered in a story not so true.

So might the tragedy and the romance of the Inland Seas be written without end, for each year adds a new chapter to the old; and yet, how many thousands of our seekers of novelty say, with the young woman I know, "I want to go where something has happened—where there have been battles, and pirates, and where there's sunken ships, and treasure, and things!"

(To be continued)

AN ERROR OF JUDGMENT

By ELLIOTT FLOWER



SOLITARY watchman stood in the doorway of the burned store and looked anxiously up and down the street; he was disgusted and hungry.

"Wonder how long I got to stay here," he grumbled. "He was goin' to have a man to relieve me by six o'clock, an' nobody's come yet."

Several people stopped and looked curiously at the wreck of the store, and then went on. Presently a tall, gaunt man, rather slow in his movements, approached with a leisurely air.

"Where's Watson?" he asked, after a casual, but sharp, glance at the burned store.

"Search me," growled the watchman.

"What's the matter?" asked the stranger. "You don't seem to be feeling well."

"Hungry," said the watchman.

The stranger seemed to find something of interest in this.

"There's a restaurant across the street," he suggested.

"Ain't I had my eye on it ever since daylight?" retorted the watchman. "My time was up at six o'clock, but nobody's come. I can't leave."

"I'll stay here until you come back," said the stranger.

The watchman was tempted. If people broke faith with him, why should he be so particular? Then he sighed.

"Broke," he said.

The stranger fished a dollar from his pocket and tendered it.

"I've got to stay here awhile, anyhow," he explained.

The watchman hesitated.

"I'm sworn in as special police," he argued to himself, "but that's no reason why I got to lose my breakfast."

Then he took the dollar and crossed the street.

The stranger watched him disappear in the restaurant, and then he entered the burned building. He surveyed the interior with the comprehensive and critical eye of one accustomed to such scenes, and finally his interest seemed to centre on a particular spot.

"That's where it started," he muttered.

A moment later he was on his knees investigating some charred rubbish.

"Rags under a counter," he commented. "The counter would hide the blaze until it was well started and then carry it to the shelves and goods. There were goods on the counter, too."

The counter was badly charred but not destroyed, so it was easy to see from the blackened remnants that various things had been on top of it. The stranger investigated everything here, even to the point of smelling it. Then he went at what was left of the rags again, and finally put a few in his pocket.

"Coal oil," he said. "Rags saturated with coal oil. I can't be sure of the counter and the things on top of it, but there was probably coal oil there, too. He meant to see that it got a good start."

He went back to the door and waited until the watchman returned. A moment later the watchman was relieved, and shortly afterward Abel Watson, the owner of the store, arrived with his son and a lawyer.

"I am Gifford Oakes, insurance adjuster," said the stranger by way of introducing himself.

"My lawyer, Mr. Halling, and my son, Joseph," returned Watson, introducing his companions. "I suppose we might as well take up the question of loss at once."

The presence of the lawyer did not impress Oakes favorably. Except in complicated cases, or where there is likely to be a dispute, a lawyer is not deemed necessary to the adjustment of insurance, and it looked as if Watson anticipated trouble.

"I have seen something of the premises," said Oakes significantly, "but I am ready to go over the ground with you."

He watched Watson narrowly as he said this, but the latter hardly seemed to notice the remark.

A regular policeman had taken the place of the special watchman, and he followed them into the building. Oakes went directly to the charred counter and called attention to the charred rags.

"This interested me particularly," he said.

"Why?" asked Watson imperturbably. He certainly had magnificent nerve, but there was an anxious, frightened look in his son's eyes.

"Because," Oakes answered slowly and deliberately, "the fire started in this pile of rags."

"Spontaneous combustion possibly," suggested Watson.

"And the rags had been saturated with coal oil," added Oakes.

"I advise you to say nothing," put in the lawyer. "He's trying to trick you. If he thinks there is anything wrong with this fire, we'll let him show it in court."

"Why should I be silent?" retorted Watson. "That coal oil idea is absurd. There was none in the place."

"There will be time enough to talk," argued the lawyer, "if they dispute our proof of loss when we file it. But I don't think they'll be foolish enough to fight."

"I don't think you'll be foolish enough to swear to any proof of loss," asserted Oakes. "Arson is a pretty serious matter."

This shot seemed to hit the elder Watson as well as the younger, for he hesitated a moment before replying. Still, such an accusation would disturb even an innocent man.

"If you have decided that it is arson," said Watson at last, "there is no use discussing the matter further here."

"None at all," Oakes conceded promptly, "but I shall want to bring another party here before anything is disturbed."

"The policeman will see that no one enters before you return," said Watson. "The police have been in charge since the fire. But," he added thoughtfully, "there's one thing that puzzles me."

"What?"

"The presence of those rags. They had no business to be there, and I can't imagine how they got there."

"It impressed me," said Oakes, "as being rather a strange place for rags."

"It is," admitted Watson; "I can't understand it at all. I shall try to find out about that myself. It may be incendiarism, although I had not thought of that before. I can't think of anyone who would wish to injure me."

"And this fire was started on the inside of a locked store," remarked Oakes.

"That's what puzzles me."

"And the owner had recently increased his insurance considerably."

"Your business," commented Watson, "without any show of anger, doubtless has a tendency to make you suspicious. I think you will look at the matter differently later."

Oakes decided that Watson was a man of resourcefulness and exceptional self-control. He had made a slip in not expressing surprise at the presence of the rags in the first place, but he had come back to it cleverly and had made his point. But Oakes had no doubt in his own mind that it was a case of arson and that Watson never would press his claim for the insurance. In view of the discovery of the rags and the traces of coal oil, the risk was too great. Nevertheless, Oakes was not a man to take chances. He went back to the store with a disinterested witness, and made it clear to the latter that there had been rags saturated with coal oil under the counter. He also put such evidence of arson as he had in the way of the proper authorities to start a criminal prosecution. "That will hold his attention for a while," he mused. Besides, it is the policy of

fire insurance companies to give all possible assistance in the prosecution of arson charges.

To Deckler, his superior, he made a report of some length, predicting that there would be no serious effort to collect the insurance.

"Even if the claim is pressed," he said, "we shall have no difficulty in fighting it successfully. All the circumstances are suspicious. Watson has been having some financial troubles, and he recently increased his insurance. At the time of the fire he was carrying twenty per cent. more than he ever had deemed it necessary to carry before. With this insurance, he only needed the fire to get him out of his trouble. He brought his lawyer with him, apparently expecting a controversy. There were rags and coal oil where the fire started. I think I have made it clear to him that he has no chance to get anything."

Nevertheless, from a strictly financial point of view, Oakes had done a little too much. Watson, in spite of his bold front, was prepared to abandon his claim, but the arson charge made it impossible to do this safely: it would be almost a confession of guilt, and the police and fire departments were investigating.

"If you can't collect the insurance," his lawyer told him, "you might as well prepare for jail. If you can collect it, you will knock the bottom out of the arson case. You've simply got to go ahead now."

There could be no question as to the soundness of this advice. More than money depended upon collecting the insurance; so Watson filed his proof of loss.

"Nerve!" commented Oakes. "He certainly has magnificent nerve!"

"We'd better see what we can do to strengthen our case," suggested Deckler. "I concede that the evidence you already have is pretty strong, but it would help matters if we could show positively that Watson or his son or some employee was in the store after it was supposed to be closed for the night."

"That's what the police are trying to prove," said Oakes.

"And they have n't succeeded," added Deckler.

Which was true. There was the evidence of the coal oil and the rags, but no one could be found who had seen any one enter or leave the place after it was closed for the night. Nor could anything of value be learned from either Watson or his son. The latter seemed anxious and worried when he was questioned, but he stuck rigidly to the assertion that he knew nothing of any rags or coal oil, and he would say nothing beyond that. The elder Watson was apparently the personification of frankness. Never before had he carried as much insurance as his stock warranted, and the very fact that he was in a tight place financially made it important that he should run no risk. It was necessary to increase his insurance in order to protect his creditors in case of fire, and he had done so. The explanation was reasonable.

And Watson began suit.

Strangely enough, as the time for the trial approached he became suddenly more aggressive and confident. This, under the circumstances, was bewildering. He had begun with a sort of dogged defiance—like a man who is driven into a corner and has to fight. His lawyer had gone so far as to intimate that a compromise would be acceptable. In fact, it was evident to Oakes and Deckler that the case had reached a point where the amount of insurance paid was a minor consideration. Watson and his lawyer were not fighting for insurance money, but merely for the moral effect on the arson case. Any payment whatever would be a concession by the insurance company that the fire was an honest one.

This unquestionably was their position at first, but there was a decided change later. Watson lost his worried look and became smilingly confident. His lawyer was almost boastful. The latter served formal notice on the insurance company that all compromise propositions were

withdrawn. As his overtures had been in the nature of hints rather than formal propositions, this action was unnecessary; but he explained that he wished to remove the possibility of any misunderstanding. The police had made no progress and were awaiting the outcome of the civil suit. That ought to bring out evidence that could be used in a criminal prosecution later.

"The course these people are pursuing is rather mystifying," Deckler told Oakes. "I can't see anything in it but a bluff, but all reports indicate that they are making the bluff an unusually good one. Even young Watson has become cheerful and bold, and we once thought we had reason to believe that he would break down and confess."

"But we have the evidence," argued Oakes. "Of course it will be a jury trial, and juries are usually prejudiced against corporations, but they can't get away from the coal oil and rags."

"And we'll give them a little surprise," added Deckler, "just to discourage others who may be tempted to put us to the trouble and expense of calling a bluff. We'll make a little sensation for the reporters by having Watson and his son arrested in court as soon as the verdict is read. The police have delayed the arrest in the hope of showing a direct connection between them and the saturated rags, but it won't be safe to wait a minute after the verdict in the civil case."

"If it is for us," suggested Oakes.

"How can it be anything else?" demanded Deckler.

"Give it up," answered Oakes.

They were even more sure of their ground when Watson's lawyer made an unexpected and final effort to settle the matter out of court. That certainly was in line with the idea that they were bluffing, although the lawyer's demand was for the full insured value of the goods destroyed.

"To try the case," he said, "will only add to your expense and ours. We have no doubt of the result, but

we do not wish to add unnecessarily to the expense."

It was brave talk, but Deckler had no doubt that an offer of even a trifling sum in settlement would be promptly accepted. So he made no offer.

"Our legal department," he replied, "encourages us to believe that we have practically no chance to lose. Before we would consider the payment of even a nickel we should like to have the evidence of arson explained away."

"That is precisely what we shall do," said the lawyer calmly.

"How?" demanded Deckler.

"It does not seem to us wise to uncover our case before we go into court," replied the lawyer.

"I suppose not," retorted Deckler sarcastically. "You merely want me to accept your unsupported statement that there were no rags or coal oil there."

"On the contrary, they were there, and we expect to show how they came to be there. I merely thought I would give you a chance to settle first."

"Did you think we'd do it?" asked Deckler.

"No," answered the lawyer, "I did n't think you'd have sense enough, but Watson insisted. The expense of a trial will be considerable."

"Well, we go to trial," announced Deckler shortly.

This the lawyer promptly reported to Watson.

"There was n't more than one chance in a million that I could do anything," he explained, "but it was worth trying for that chance. We don't want to go into court if we can get the money without doing so. I think we can win, but the risk is considerable. Of course, I could n't uncover our case or they might find a way to checkmate us. It had to be a bluff, but there were two ways that we might gain something: If I secured a settlement, no matter how small, it would kill the arson case; if he considered it a pure bluff, he would consider it evidence of the weakness

of our case, and this might lure the company into carelessness in presenting theirs. Success sometimes hinges on trifles."

Meanwhile, Deckler was wondering whether the lawyer was a fool or an unusually smart man, whether he really expected a compromise or had made his proposition with some ulterior and undiscovered purpose. He was far from being one of the stars of his profession—in fact, this was probably the biggest case he ever had handled. But Deckler only knew that he had made a most surprising move, and that he had seemed to be confident and somewhat amused when he went out. Indeed, he had said something about the satisfaction of putting the joke on the company by making an offer that it would regret it had not accepted.

All in all, it was a puzzle. The most searching investigation failed to uncover any evidence that would help Watson, and yet Watson was apparently cheerful when he appeared in court for the trial of the case. He had been closely watched, but there had been nothing to indicate that he even contemplated running away.

"And in his position," commented Oakes, "I think I'd skip if I got a real good chance."

"Perhaps he thinks he will have time enough for that after the civil case is tried," said Deckler, "but I rather think we'll fool him."

Yet they still lacked the evidence that would directly connect Watson or any of his employees with the burning of the store. He had the motive, and the store had been deliberately burned. There was no one else who could have any possible reason for setting the place on fire. Even Watson declared that, so far as he knew, he had no enemy who would do it. All the circumstantial evidence was brought out clearly and forcefully—the increased insurance, the financial complications that threatened disaster, the coal oil and the charred rags. To the surprise of the insurance people, almost no effort was

made to minimize the importance of these facts by cross examination. Watson's lawyer, in presenting his case, was content to rest upon the mere statement that there had been a fire, that the loss was almost total, that the goods scheduled were actually on the premises, and that the cause of the fire was unknown so far as his client was concerned. Watson himself conceded frankly that the insurance money would relieve him of a very great embarrassment and that the fire was really a fortunate thing for him. His frankness with respect to this made a most favorable impression and gave more force to his positive denial that he knew anything about the rags and coal oil.

"But they were found there after the fire, were they not?" he was asked on cross examination.

"Yes, sir."

"You personally know this to be a fact?"

"I saw the burned rags myself," he replied. "I can swear to that. As for the coal oil, I am not familiar with the various inflammable oils, but there were traces of something of that nature. It may have been kerosene or turpentine or gasoline for all that I know, but others present called it coal oil, and I have no doubt they were right."

"You knew nothing of this until after the fire?"

"Nothing at all. We kept no inflammable oils on the premises, and we had no such pile of rags."

His son testified to the same effect, and so did other employees. The store had been locked when they left for the night, and it was still locked when the firemen arrived. In effect, it was merely Watson's denial as opposed to the positive evidence of the presence of the rags and the oil at the point where the fire started. And Watson naturally would deny any knowledge of the origin of such a fire. The insurance people were confident that no jury would give insurance in the face of this positive evidence that the place was set on fire by someone who had a key at a

time when the fire would be advantageous to the owner. They made this as clear as possible and rested their case.

Then, in rebuttal, Watson's lawyer called Daniel Devine. Oakes did not recognize the name, but he recognized the man, and it recalled an incident that he had almost forgotten. Devine was the special policeman who was on duty when he arrived to investigate the fire. After bringing out the fact that the policeman had been detailed to watch the burned store, the lawyer asked:

"Did you leave your post at all before you were relieved?"

"Yes, sir," answered Devine.

"How did you come to leave?"

"This man," indicating Oakes, "gave me a dollar to get something to eat when he came there in the morning."

"Got you out of the way, did he?"

"Well, I did n't think of it that way then. I had n't been relieved, I was hungry, and he said he would keep watch while I was gone."

"Did you see what he did?"

"I saw him go into the store."

"Alone?"

"Yes, sir."

"How long did he stay?"

"Fifteen or twenty minutes. I was in a restaurant across the street, but I could see the doorway."

"He was there long enough to dump some charred rags under the counter and sprinkle a little coal oil about, was n't he?"

"Yes, sir."

"That's all," said the lawyer triumphantly.

Watson looked over at Oakes and laughed. Oakes gave Deckler an apologetic glance.

"It was a fool thing to do," whispered Oakes, "but the man himself suggested that he was hungry, and it looked like a good chance for a little quiet investigation. I must have been crazy."

"I think so," returned Deckler, and Oakes was too humiliated by his error of judgment to resent it. "But," added Deckler, "no man is infallible."

"It was done on impulse," explained Oakes.

"It has killed this case," said Deckler. "The average juror is always suspicious of a corporation."

The jury were out less than fifteen minutes. They were of the opinion that an insurance company is always looking for the best of it, regardless of means employed, and that an adjuster would not hesitate to resort to trickery in order to improve his record by saving his company money.

"And now," said Deckler, rather bitterly, when the verdict had been read, "will you kindly slip out into the corridor and tell the deputy out there that you made a consummate

ass of yourself and we don't want the warrant served on Watson? Then," added Deckler generously, "we will forget about this case so far as our personal intercourse is concerned."

Oakes gave Deckler a grateful glance. He would not forget it, but he would be glad not to have it mentioned.

Watson and his lawyer passed while Oakes was explaining to the deputy sheriff. Watson laughed again, and the lawyer suggested that the company ought to have compromised the case when it had a chance to do so.

Oakes did not trust himself to speak.

A HALF-DOZEN PROBLEM NOVELS

By ELISABETH LUTHER CARY



OUR modern life is too complicated, too much involved in ten thousand other lives, to be easily presented with even that amount of detachment necessary for a fictional history. Leaving out as many steps as possible in any account of an individual experience the number that are left to take is appalling to the writer enamored of a style at once free and precise. We have come to realize this need of an "atmosphere" dense with human experience so acutely, that a novel in which the characters can mow their paths with a wide swath, unheeding of the danger to multitudinous other creatures within range of their impertinent scythe, seems to us "thin" and we come to it only as a last resort against sleeplessness either physical or mental. The novel reader who enjoys the consciousness of being awake turns to other things.

It is no doubt significant of a general liveliness and wide-awakeness on the part of both the modern reader and the modern author that at the present time, although we cannot discern many writers in the field of a quality to compete with that of George Eliot, a majority of the current fiction that has attracted anything like widespread notice has had to do with social and moral situations, and reflects in a greater or less degree man's love for man. If we consider such a work as Father Benson's "Lord of the World"* we find its whole reason for being in the relation of man to humanity. It presents to us a world in which this relation has prevailed against the ancient relation of man to God. It constructs with extraordinary simplicity and reasonableness the world as unintermitting efforts toward human advancement promise to mould it, after what George Eliot called "dear, old, brown, crumbling, picturesque inefficiency" has given place to the "spick-and-

* Robert Hugh Benson. Dodd, Mead & Co.

span, new-painted, new-varnished efficiency" that in her day had effected such a pitiable amount of reform in comparison with that now existing, and that seems wholly negligible in comparison with the world as man has made it in Father Benson's novel. We are shown the comfort and delights of aerial navigation, of artificial sunlight, of anti-septic wall- and floor-coverings, of painless release from life when its burden becomes too heavy. The religion of Humanity is established, but it is a religion of materialism and the Catholic faith and all forms of Christianity go down before it. A little band of priests struggle to preserve faith in the spiritual truths that have no external proofs for unbelievers. The drama is one of souls and we become interested in it so far as the two persons most vividly portrayed are not merely symbols of religious and utilitarian forces working through man, but individuals with the power of suffering intensely. Nothing in the book has more power to awaken sympathy of a personal kind than the scene in which Percy Franklin withdraws himself in prayer to that inner world in which the Catholic finds his strength. It is the failure to endow all the characters equally with a definite and vital personality that makes the effect upon the reader somewhat indefinite. The final tragedy is both less depressing and less impressive than a tragedy so vast in scale should be, not because of the stimulating beauty of the art that softens the worst of horrors and makes lovely the most hideous scene, but because in the destruction that comes upon the world at the death of the Church, only pictures of humanity are destroyed (with the one exception—a great one—of Percy Franklin), not living human beings. Yet the book as art is beautiful, delicately balanced, deeply inspired, intelligently executed. The question of vitality in art is one that is more difficult than any other to deal with, depending as it does so largely upon individual appeal. The galleries of all Europe

betray the futility of supposing that any generation can recognize the few intensely vital works of art achieved in it. Yet each of us would be willing to risk a personal judgment concerning any one work as to whether it is or is not alive, created not copied, and different by little or much from any other thing.

A work of art that makes this judgment easy and leaves the least possible chance for dispute is a welcome apparition. Mr. De Morgan's recent novel, which he calls "Somehow Good,"* is an extraordinary example of creative power. The method used is the cumbersome method of the English Pre-Raphaelites. The blades of grass are counted in the field, and every incident belonging by any degree of relationship to the story is carefully narrated. The style is the familiar, jocular style with which Dickens made us acquainted and which he associated so closely with himself that we instinctively resent the use of it by any one else. Neither method nor style would seem to promise that the result of the author's painstaking would be a group of men and women in whose veins runs the blood of life, whose minds work and whose hearts feel. This, however, is the case; and the novel possesses a plot, one, moreover, that is constructed with the greatest ingenuity and care for the average reader's desire to be surprised; it keeps discreetly within bounds of probability; it presents a number of minutely and clearly differentiated characters, and upon our complete realization of them as individuals depends our interest in the story. We can imagine ourselves equally concerned with them if their fortunes were twisted into an altogether different tangle; we can imagine ourselves enjoying their companionship in the tamest surroundings, without the fillip of mystery or bewilderment to stimulate our appetite for their adventures; and when we can apply this test successfully we safely may conclude that the characters of fiction are at least real. How engaging they

* William De Morgan. Henry Holt & Co.

are against their background of inexhaustible London, how intimate a part they are made to seem of the heartrending old town, with its secret messages for every susceptible person that enters it, we leave the reader to discover for himself and confidently wish him joy. If we add that a moral problem is presented and a social condition turned frankly to the light, we sufficiently note the modernity of the work.

In Miss Alice Brown's "Rose MacLeod"* are several moral problems and a somewhat overgrown social condition. The story contains delicious descriptive passages and one extraordinary and richly endowed character. Madame Fulton burns brilliantly in the little plot of rather pale blossoms, like a scarlet geranium in a bed of ageratum, far deeper in color than her granddaughter, Electra, and with more vividness than Rose herself. The socialist, MacLeod, is a type unconventionally developed and bearing a certain seal of truth that places him in the same class with Sir Willoughby Pattern; in comparison with that incarnation of a prominent human quality he is, indeed, a not inferior conception.

We more often see the egoism of MacLeod under the draperies of humanitarian intentions than the bald egoism of Sir Willoughby. The difficulty with the novel as a work of creation is the difficulty attending most early compositions by artists accustomed to grapple with single figures in simple surroundings,—it lacks intricacy. In a product of literary art, as in a picture, the sense of the interplay of action, of lines of thought and of balancing and contradicting characteristics, accounts for a large part of the pleasure to be got from a composition. While a sense of life may be given in figures of a few lines, a composition of several figures needs complexity to suggest the real world. In "Rose MacLeod" the author has braided her strands rather loosely; here and there

they hang quite free and at such moments the illusion disappears. But the book has an individuality of its own—a personal freshness in the point of view that helps to compensate for the lack of personality in its characters. One feels that time will fill out the gaps in the writer's technical equipment and will hardly destroy the charm of her delicate fancy. And in the meantime her perceptions of moral issues are salutary, her chief message bearing the truth that work is the salvation of mankind.

Winston Churchill's novel, "Mr. Crewe's Career,"* attacks the prevalent social problem by a different method and in a different spirit from that of a soldier of religion, a socialist or an anti-socialist. One certainly is conscious of an ideal running through this account of political campaign struggles, but the book is filled with details of political intrigue and commercial interests. Facts of a technical significance are thick on the page; and the hero, who answers to the good old notion of a hero of fiction, has to battle with a wholly realistic army of villains. There is, however, ample account taken of the intermingled good and bad in human nature, and the reforming force comes from within as a natural growth of character, not from without as a superimposed system of righteousness. Add to this the fact that the relations of the various characters to one another spring from a singularly kindly and flexible temper that seems to prevail among them under the network of conflicting aims and principles, and that the love story is one of exceptional soundness and purity, and it is obvious that the novel belongs to the minority that call into play the reader's mental faculties and provide agreeable exercise for them.

Mr. Howells's "Fennel and Rue"† is a work not easily to be classified; it is an intensely personal achievement, not by any means a master-

* Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

* The Macmillan Co.

† William Dean Howells. Harper & Bros.

piece and in no way to be compared with the author's richer product, yet full of gentle felicities of style and vision and executed with a wonderfully artful artlessness that makes all parts of the simple drama fall into place with perfect exactitude as the persons involved wander on and off the stage in apparent careless ignorance of the rôles for which they are cast. Yet here too the motive is a moral motive and the little touch of tragic significance in the outcome arises from our consciousness of a weakness in some one's attitude toward right and wrong. "Priest and Pagan,"* by Herbert M. Hopkins, is again a tangle of social and religious problems not kept quite within the bounds of probability, and presented without any great concern for the beauties and reticences of a great emotion such as love or pride, both of which are serious elements in the complication of the plot. Yet there is evidently the intention of acknowledging love and pride and religion as the greatest forces of human life. The defects are defects in art and in an ideal, so that we miss both charm and stimulus, but we have at least the intention.

In "The Call of the South"† we

* Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

† Robert Lee Durham. L. C. Page & Co.

are no better off. The situation, involving, as in "Priest and Pagan," a social stigma inflicted by reason of race prejudice, might have been made to yield an interesting picture of human life, if there had been a more successful effort to show us the complex workings of the human mind—if the persons in the story had been more fully characterized, so that we could think of them as different from other persons. Unfortunately they are of a mould so familiar in fiction as to suggest machine-made goods. The story is like one of the little necklaces sometimes found in the markets of the present day, in which the maker has spent a good deal of time and ingenuity in constructing a pendant of more or less original design and has attached it to a chain that may be purchased in quantity. And in "Prisoners of Chance,"* the last of the group of novels that serve to point our moral, we have little more than the quality by virtue of which "Amadis of Gaul" was placed on the list of modern fiction.

If we compare the novels of the day, we find that our pleasure in them increases in proportion to the boldness of the author's grapple with the complex inner life.

* Randall Parrish. A. C. McClurg & Co.

FICTION IN LIGHTER VEIN

By CHARLOTTE HARWOOD



THESE warm summer days seem to play into the hands of the purveyors of light reading. The hammock swings invitingly under the spreading tree, and what better manner of whiling away a long afternoon than to swing in it, reading—

or pretending to read—one of the endless chain of novels that seem to rise phoenix-like from the ashes of last year's publications? There is "The Prima Donna," by one who is getting to be a very old friend, Marion Crawford;* so old, indeed (professionally), that the very long speeches and somewhat trite remarks he allows himself to make as author

* The Macmillan Co.

incline one to add a word and say "old-fashioned." Nor is this rather leisurely manner suited to the tragic events that Mr. Crawford is fond of using as his themes, the incongruity of style and subject having led to some of his recent tales being called tragedies in baby-talk. That is, perhaps, rather stretching an idea; but certainly the startling and dramatic murder that opens this book "peters out" to such an extent that we are compelled to feel that poor Ida Bamberger was sacrificed to make a Crawford fairy-tale. Nor does the dual personality of the prima donna—born and brought up in England, "like a flower in a glasshouse," and become (in a miraculously short time) "the greatest living singer" of her day—seem any more convincing. She is neither Madame da Cordova, with the opera-singer's touch of vulgarity, nor Margaret Donne, the sweet, fresh English girl. Nor does Van Torp—the unpleasant, but most worthy, head of the great Nickel Trust—lend any semblance of reality to the story; while his relations with Lady Maud are only another unimportant mystery, with no apparent reason for being mysterious. Mr. Crawford has not struck the tragic note with a firm hand; nor does complicated character-drawing show him at his best. But when it comes to describing European manners and customs, his varied and extensive knowledge makes him the pleasantest of literary companions; and when he is not soliloquizing or moralizing he is very entertaining and bright. That Mr. Crawford can write agreeably of men of many nations, even though roaming with him in Italy was a greater pleasure, is shown by the picture of the Greek Logotheti, clever, overdressed and attractive; and by the description of the dinner at the Turkish Embassy, where the women "would be of the meteoric sort, the fragments of former social planets, . . . the kind of women who are asked to fill a table on such occasions 'because they won't mind' . . . dining with a prima donna or an actress

whose husband has become nebulous and whose reputation is mottled. The men . . . would be either very clever or overpoweringly noble, because all geniuses and all peers are supposed to like their birds of paradise a little high."

There is no pleasure in climbing "The Golden Ladder" with Margaret Horton Potter,* whose studies in immorals have not gained in charm by transference from the Court of Louis XV to the boarding-houses of Chicago and flats of New York. The vices of Louis and his fascinating mistresses made rather pleasant reading by reason of the historic atmosphere, the glamour of the gay licentious court, "the tender grace of a day that is dead." But the amours of the chorus-girl, paid for by the manager, are merely sordid. To be sure the jewels are there, "from a solitaire to the tiara in diamonds and pink pear-shaped pearls," which contained "only flawless stones"; but in the story of the boarding-house keeper's daughter, very easily seduced by a rising young boarder, and graduating by way of the "Florida octet" to an uptown flat, there is nothing to lift it above the vulgar level of similar occurrences. The book is, of course, designed to show up the terrible hunger for riches that possesses the land; but we fail to see that it will turn any young man from attempting the ascent of the perilous ladder. Some truths the author has arrived at, no doubt. Perhaps even some good Americans will agree with one of the characters that "here we have mingled our great ignorance with a self-complacency and a conceit that is the greatest possible menace to progress," and will see in this a fairly good picture of the average business man: "Fine creases were etched upon pallid cheeks; straight, always compressed lips. Then came the creased foreheads, . . . and, lastly, the inexplicable, indescribable suggestion of an attitude of mind so narrow, so set, so pitiless, that it can see but one object for entrance into

* Harper & Bros.

this world: the necessity for an eternal, grinding slavery, for the acquisition of a thing which they intend neither to be spent nor to be made use of in any future holiday existence." And some day the American business man will have to wake up to the fact that his wife, "wanting only a kiss, . . . is many times given a diamond." But I do not believe he will learn it from this book, for he will probably not read it. It is too "lengthy" and too "preachy," in spite of the fact that Miss Potter now and then puts on her purple glasses to write Ouida-like sentences about "large rivers of foaming wine" and "costly surroundings, delicate garments, the most perfect cooking, the rarest wines, the most expensive of jewels, rubies, pearls, fiery-hearted opals," etc.

Were the rich men of America only such as are drawn by Miss Potter and Mr. David Graham Phillips, it would be a sad country indeed. "Old Wives for New"* is reminiscent of the recent divorce and remarriage of a self-made millionaire, and Mr. Phillips has lavished paint on his picture to a degree approaching vulgarity. Perhaps it may be possible some day to reform the over-rich, but we fear it will not be done by books like these, which tend rather to create a reaction in their favor, and a feeling that, like the devil, they are not as red as they are painted. At any rate, it does the rest of us no good to read about them, and is a temptation to Pharisaism, as most of us would be glad to be as rich, if not as immoral.

Has anyone made a map of Europe since Anthony Hope set the fashion in kingdomettes situated somewhere between Turkey and the Baltic? And what would modern novelists do without the Balkans? Having pretty well exhausted available Europe, the writer of romances turns now to Central and South America, which to-day furnish "possibilities . . . to make an empire which in wealth and power might be great-

er than any the world has yet known, if a man should arise capable of uniting in one league the states which now," etc. "Thou art the man," said the Princess Nadine* to Leighton, the great adventurer, who is of course half-United States, the fair Princess herself being, equally of course, the granddaughter of an American miner whose daughter married a Russian prince—"the greatest match which, up to that time, an American woman had ever made." This note of Triumphant Democracy is insisted on all through the book, and it is made evident that, in spite of all tail-twisting and affected scorn of "effete monarchies" on the part of American men, the American woman, at least, still considers that her daughter, in acquiring a European title, has lifted herself above her fellow-citizens, and out of the station in which she was born. The foreign-American grandmother of Nadine—"plus royaliste que le roi," as most Americans become over here, you know,"—arranges for her granddaughter to become queen of a state in the invaluable Balkans, and "we shall soon have the pleasure of seeing the first woman of American blood mount a throne." But the blood of the Russian boyars is too strong for that of the California miner, and Nadine refuses the crown and elopes with Leighton to found empires in South or Central America. We may hear of them later. A lively book of the romantic, imaginary-historical variety.

Those who want the real thing in romantic fiction will find it in "The Spanish Jade," by that prince of romancers, Maurice Hewlett.† How he makes us feel the warmth and the glow and the color of that fascinating land!—the barrenness and poverty, too; as well as the beauty of the women, and the unreasoning vindictiveness of the men. Here is a story full of life and passion and pathos, a real bit of old Spain as she was fifty years ago, her people and customs

* The Princess Nadine. By Christian Reid. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

† Doubleday, Page & Co.

* D. Appleton & Co.

untouched by the romance-destroying hand of progress—a story told by a writer who is as much at home in the Iberian peninsula as he is in Italy, or old France, or any land where he sets his pen. Our advice to the gentle reader is, "Read it, and get an afternoon of genuine pleasure, and a touch of romance that it is good to have in these matter-of-fact days and this matter-of-fact land."

The hero of Mr. Robert W. Chambers's book "Some Ladies in Haste" * has also thought a touch of romance desirable in New York life, and to that end has dabbled in the fad of mental science, hypnotism, etc., and given "absent treatment" to some of his friends. The results are quite delightful, even if improbable, and they are described with a spirit and plausibility that seem to remove from them the element of impossibility. As the hero's idea has been to turn his subjects from an artificial city life to freedom and naturalness and an imperative impulsion to veracity, the subsequent proceedings of these subjects are decidedly unconventional and the reader in search of amusement will not complain of their interesting him no more.

It is so impossible to get at the meaning of G. K. Chesterton's latest story, † that we conclude it must be "symbolic"—a word that covers a multitude of incomprehensibilities. One thinks it is a defence of anarchy, and then one thinks it is n't. It is best described in the description of one of the characters: "Then he took out of his pocket the note . . . and put it before that sad and beautiful face. Then the man smiled; and his smile was a shock, for it was all on one side, going up in the right cheek and down in the left." And in the same way, just as we begin to take Mr. Chesterton seriously, he smiles, and we see he's only fooling. But such admirable fooling! We almost love the anarchist who organized the great dynamite coup of

Brighton, but died before it came off, "through his faith in a hygienic mixture of chalk and water as a substitute for milk, which beverage he regarded as barbaric, and as involving cruelty to the cow." Chestertonian, too, is the Professor who looked as if "whenever he moved a leg or arm might fall off," and Gogol the hairy, who made up "as the abstract or platonic ideal of an anarchist." His ideas on anarchists in general lead us to recommend "The Man Who was Thursday" to the parlor socialists who are so busy teaching people the ethics of bomb-throwing, and so surprised when some poor devil goes off and throws one. Mr. Chesterton is, in short, a master of fantastic fiction; yet even he can hardly make us believe that the trees are covered with leaves in mid-February, mild as the English climate is. But perhaps that is part of this amusing nightmare, which may, for all we know, be a profound philosophical study.

Another little time-killer is "The Cheerful Smugglers," by Ellis Parker Butler *—sheer nonsense, but amusing nonsense at least.

Given a beauteous "medium" of twenty-one and looking even younger, and a New York District Attorney whom, years ago, she had worshipped from afar when he played first-base at Geneva, N. Y., and who had successfully defended her against a (true) charge of theft just before she left the classic Genevan shades for the garish lights of the Great White Way, and we have a plausible *raison d'être* for Richard Harding Davis's absorbing and amusing novelette. The movement is as brisk and the style as crisp as usual. Needless to say, the story ends happily. "Vera the Medium" † affords convincing proof that the author's hand has not lost its dexterity.

The Great White Way winds its dazzling course to and through C. B. Davis's "Stage Door," † as well as to the "reception parlor" of his brother's

* D. Appleton & Co.

† The Man Who was Thursday. Dodd, Mead & Co.

* The Century Co.

† Charles Scribner's Sons.

spiritualistic heroine. No one knows the street and the door—both sides of it—better than the author; and no one gives a clearer sense of the sometimes fatal attraction of New York Bohemianism for its devotees, which, in its way, is not unlike the fascination of Paris, that furnishes the motive for Charpentier's realistic opera, "Louise." Without preoccupying himself overmuch with the graces of style, Mr. Davis creates a very satisfactory and convincing atmosphere for the up-to-date characters introduced in these clever tales.

Mr. Oppenheim does not define too exactly the boundaries of Mex-

onia, whose queen figures more or less prominently in his latest romance, "The Avenger,"* but the name would suggest that it extends all the way from Texas to Tierra del Fuego. The crime to be avenged is committed in London, however, and the characters in the story are very much at home on the Continent also. The author is a capital mystery-monger, and more than a dab at the "Zenda" sort of thing. As he is still young, and this entertaining romance is his sixteenth, he bids fair to rival Dumas in the abundance of his output.

* E. Phillips Oppenheim. Little, Brown & Co.



Idle Notes

By An Idle Reader



IN reading "The Career of a Journalist," one is troubled throughout by misgivings as to the good faith of the author. He tells so many stories against himself, without apparently realizing that they are discreditable, that one is more than half inclined to suspect that the book is not autobiographical, but merely a prodigiously long skit at the methods of modern journalism. Needless to say, the career described is that of a Yellow Journalist. The one quest of this "newspaper man"—as is the case with nine journalists out of ten—was sensation. If the facts were not sensational in themselves, the "story" itself had to be made so. And when the story was written, the "scare heads" had to scream even louder than the article to which they drew attention. At one time in the course of his evolution, William Salisbury got into the way of altering the facts in his own or other writers' stories, not in order to make them more striking, but merely to make them accord with the alliterative headlines which he joyed

in writing, and in which pretty much everything had to be sacrificed to sound. "I could make any item I handled read as I wished (within certain business office limitations) instead of the way some one else had written it. My headlines were works of art."

The reference to "business office limitations" is significant. It was the author's experience that the counting-room rules the newspaper as rigidly as the theatre is ruled by the box-office. This was one of the reasons he gave weight to, in deciding to leave journalism after an experience of nine years; though he left it "with some reluctance," to take a position "in another vocation" at a salary one third larger than he had ever received before. It was not until three years after his withdrawal from the practice of journalism that he realized that his life, as he had planned it, had been a failure; that in that respect it was "typical of the lives of the immense majority of journalists"; and that for that reason it might be worth while to

**The
Mighty
Dollars**

make a book of it. "I tried to be a great American journalist, and I find that I have been but a dreamer of foolish dreams, a seeker after the impossible, a worshipper of false gods, a pursuer of phantoms." Possibly his experience and present reflections would have been different if he had not confounded "greatness" with notoriety. Though Yellow Journalism seems to be "on top" in America, there is still a saving remnant of newspapers in every quarter of the land in which smartness and sensationalism are not worshipped as gods. If the journalist of these confessions had begun his career on a paper of this class, the confessions themselves would doubtless be less entertaining in a superficial way, but he would not necessarily have been forced to the conclusion that, notwithstanding his success as a "dope-slinger," his "career" had been a failure, if nothing worse.

For consecutive reading, the preface to "Who's Who in America"

is perhaps preferable to the rest of the book.
America's
16,395
"Whos"

Certainly there is more continuity about it than about the biographical sketches. At first blush, any introduction to a volume whose scope is so clearly indicated by its title would seem to be superfluous; but just as the writers of the tabloid biographies find much to say about the people of whom they write, so does the editor find much to say—and much that is interesting—about the biographies themselves. The latter also finds something to say, not only about the "Whos" who are "Who," but also about those who are not—in other words, the correspondents whose names are not included in the work, and who would like to know how they are to get in, what it would cost them, etc. One wonders occasionally—as one always must, in consulting a book of this sort—how certain people did get in, or why, having got in, their not very important deeds are recorded at such

length; but the editor's assurance that "not a single sketch has been paid for—and none can be paid for"—is really unnecessary. The present biennial volume (1908-9) is revised by the omission of 1868 sketches, including 756 people who have died, and the addition of 2057 not hitherto recorded, making a total roster of 16,395 names. But the most important addition is that of a geographical index, entering alphabetically, under states and towns, every name included in the body of the book. This list covers nearly 110 pages. Few American reference-books compare in usefulness with "Who's Who."

My voice is not a soprano—nor even a voice; a fact which I never

regretted more than on opening Mr. H. E. Krehbiel's "Songs from the

Operas, for Sopranos" (Ditson). For here are representative lyrics (both words and music) by a score of composers, from Caccini, with whom Italian opera originated, over three centuries ago, down to Verdi, who died only seven years since, having embodied in his music "every phase of development which Italian opera went through" from the time of Rossini to that of Puccini—in other words, down to the present day. That nothing of Wagner's is given must be due to the fact that another volume in the Musicians' Library is devoted to his soprano songs; but one or two might well have been included, to make the book complete. As it is, we have one song by each of sixteen composers, two by Weber, two by Verdi and three by Bellini.

That Mr. Krehbiel is the editor means good taste in the selections and scholarship in the notes; and the imprint of the Merrymount Press implies first-rate bookmaking. But really to enjoy the book, as I have intimated, one must have a soprano voice, or at least a soprano friend. Perhaps, after all, the lucky one is he whose friend has the voice.



The Lounger



SINCE leaving this country Miss Geraldine Farrar has been singing in Paris where she repeated her early successes. This picture shows her in the title rôle of "The Clown," in which she made a sensation at the Opera Comique. From France she went to Berlin, whither she will return after a brief holiday. In November she comes back to New York, and next spring, for the first time, she is to visit South America and sing there during the season—the winter season there, of course—though we in the northern hemisphere shall be sweltering under the summer sun.



Everybody in New York—indeed, everybody in the United States—knows of the Cooper Union; but I wonder just how many people know all that Peter Cooper's noble philanthropy stands for. This inquiry thrust itself upon me just now, as I glanced through the forty-ninth annual report of this institution, that lies upon my desk. The Cooper Union was doing a great work in a big building long before its founder died, and that was years ago. It occupies the triangular block of ground where Third and Fourth avenues and

the Bowery come together; and while it has grown skyward as the years have passed, it has long been cramped for space, and now has spilled over into the old Sixty-ninth Regiment Armory just across Third Avenue. The armory occupies the front of a whole block, yet in consideration of the great and good work of

the Cooper Union, the State has leased the property to the directors for ninety-nine years at the nominal rent of one hundred dollars a year, with the privilege of renewal on the same terms for a like period. Day and night the Cooper Union deals out free instruction in art and practical science not only to the youth of New York but of the entire country. Quietly and thoroughly it does its noble



From *The Rystander*

MISS GERALDINE FARRAR AS "THE CLOWN"

work. It has taught thousands of young men and young women to support themselves, and is an even nobler monument to Peter Cooper than the fine bronze figure by Saint-Gaudens, that stands in front of it, in Cooper Square.



The authors whose names are household words are not always those whose books are among "the best



From *The Sketch*

MME. BARTET POSED AS PAGE FROM AN OLD MISSAL

sellers." Until I saw a paragraph about him in Mr. Clement Shorter's "Literary Letter" in the *Sphere*, I had never heard the name of James Spilling. And yet two of this author's books, "The Cockneys in the Country" and "Giles's Trip to London," have reached together a sale of 600,000 copies. It is the James Spillings, the Silas Hockings, the E. P. Roes and the Josiah Allen's Wives that make the fortunes of publishers. No publisher would care to publish such books exclusively, but any and all would be glad to have one of these authors on his list. As a matter of fact, most of them do have one or two such authors.



This interesting and picturesque portrait of Madame Bartet is in a setting from "Le Livre de Rusticana" by Pierre de Crescence. The manuscript from which she posed to Reutlinger, the photographer, was purchased by Mr. Quaritch in 1906 for \$13,000. Mme Bartet, by the way, is the only French actress who has been decorated with the ribbon of the Legion of Honor.



I had the pleasure of seeing Mark Twain's house at Redding, Connecticut, a few weeks ago. It was not quite finished, though in the main part of the building the paper was on the walls and the water was running in the pipes. There was, however, only one piece of furniture in the house, and that was the billiard table! Every one who knows Mr. Clemens knows that he has two ingrained habits—smoking and billiard-playing. Some of his friends think that he smokes to excess, but, as he has pointed out to them, he never smokes more than one cigar at a time! The Redding house is very attractive. It is large—almost large enough for a small hotel; and it overlooks a lovely wooded valley. It might have been placed further up the hill to advantage, for now, while it gets the sunrise, a hill in front of the house cuts off the sunset view, and

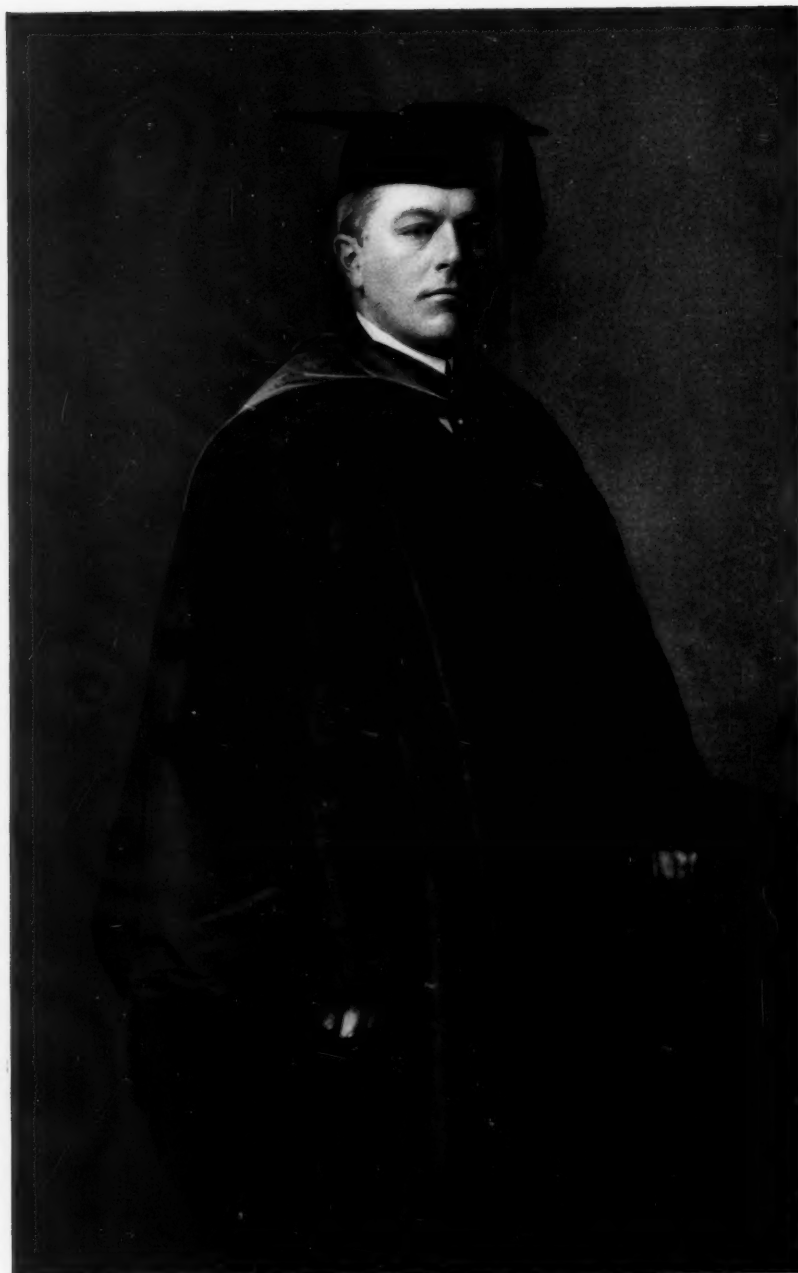
also the summer breezes from the south and west. The dining-room—the most imposing room in the house—opens out through French windows upon a tiled terrace which, in turn, gives upon the wooded hills and a pergola running down to a large summer-house. Almost every bedroom has its own bathroom, and, to add the last touch of comfort, the house will be lighted with electricity. At one end of the house is the billiard-room, at the other the library, and there is a small room which may be used as a break-water to hold back strangers or business callers. There is no formal drawing-room. Mr. Clemens will have an ideal home, but it is miles from a lemon and up a very difficult road. Perhaps his place will be "self-contained" and have its own mechanics; otherwise he will have a hard time if a water-pipe bursts, with the nearest plumber ten miles away!



Since this paragraph was put into type, Mr. Clemens has moved into his new home, which (true to his word) he did not see until it was ready for occupancy, and the cat purring on the hearth. He is, I am glad to say, delighted with it.



During the season just past London has been enjoying a series of performances by Madame Bartet and other French actresses. The venture was that of a young American woman—a girl, I should say, for she is still in her early twenties—Miss D. H. Andrews. This enterprising manager comes of a well-known New York family, being a granddaughter of the late Loring Andrews, the founder of the family fortunes, some part of which was lost by the second generation. She learned her business in Miss Marbury's office, which she entered before she was twenty. From New York she went to Paris to take charge of Miss Marbury's office in that city. Her business instincts, inherited from her grandfather, and her linguistic accomplishments, inherited



Photographed for PUTNAM'S MONTHLY by Pach Bros., June, 1908

(See pages 559 and 609)

THE HON. GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN, MAYOR OF NEW YORK
In cap and gown as Doctor of Laws of Princeton University

from both her parents (her mother being a Hungarian with German training), gave her exceptional advantages. Now she is managing "on her own hook," her first venture having been to rent the Shaftesbury Theatre and take a French company to London. According to the London papers, she has been most successful, and I should not be surprised if already her business eyes were turned upon the United States.



England has been enjoying a new sensation in the writings of a hobo who calls his book "The Autobiography of a Super-Tramp." It is introduced in a preface by no less a superman than George Bernard Shaw. Three years ago, Mr. Shaw received a copy of a book of poems called "The Soul's Destroyer, and Other Poems," accompanied by a letter from the author, W. H. Davis. Of this he says:

The handwriting was remarkably delicate and individual: the sort of handwriting one might expect from Shelley or George Meredith. I opened the book, and was more puzzled than ever; for before I had read three lines I perceived that the author was a real poet. His work was not in the least strenuous or modern: there was in it no sign that he had ever read anything later than Cowper or Crabbe, not even Byron, Shelley or Keats, much less Morris, Swinburne, Tennyson, or Henley, or Kipling. There was indeed no sign of his ever having read anything otherwise than as a child reads. The result was a freedom from literary vulgarity which was like a draught of clear water in a desert.



The new book, the autobiography, is different. It is prose as to structure, but poetry in feeling and expression. Mr. Davis has done everything a man could do, to earn food and lodging: for more than that he did not care. He has peddled, he has tramped, he has served his time in jail for small offences. Such education as he has, he has picked up here and there and everywhere. Work has always bored him, but he has read and has thought

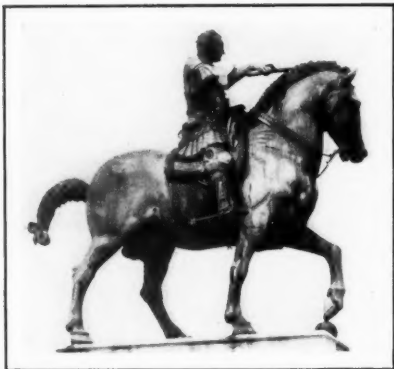
and has put his thoughts into terse and simple English.

In the dark winter evenings I would sit with my grandmother, my brother and sister, painting ships or reading before a large fire that was never allowed to burn below its highest bar. My grandfather, with his old habits, would pace slowly up and down the half-dark passage, shutting himself out in the cold. Every now and then he would open the front door to look at the stars or to inform himself from what latitude the wind blew. The wind never changed without his knowledge; for this wary mariner invariably surprised it in the act of doing so. Three or four times in the evening he would open the kitchen door to see that his family was comfortable, as though he had just made his way from the hurricane deck to inquire after the welfare of passengers in the cabin. When this was done, the old lady would sometimes say, rather peevishly, "Francis, do sit down for a minute or two." Then he would answer gruffly, but not unkindly, "Avast there, Lydia," closing the door to begin again his steady pacing to and fro.

Mr. Davis was born thirty-five years ago in a public house. He was apprenticed to a frame-maker, but soon "threw down his job" because he disliked regular hours. Tramping suited him better than any regular means of livelihood, so he tramped. English critics are comparing him with Borrow and DeFoe, but they may change their minds when they have time to consider his writings more at leisure. There is no doubt, however, that the man has gifts as a writer, and his trampish habits lend a romantic interest to his writings, which are fortunate also in winning Mr. Shaw's amiable and generous praise.



It is just a year (August 3d) since Augustus Saint-Gaudens died—a fact which gives a certain timeliness to the publication in this number of PUTNAM's of the principal address, delivered by Mayor McClellan, at the memorial meeting in Mendelssohn Hall on February 29th. Artists no less than laymen—perhaps even more



DONATELLO'S "GATTAMELATA," AT PADUA



VEROCCHIO'S "COLLEONI," AT VENICE



PAUL DUBOIS'S "JEANNE D'ARC," AT RHEIMS



AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS'S "SHERMAN," AT NEW YORK

than laymen—were impressed by the vigor and acuteness of its criticism, and the knowledge of art in general, and of Saint-Gaudens's work in particular, which it displayed. New Yorkers do not have to go back many years to find among their chief executives men of brains and character, such as Mr. Low, the reformer, and Mr. Hewitt, who owed his election to Tammany Hall. But we might go back for centuries without finding another mayor who could have taken his place adequately, as the orator of the day, when the character and achievements of an artist were to be discussed. In view of the sort of city officials we are in the habit of electing, it seems almost inconceivable that this address should have been made by a New York mayor; above all, by one who is—or at least was, when elected—a Tammany man in good and regular standing. Mr. McClellan's tribute to the great men of the Civil War comes with peculiar grace from the lips of the son and namesake of the organizer of the Army of the Potomac.



Apropos of the Mayor's reference to the great equestrian statues by Donatello and Verocchio, I reproduce photographs of the "Gattamelata" and the "Colleoni," for comparison with Saint-Gaudens's "Sherman." Mr. Dan Fellows Platt, who kindly lends them to me from his immense collection, adds one of the "Jeanne d'Arc" of Dubois, wherein the horse is so much more like the one Sherman bestrides than is either of the two Italian steeds. The portrait of Mr. McClellan, gowned as a Princeton LL.D., is from a photograph taken by Pach Bros. this summer.



The St. Louis *Republic* has honored me with its editorial attention and, I regret to say, is very sarcastic at my expense. My offending lies in a paragraph published in this department, in which I said, defending the rich women of this city, as a class, against the wholesale charges of Mr.

Upton Sinclair: "They are working, and working intelligently, along many vital lines. Their interests are not those of 'the Culture Club of Keokuk, Ia.'" Now I was very careful to put the line "the Culture Club of Keokuk, Ia.," between quotation marks, though I could hardly suppose that any one, much less the editor of so "live" a paper as the St. Louis *Republic*, could fail to recognize the allusion. "Mademoiselle Modiste," with Mr. Henry Blossom's clever lyrics, has been sung for years from one end of this country to the other, and when I alluded to "the Culture Club of Keokuk, Ia.," I expected to provoke a smile, rather than to bring down an editorial big stick upon my head, as my reference was to the song and not to the city. After insisting that my office must be on the seventeenth floor of a sky-scraper, the editorial goes on to say:

A close examination of Miss Gilder's position at its extreme altitude shows that she is wholly unaware of the existence of equal or superior altitudes in Keokuk. She believes that she is looking down, and that the many rich women she knows are privileged to look down, on culture in Keokuk, Ia. No doubt her acquaintance is now greatly to the advantage of all who are honored with it, including even impetuous males, if any. But it might be still more so if she could continue her education by visiting Keokuk, and taking a course of instruction in all the high realities which are studied by the ladies of the Keokuk Culture Club, as they are also in Oshkosh, Duluth, Kalamazoo and scores of cities in which those who demand the top story of a sky-scraper as a viewpoint for superiority can find it.

There is much to be learned in Keokuk and in Iowa generally by those to whom Iowa and Keokuk are now only names of unknown places in what is supposed the outer darkness, beginning in Hoboken, N. J., and increasing westward. Even in New Jersey there are many opportunities for higher education still unutilized. As it is on the direct route from the Gilder sky-scraper to Keokuk, the good many rich women whom Miss Gilder knows might

do well to secure her as a chaperon, that they may enlarge their education in America by studying in Hoboken until they understand the direction of the vital lines which lead onward and upward to Keokuk.

This writer's quarrel is with Mr. Blossom—a native of St. Louis, by the way—and not with me. For the benefit of my Western fellow-craftsman, and for others who may not know Mr. Blossom's amusing lines, I will quote the Chorus from :

THE KEOKUK CULTURE CLUB

Our Culture Club in Keokuk,

If you belonged you 'd be in luck;

Our meetings are exclusive and delightful.

We've studied Kant and Schopenhauer,

And Bernard Shaw we just devour,

Although he does say some things simply
frightful.

We've argued politics and such,

We don't think Kaiser Bill so much,

We often send advice to Oyster Bay.

If they would leave it all to us

We'd settle that insurance muss—

Our Culture Club in Keokuk, Ia.!

Our Culture Club in Keokuk,

If you belonged you 'd be in luck;

What we don't know we have some one
to tell us.

Our music-teacher had to quit

The stage 'cause he was such a hit

That he made all the other singers jealous.

He thinks Caruso something sad,

And he says Melba 's just a fad;

It bores him to hear Paderewski play.

If you want 'people *comme il faut*,

Why, all you 've got to do is quote

Our Culture Club of Keokuk, Ia.!

Now I want to know whether the joke is on me, or on the cultured editor of the *St. Louis Republic*.



Mr. Belasco is fortunate in having two of his plays set to music, and by a real musician, too. The music of "Madame Butterfly" is already known, and beautiful music it is; and now we are to have "The Girl of the Golden West" set to music by the same composer also—Puccini,—who expects to have it ready for production in London early next season.

"La Fanciulla" (The Girl) is the Italian name of the opera. It will not be exactly like the play, for the school-room scene will be omitted. If it had been omitted from the play, I should have liked it better. Miss Geraldine Farrar expects to create the part of the Girl in the opera. If she is half as fine in the new rôle as she is as the heroine of Mr. Long's Japanese romance, we have a sensation awaiting us.



I reproduce herewith the portrait of Beethoven by Levy Ohürmer, which was one of the sensations of the recent Paris Salon. To my simple American mind it looks more like George Washington after a shampoo than it does like the great German composer.



We go to extremes in our architecture. To-day we have buildings fifty stories high; to-morrow one of the biggest, as to ground space—the new Post-Office—will be only two stories above the street level. McKim, Mead & White are to build it. This same firm built the *Herald* office in Herald Square, which is only two stories high in front and for that reason, as well as for the style of its architecture, is one of the most attractive-looking buildings in New York.



Perhaps the ugliest private residence in New York is that of Senator Clark in upper Fifth avenue. It has almost as many styles of architecture as its owner has millions. Queen Anne, Mary Ann, French, Moorish and what has been described as "Third Avenue Romanesque" are all suggested by its ornate exterior. Such a building is enough to ruin the reputation of an architect, even though he may not be entirely responsible for its eccentricities. The house is reported to have cost about four million dollars; which only shows that if you have the money to spend you can outdistance all competitors in ugliness. I dare say



From the painting by Levy Ohmer

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN

that there is not a modern convenience or inconvenience that has not been installed in this house; and yet so fast do we invent new things in this line, that in ten, possibly five, years, its equipment will be regarded as old-fashioned. The house itself, if I may be permitted the paradox, will be about ten years old before it is finished.



One of the most attractive houses in New York is an apartment-house at the northeast corner of Lexington Avenue and Sixty-sixth street. The architect, Mr. Charles A. Platt, has made his effect with simple lines. The only ornaments are the doorways, and even these are simple in design. A few small wrought-iron balconies are a picturesque feature of the dignified façade. To Senator Clark this building no doubt would suggest barracks, but to those of us who know, or think we know, a thing or two about architectural beauty, it is a joy forever.



This house, by the way, is one of a number of co-operative apartment-houses that have been successfully planned in New York within the past five or six years. When you say anything about this co-operative building to most people, they shudder, and point to the Navarro apartment-houses in West Fifty-ninth Street, and remind you of the money lost by the original investors in that scheme. They do not take into consideration that those houses were built before the days of cheap steel-construction, when solid masonry was the only fire-proof building material. Not only were the Navarro houses very expensive to build, but the financing of such a scheme was not as well understood as it is to-day. The first of the new houses to be built on this plan was put up by a group of artists in West Sixty-seventh Street, not very far from Central Park.



It proved such a success that two more were erected by the same people

and their friends; and now they are going up all over the city. They seem to have solved one of the problems of living in New York.

The plan is for ten or a dozen people to get together and put up so much money—say \$15,000 or \$20,000 or \$30,000 apiece—and buy each his own apartment. The other apartments are rented to "outsiders," the income from this source paying the interest on the mortgage the insurance and the running expenses. Putting the interest on your investment at five per cent, you would be paying \$750, \$1000, or \$1500 a year for an apartment that would cost you in rental from \$3000 to \$5000 a year. Most of these apartments are built on the duplex plan—that is to say, the bedrooms and bathrooms are on the floor above the drawing-room, library, dining-room and kitchen. This gives the privacy and the effect of largeness of a house, and is the most popular way of building. One's own apartment can be planned to suit one's own ideas. It is not to be wondered at that these houses are gaining in number and popularity, for the owners of the apartments have a sense of proprietorship without the cares of house-ownership.



At first glance this portrait of Baron Paul de Coubertin may be taken for one of our own F. Hopkinson Smith. A second look, however, will show that while the likeness to the American writer is strong, the portrait is not his. Baron de Coubertin represents all that is best in French sport. It was he, it will be remembered, who revived the Olympic Games in Greece, a few years since. When he was a much younger man than he is to-day, he visited this country, and learned much about sport as conducted here. For a Frenchman, he is unusually sympathetic with American ideas.



Miss Florence Levy, editor of that excellent manual the "American Art



Les Sports Modernes

BARON PIERRE DE COUBERTIN



MME. VIARDOT, HER DAUGHTER MME. CLAUDIE CAMEROT, AND M. FELIX LÉVY

Annual," sends me—apropos of Madame Bigot's paper on Mme. Viardot-Garcia in PUTNAM's for June—this photographic souvenir of a summer holiday at Chaumont near Neuchâtel. The portraits—taken from a good-sized group—are those of Mme. Viardot, her daughter Mme. Claudie Camerot, and M. Felix Lévy, in his day a noted tenor. Other members of the group were two granddaughters, Mmes. Jeanne and Marcel Camerot, Mme. Viardot's daughter A. Frank Duvernoy, herself a singer, and her husband, M. Edmond Duvernoy, head of the department of singing at the Conservatoire. The portrait of Mme. Viardot's father, Manuel Garcia, who died in 1902 in his 102d year, is

reproduced from the famous musician's life by Sterling McKinley.



Anne Warner writes me from Brussels as follows: "I beg leave to copyright a brand-new American slang phrase which came into being yesterday in Antwerp. Prof. G. M. Miller of the University of Cincinnati coined it and Mr. Ralph Patterson of Philadelphia has undertaken to introduce it among the aristocracy, while I am to launch it on the ocean of art and literature. It describes a certain phase of American *touristism*, and is simply this: "They look as if they had lost their phrase-book." It applies so perfectly that I feel

1895. Chaumont 10 225
 Chère mademoiselle Lorrain
 Acceptez mes vœux sincères
 pour votre santé & votre
 bonheur, ainsi que mon prière
 de ne pas oublier tout à fait
 Pauline Viardot



MANUEL GARCIA

sure it will be attributed to somebody else, if not copyrighted at once."

22
An easy fashion of bookmaking seems to have been adopted by Clive Holland, an English writer, whose recent volume on "Old and New Japan" has been discovered to contain between four and five chapters of material taken almost verbatim from Miss Alice M. Bacon's well-known work on "Japanese Girls and Women." Mr. Holland's publishers are naturally distressed by this discovery, and Mr. Holland's statement of his obligation to the American author, which he says was accidentally omitted in the first edition, will be inserted in later ones.

22
There are more ways than one of making money out of literature. I

heard the other day of a literary pawn-broker; or perhaps I should say a discounteer of literary notes, or literary hopes. I will tell you what he does, and then you can name his trade for yourself. An author whose books have a good sale, but who is paid by royalty and not "cash down," is often in need of ready money, and gold in the hand is worth to him more than gold in the bank. He goes to this man and after some bargaining he is paid a lump sum, and the royalties are made over to the money-lender. The author takes the cash, the money-lender the chances—and he usually wins. The curious thing is that he knows nothing about books and less about authors. He is a sign-painter or a carpenter or something of the sort, and having made a little money at his trade, he adds to it by these strange ventures "on the side."

Talk about inspired authors—they are nothing compared to the uninspired. I mean nothing as wage-earners. I know a man in this city who keeps six or eight secretaries working all day and sometimes into the night. He has the dictating facility of Queen Elizabeth. (It was she—was it not?—who dictated to two or three secretaries at the same time, on business of state, while with her own hand she wrote love-letters to the Earl of Leicester.) Every line that this man writes is sold at a high price before it is written. It is not scientific, it is not literary, it is just readable; and that is what the majority of people are looking for.



A Hartford moralist has been protesting against the fashion of bare arms, so much affected by women during the past few years. What is the harm if a woman does bare her arms to the elbow for convenience or fashion? As far back as my recollection goes, and it is far-reaching, the working woman has bared her arms to the elbow—and further—without comment. The lady who washes your clothes rolls up her sleeves as far as they will go, and has done so from time immemorial; yet I have never heard the practice condemned as immoral. Is it only when Fashion dictates the abbreviated sleeve that it is wrong. Why should the bare arm of the woman of fashion "portend evil to the morals of the nation," any more than the bare arm of the "Madonna of the Tubs"? Not only the "wash lady" and the "scrub lady," but the haughty "lady" who tosses pie to the farmers' summer boarders, bares her arms for the task.

The Hartford moralist has no argument on his side: he is prejudiced. It is fashion, rather than fact, that his quarrel is with. This gentleman goes so far that our own Anthony Comstock meets him less than half way, and is very guarded in his reply to the appeal from Connecticut. "I am sure," says the conservator of our morals, "that much harm is done

along the lines you indicate." Why should Mr. Comstock be bothered with the discussion of national morals? He has his hands full right here in New York. If the Hartford moralist would only come down to this wicked town, he would appreciate how little time our censor has for outside business. This gentleman reminds me of a lady who once wrote to the editor of a popular family paper and threatened to discontinue her subscription because it pictured, as an illustration to a story, a scene in a ball-room showing women dancing in low-necked gowns with men's arms around their waists. "My dear Madam," replied the obliging editor, "I will make it my personal business to see that you are not offended again. Every woman who dances through the pages of this magazine hereafter shall dance in a high-necked, long-sleeved gown, and no man shall be within arm's length of her. If there is any arm around her waist, it shall be her own."



The death in June of Peter White of Marquette, Michigan, gives melancholy timeliness to a new edition of the life of "The Honorable Peter White," by Ralph D. Williams, editor of the *Marine Review* of Cleveland. The volume bears the rather curious sub-title, "A Biographical Sketch of the Lake Superior Iron Country," and is "respectfully dedicated to the great Iron and Steel trade of the United States." Mr. White was a pioneer in the iron industry in the northern peninsula of Michigan, having shipped the first Lake Superior ore ever used in a blast furnace. His memory went back seventy-five years to the time when he was a lad of three. It was a most tenacious memory, and held, among a thousand incidents, the fact that he rode with the driver when Louis Philippe was taken to the home of the famous half-breed Eleazer Williams, on the banks of the Fox River. The old gentleman enjoyed—and thoroughly enjoyed—an almost national reputation as a story-teller. The late Dr. Drum-

mond, the Canadian poet, dedicated to Peter White his book called "Johnny Courteau," and immortalized him in a poem with the punning title "Pierre LeBlanc." Mr. White was famous for his curious and colossal signature, an insidious punch, a great ore freighter, the Public Library and the Hall of Science at Marquette, all of which bear his name, and for Presque Isle Park, which well might bear it. His biographer concludes his book (which, by the way, is very profusely illustrated) with these words:

It is not always the pioneer who prospers, but this pioneer wrested a fortune from the frontier and is putting it to honorable use. There are innumerable legends concerning him. Some think that he is French-Canadian and that his name is Pierre le Blanc; some think he is an Indian, and that his real name is Shobwau-way; and some believe that he is the reincarnation of Père Marquette. But he is a simple American gentleman, seventy-seven years old, and sturdy as an oak.

It may be added that he was a generous man and public-spirited citizen, and a sedulous reader of PUTNAM'S MONTHLY.



The American Seamen's Friend Society will open on Aug. 15th a huge new Home and Institute for Merchant Seamen, at the corner of West and Jane Streets, opposite the Cunard Line piers. For many years to come this building will remain a splendid place of refuge for "Jack ashore." It is intended to serve as a connecting link between the other thirty-four branches and the home office of the Society at 76 Wall Street; and it will offer a great opportunity for co-operative work with the branches at Antwerp, Hamburg, Copenhagen, Genoa, Naples, Buenos Ayres and other distant ports. The Society, which

completed its eightieth year in May, is one of the noblest of philanthropic agencies, and has done untold good in the four-score years of its existence. Reading in a newspaper announcement of the opening of the Home, that New York is the third largest port in the world, I wrote to the Rev. Mr. Hunter, Secretary of the Society, and asked him in what sense the word "largest" was used. His reply should interest New Yorkers; and I think most people will be as surprised as I am to learn how great a port Antwerp is, even before the great improvements are made which are to increase enormously her shipping capacity. Mr. Hunter writes:

New York is the second largest, instead of the third largest, shipping port in the world—that is, from the point of view of tonnage passing out of and into the port in one year. The figures are: London, 17,564,108; New York, 17,398,058; and Antwerp, 16,721,100.

If one leg of a compass were placed at the new Home in West Street, and if the other were to describe a circle one mile in diameter, the circumference of that circle would contain the largest aggregation of shipping in the world. While London has the largest tonnage, its shipping is scattered from Chelsea to Gravesend. New York has the largest tonnage within the smallest space, compact and accessible. Of all the world's great ports, this city has the largest available water-front. London has less than two miles and Liverpool only half as much; while the trans-Atlantic steamship docks in the borough of Manhattan occupy over six miles of wharfage.

Antwerp, by the way, is preparing to expend \$16,000,000 in improving her facilities; but New York is spending much more than that on new piers, and the National Government is pouring out money freely on the widening, straightening and deepening of the channel in New York Harbor.



Noteworthy Books of the Month



History and Biography

Conder, C. R.
Markham, Sir Clements R.
Ridgely, Helen W.

The Rise of Man
King Edward VI.
Historic Graves of Maryland, etc.

Dutton
Dutton
Grafton Press

Belles-Lettres and Poetry

Bronson, W. C.

English Poems of the Restoration, etc.

University of
Chicago

Carman, Bliss

The Making of Personality

Page

Travel and Description

Bayne
Higinbotham, J. U.
Ladd, George Trumbull

Quicksteps through Scandinavia
Three Weeks in Holland and Belgium
In Korea with Marquis Ito

Harper
Reilly & Britton
Scribner

Fiction

Booth, E. C.
Cutting, Mary Stewart
Davis, Charles Belmont
Davis, Richard Harding
De La Pasture, Mrs. Henry
Formont, Maxime
Freeman, M. E. Wilkins
Hall, Bolton
Hewlett, Maurice
Le Queux, William
Leroux, Gaston
Montgomery, L. M.
Pinkham, Edwin
Townley, Houghton
Wright, Mabel Osgood

The Post Girl
The Wayfarers
The Stage Door
Vera, the Medium
Adam Grigson
The Child of Chance
Shoulders of Atlas
Little Land and a Living
The Half-way House
The Lady in the Car
The Mystery of the Yellow Room
Anne of Green Gables
Fate's a Fiddler
The Bishop's Emeralds
The Open Window

Century
McClure
Scribner
Scribner
Dutton
Lane
Harper
Arcadia Press
Macmillan
Lippincott
Brentano's
Page
Small, Maynard
W. J. Watt & Co.
Macmillan

Miscellaneous

Atton, Henry, and Henry
Hurat Holland
Bentley, Arthur F.

The King's Customs
Process of Government

Dutton

Hale, George Ellery

Study of Stellar Evolution

University of
Chicago
University of
Chicago

Hildebrandt, A.
Hyslop, James H.
Russell, Charles Edward
Taft, William Howard
Walling, William English

Airships, Past and Present
Psychical Research and Resurrection
Lawless Wealth
Present-Day Problems
Russia's Message

Van Nostrand
Small, Maynard
B. W. Dodge
Dodd, Mead
Doubleday

Noteworthy recent publications are recorded on this page, the list serving as a supplement to the reviews and literary notes on the preceding pages. Books bearing the imprint of G. P. Putnam's Sons are not included.

